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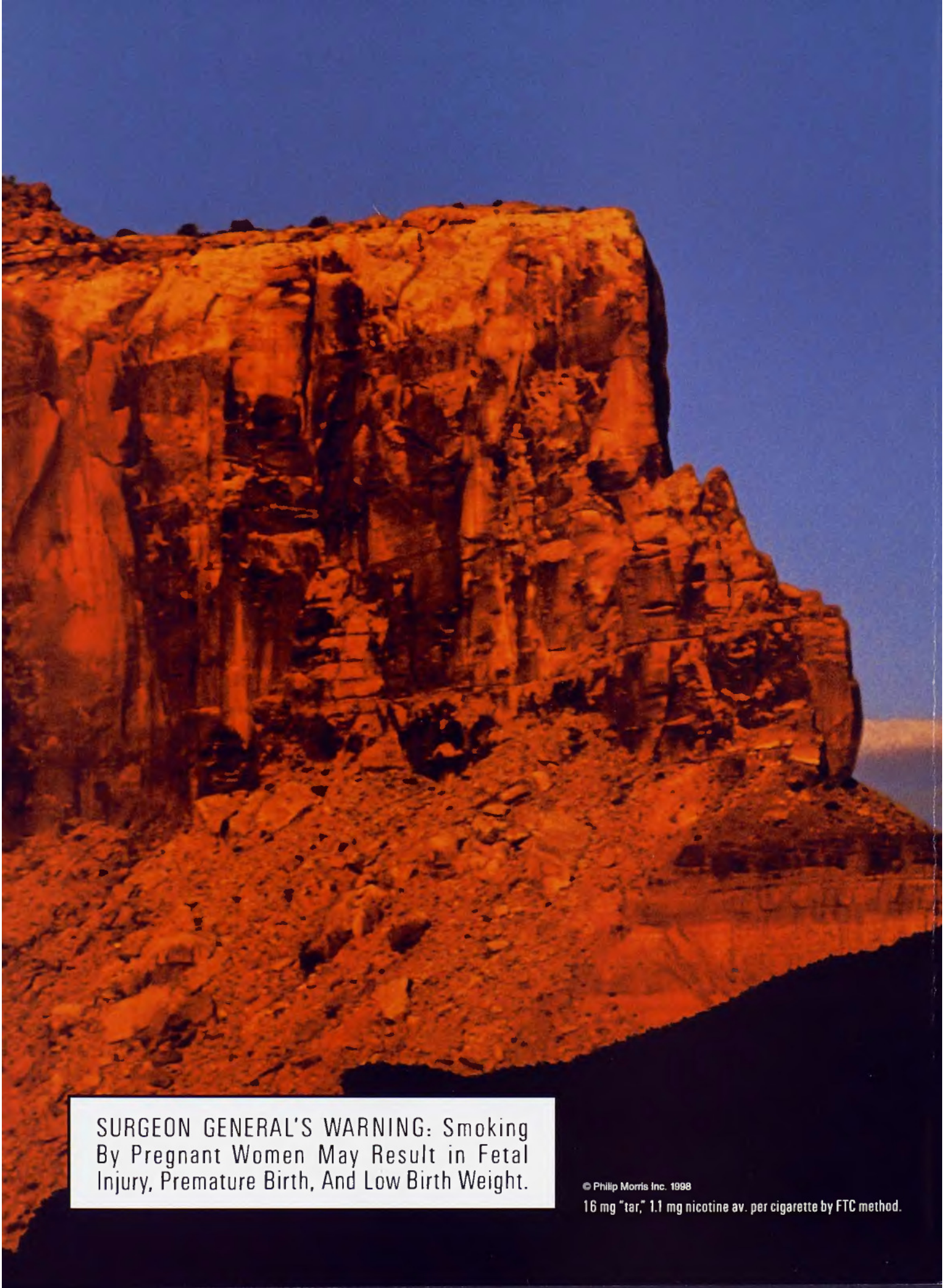

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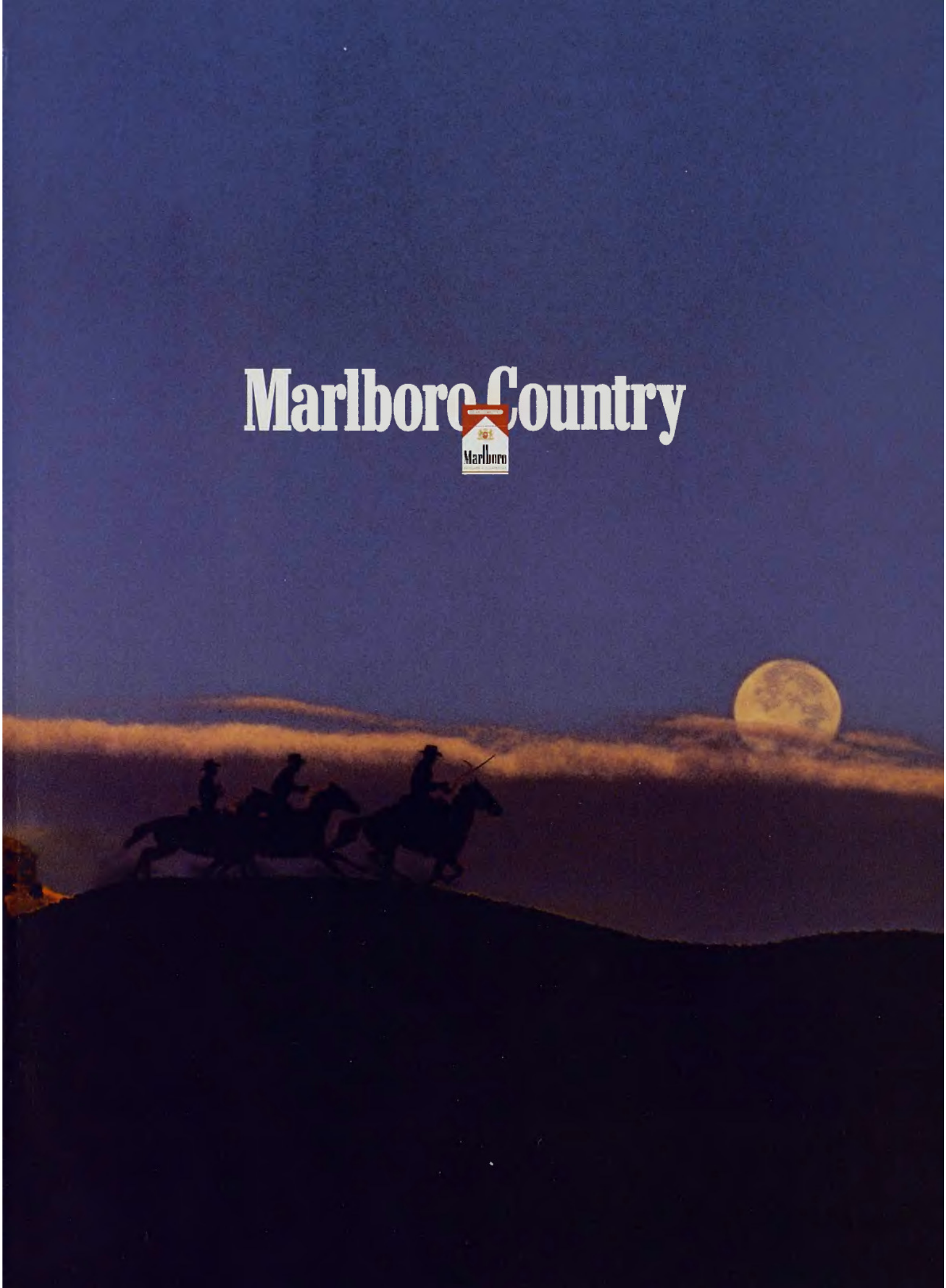
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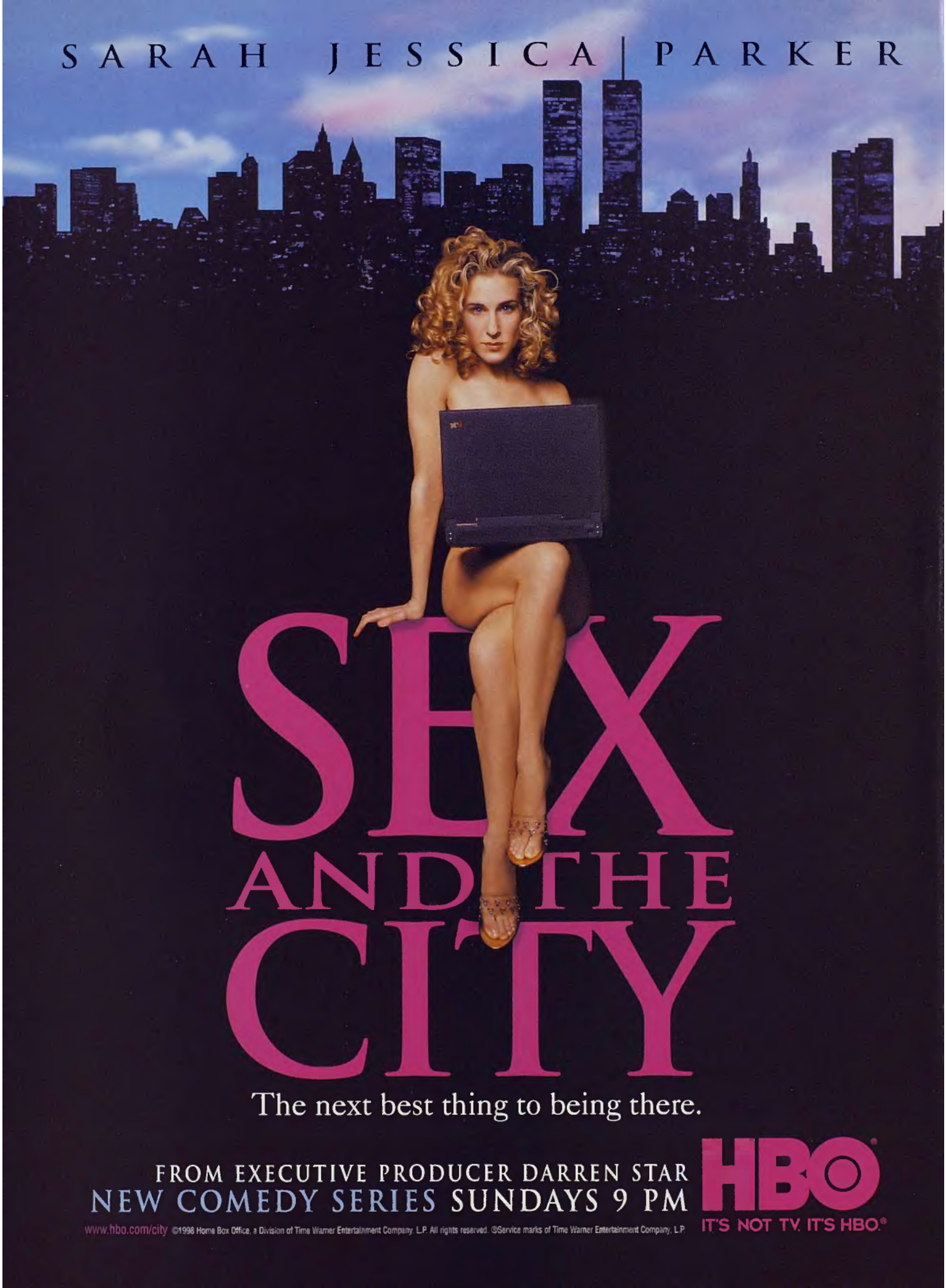
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PLAYBILL

AT FIRST GLANCE **Matt Drudge** seems like Lee Harvey Oswald in Don DeLillo's *Libra*. Poor speller, bad grammarian, idealist, right wing tool, wannabe pamphleteer—a loner who could bring down the president. Of course, Drudge is no frustrated psychopath. His Internet digest, the *Drudge Report*, is read by millions and has broken major aspects of the Monica Lewinsky scandal. In an inflammatory *Playboy Interview* by Contributing Editor **David Sheff,** Drudge pisses on *Time*, Carl Bernstein and reporters in TV pancake. When Drudge is done you realize that he can't be as stupid as he says he is. He wants answers while everyone else wants nonpenetrating insights. That's because, according to novelist **Emily Prager,** we're living in the Blow Job Decade. In her biting essay *Blow Job Nation* (obelisk *d'arte* by **Noah Woods**), she identifies oral sex as a botched emblem of our need for a quick fix. On the downside, the O.J. Simpson trial was a bad blow job; on the upside there are presidential interns who inhale.

Barry Scheck is cursed with being the best at what he does. His cross-examination of DNA experts helped O.J. get off the hook. But Scheck is also blessed with a conscience, which is why he runs the Innocence Project, a program that uses DNA testing to free wrongly accused death-row inmates. In a *Playboy Profile*, New York *Daily News* reporter **Paul Schwartzman** fleshes out Simpson's most private defender. Says Schwartzman: "I was surprised at how raw and intense he is."

Downtown Julie Brown is a direct satellite dish. She was a VJ on MTV, then moved to *The Gossip Show* on E Entertainment Television. Now the Brit diva accents our cover while providing scoops in a tongue-wagging pictorial. Seismic matters: *The Women of Iceland* presents Reykjavík as a truly global village. We asked **Bruce Jay Friedman** to go polar with Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag.** Friedman's essay is a meditation on the beauty of "the world's only totally organic women."

Going Yahweh: At the end of 1997 **Perry Farrell,** father of modern rock festivals, wrapped up the most widely anticipated reunion tour of the decade with his former band Jane's Addiction. **Dean Kuipers** was there in time to share Farrell's next millennial vision: a gig during Israel's jubilee-year festivities. Thanks to **Bruce Willis** we'll always associate summer with the smell of cordite. His new seasonal blast is the thriller *Armaggedon*. In a *20 Questions* with the ubiquitous **David Sheff** Willis shoots off his mouth about the cocksucking media, the need for stillness and what a putz the president is.

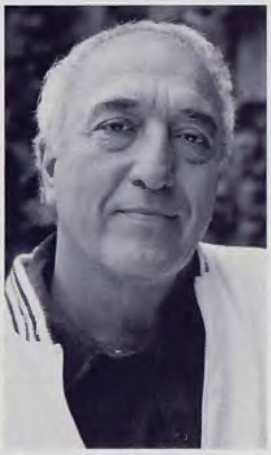
Miami heat: Our fiction this month is another hard charger. *Frenchie* by **Pat Jordan** (art by **Guy Billout**) is a wild caper about a Parisian beauty and a South Beach has-been, Solly Blistein. After stumbling across a drug windfall, Sol trips up trying to score. May as well make cash the old-fashioned way. In this month's *Money Matters*, **Christopher Byron** plays the percentages and shows how to use the boom in discretionary income to your advantage. Spend some of those extra simoleons on a set of wheels from *Dave's Garage*, a virtual showroom assembled by our Modern Living Editor and test-driver **David Stevens.** Our favorite warm-weather dividend is an icy margarita, which just gets better and better, writes **John Rame** in *The World's Best Margarita*. For the native touch, visit *Sexy Mexico*, a guide for lovers by **David Standish.** *The Summer Night's Buzz* is a blueprint for hot times by editors **Alison Lundgren** and **Barbara Nellis.** You'll find a more surf-centric point of view in *Kelly Slater's Guide to Beach Living*, while the fairway-minded will relish *The Return of the Caddie*. Then progressive musician **Wyclef Jean** changes your mind about plaid suits. As Miss August **Angela Little** says, a little goes a long way.

SHEFF

PRAGER

WOODS

SCHWARTZMAN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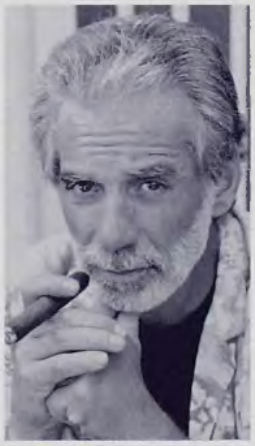
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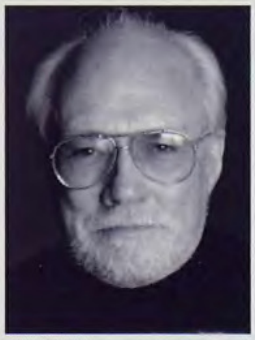
STEVENS

STANDISH

RAME

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COVER STORY

Model and former MTV VJ "Downtown" Julie Brown epitomizes freshness and sexy fun. This month, she has a grip on our vertical knob. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by Jennifer Tutor and shot by Stephen Wayda. Thanks to Emerald Château Salon's Paula Ashby for styling Julie's hair and to Alexis Vogel for her makeup. Set designer was John Cronham. Though our Rabbit isn't short on cash, he is strapped this month.

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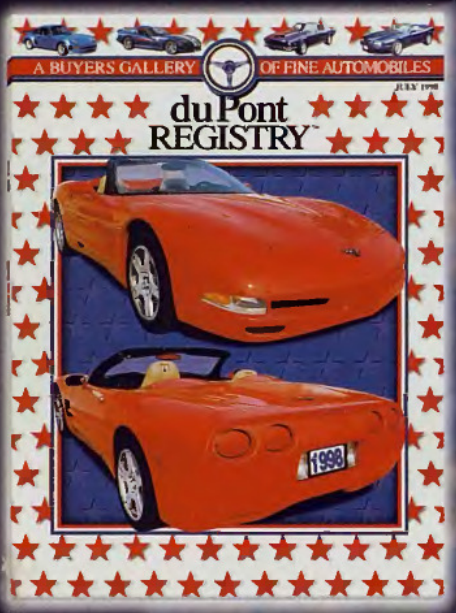

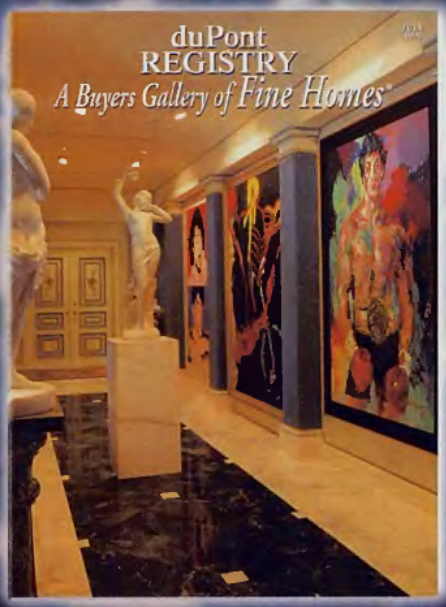

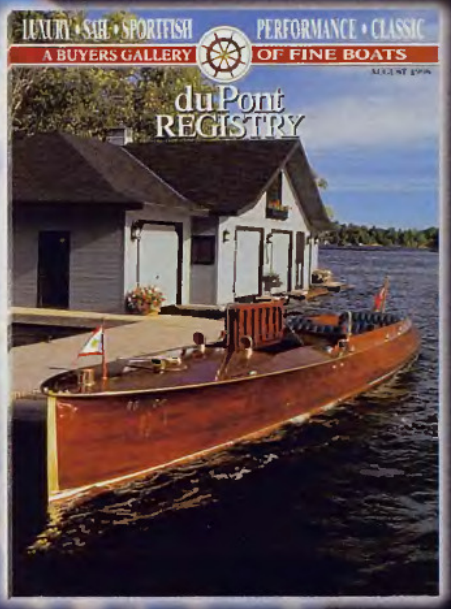

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HAIL TO THE CHIEF

I have a problem with Hugh M. Hefner's editorial *The Playboy President* (May). Bill Clinton denies the alleged sexual encounters took place, pretends to have a normal monogamous marriage and professes to adhere to Christian beliefs condemning adultery. If he can't keep a contract with Hillary, the person he loves most, how can he keep his word to the public?

Rick Askill
Carrollton, Texas

The issue isn't sex; it's whether the president lied in sworn testimony and lied to the American people. If he did, how can we ever trust him?

Fred Powers
Grantham, New Hampshire

Shouldn't a Yale Law School graduate who married a fellow Yale law graduate have better sense than to follow John F. Kennedy's less-than-noble, adulterous legacy? We might do well to chisel the following prophylactic caveat above Yale's portal: All Ye Who Enter Here: Zip Up.

Saul Rosenthal
Terre Haute, Indiana

Hefner is correct in stating that "the president's enemies are enemies of sex," but he underestimates the enemy. The religious right condemns out-of-wedlock sex, but some feminists posit that all sex is rape.

Raymond Hughes
Claremont, New Hampshire

Until now I didn't know oral sex isn't sex. Does this mean oral sex isn't personal? Since it usually culminates in orgasmic pleasure, it qualifies as extremely personal. Is oral sex meaningless? I wonder what my husband would do if I said I had performed oral sex on another man, but it didn't mean a thing. As I watched my husband's face contort in a grimace, I think this meaningless act—this act that isn't really sex—would suddenly become a most meaningful act.

Lynn Niederman
New York, New York

Hefner believes Americans look the other way when it comes to presidential ethics, but I don't see that as a triumph for the sexual revolution. The media's first kill was Watergate and they've never forgotten the taste of blood. Americans aren't averting their eyes in defiance of what Hefner calls the puritan mob. We're just not interested in the latest media ploy.

Loren Bryant Berenger
Austin, Texas

The Playboy President should be mandatory reading for everyone. Thanks to cartoonist Kevin Siers for the new presidential seal.

Mary Johnson
Madison, Wisconsin

SPICED UP

The British have their history of victories and Geri Halliwell (*Spice Girl*, May) is among those.

Robert Eckert
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

I was stunned to see my favorite Spice Girl on your May cover. Now that I've seen Ginger's pictorial, I know she's more than sugar and spice and everything nice. Thanks, PLAYBOY, for giving me what I really, really want.

Mike Henderson
Flushing, Michigan

Hold the Spice. The world can do without Geri Halliwell. Your Ginger Spice pictorial ruined an otherwise great issue.

Ron Schein
Riverhead, New York

She can call herself Ginger or Geri. She can streak her hair blonde or color it

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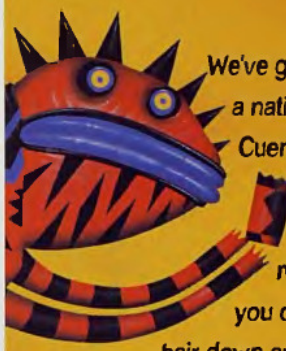

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red. Any way you spice it up, this Spice Girl is absolutely gorgeous. It's nice to see a woman whose body heralds a return to an ideal represented by Marilyn Monroe.

Cliff Goldstein
Toronto, Ontario

PRESEASON PICKS

In *Playboy's 1998 Baseball Preview* (May), Kevin Cook saw fit to belittle the California Angels' choice to replace DH Tony Phillips with Cecil Fielder. The bulk of Cook's reasoning was supported by jabs at Fielder's physical size. As a Detroit Tigers fan, I applaud the Angels' choice. Who wouldn't want to trade Tony Phillips' drug problem for Cecil Fielder's weight problem?

Brad Mills
Georgetown, Kentucky

I have never seen my favorite team, the Texas Rangers, picked to finish above third place, not even by our local papers. We have the American League's 1996 co-manager of the year, the 1996 MVP, the best catcher in baseball and, of course, the Thrill. Kevin Cook was smart not to ride the bandwagon; he opted to choose teams that have a real chance at winning.

Andrew Ephland
Kennedale, Texas

GRACEN PLAYBOY'S PAGES

Miss America 1982, Elizabeth Ward Gracen (*Amazing Gracen*, May), is a hypocrite. Until recently, she refused to say she had sex with Bill Clinton. For this, PLAYBOY has called her a "class act." If she really believed her own soundbites, she would have respected Hillary and not engaged in an illicit affair with her husband.

Michael Ganz
San Clemente, California

I rarely write letters to the editor, but I have to comment on the exquisite Elizabeth Gracen. Of all the women in Clinton's life, she is the most stunning. Bravo, Bill.

Todd Kilzer
Madrid, Iowa

SIGN ME UP

I have never had a reason to buy PLAYBOY. I always looked over the photos in my friends' copies. But this month, I read the issue cover to cover and was impressed and entertained by the humorous, intelligent articles. I used to laugh at the claim "I buy it for the articles." Now I'm ready to sign up for my own subscription.

Matt Shinabarger
Monroe, Michigan

ARIANNA ON BILL

Based on the current goings-on at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, your "Arianna Huffington on Bill Clinton" cover line (May) might be misleading.

Doug Davies
Kent, Washington

I was pleasantly amused by Huffington's story and I appreciate the fact that you printed the work of a conservative.

Phillip Peterson
Salt Lake City, Utah

DEAR DEANNA

At first glance, I thought Deanna Brooks (*Our Ms. Brooks*, May) was Sarah

Michelle Gellar, a.k.a. Buffy the Vampire Slayer. I was slayed.

John Norton
Trenton, Ontario

I never thought I'd have a former employer in common with a Playmate of the Month, but I do with Miss May. Leaving Key Bank ended up changing my career path, too. I wish Deanna the best.

Frank Losardo
Depew, New York

What was Key Bank thinking when they lost Deanna Brooks? The bank needs assets like her. I should know since I'm a Key Bank employee.

William Berry
Englewood, Ohio

SEXUAL CASUALTIES

Lori Weiss' article on *The Return of Casual Sex* (April) proves that the human race is dumb. No sex I've ever had was worth dying for.

Kim Ham
Pacifica, California

If anyone ever needed an ass-kicking, it's Don, the 41-year-old land developer in the casual sex piece. His attitudes are dangerous.

Dyer Diehl
Baltimore, Maryland

CLEAN AND SOBER

Did Asa Baber read my mind? I'm a recovering addict and alcoholic and I agree completely with "Addiction's Poster Child" (*Men*, May). The first time I used cocaine, I was a potent monster with my wife. I thought I'd be aroused every time I snorted, but that was a big lie. I used alcohol and drugs to kill emotional pain, but now I'm clean and sober. Your column hit the mark.

Paul Cuffari
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

KEYED UP

I joined the Playboy Club many years ago and still have the metal key: LA 44654. I don't know whether or not it has a market value, but it reminds me of the great times I had there.

Andrew Christie
San Francisco, California

ESZTERHAS INTERVIEW

Thanks for your *Playboy Interview* with Joe Eszterhas (April). The guy gets a bum rap in Hollywood, mostly from people jealous of his success. I met Joe at a New Year's Eve party on Maui. I introduced myself and told him I was a young writer who had just sold my first screenplay and that I admired his work. He spoke with me for quite a while and said I was further along in my career than he had been at my age. Since then, I've met many less successful people who were more full of themselves than Eszterhas was. Several years and lots of dollars later, I'd like to thank Joe for his encouraging words.

Gregory Poirer
Los Angeles, California

ALL THAT JAZZ

While on tour in New York City, Bela Fleck and the Flecktones—Victor Wooten, Future Man, Fleck and Jeff Coffin (left to right)—stopped at a newsstand to check out the *1998 Playboy Music Poll* (April), which named them Best Jazz Group. Their tour manager just happened to have his camera ready.

David Bendett
Beverly Hills, California

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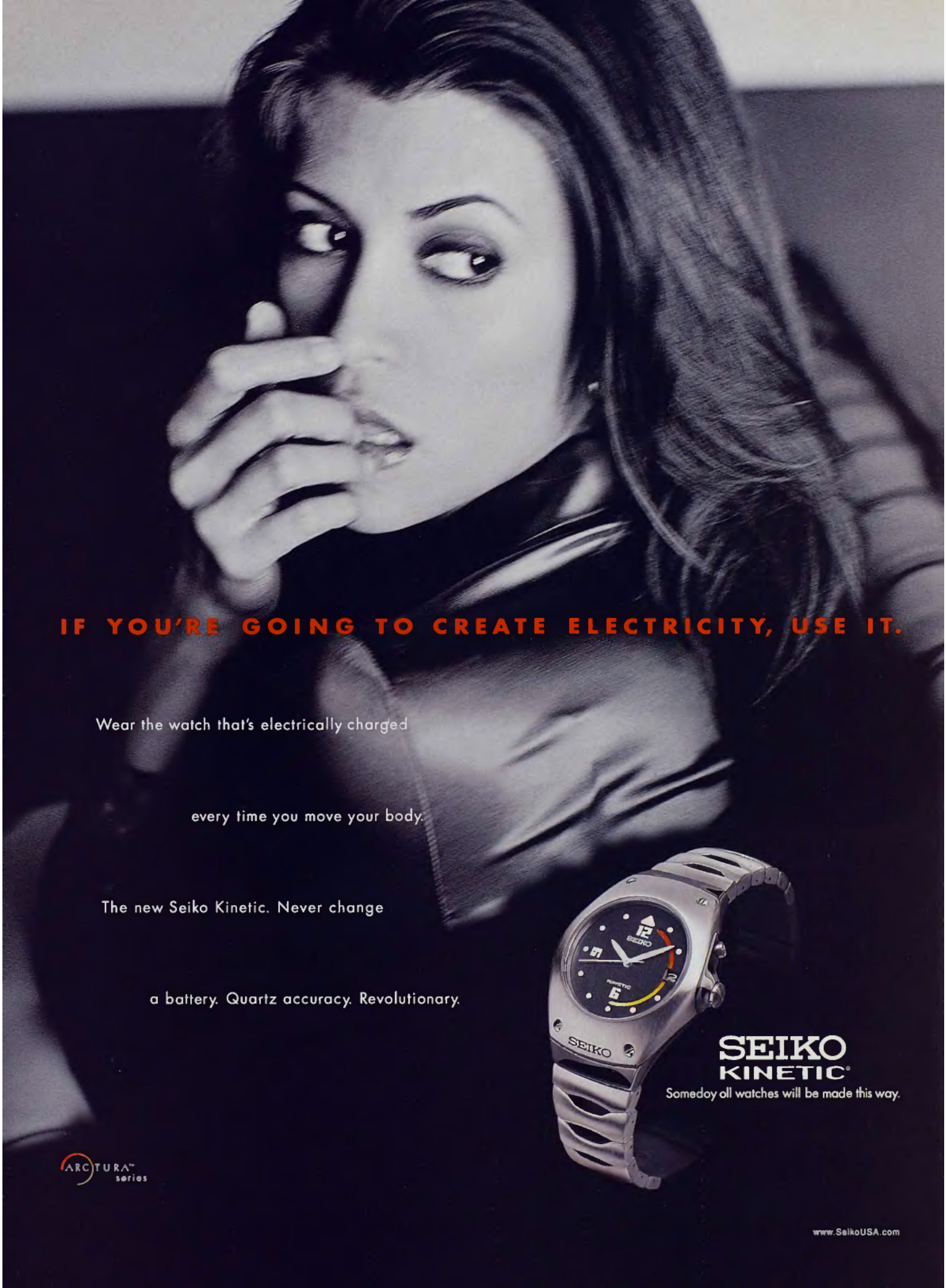
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

HE'S GOT LEGS

Like other one-man-show sensations in New York this year (*Jails, Hospitals & Hip-Hop* by Danny Hoch; *Dress to Kill* by Eddie Izzard), *Freak* by John Leguizamo is theater for men who hate musicals. To coincide with Leguizamo's limited run, Riverhead has published a book version of *Freak*. It's loosely based on the show which, in turn, is loosely based on Leguizamo's life. In one chapter he tells how he lost his virginity to a zaftig mama in the back room of a fast-food restaurant: "Her coochie was a failed experiment from *The Island of Dr. Moreau*. 'It's like a flower. You have to unravel it,' she said. So with the courage of Jacques Cousteau on his last mission, I started to unravel her huge coochie lips. It was like Dumbo. If she could flap them, she would be able to fly out of the room and back to Germany. When I opened it all, it made a Tupperware burp." Fresh.

SLANG HAPPENS

Reuters recently reported on a trial of a thief that ended badly in Modera, Sri Lanka. The defendant was ordered to take the stand and on doing so, he pulled a plastic bag filled with feces from his pocket and threw it at a policeman. It missed the policeman, hitting instead an electric fan. Which was on. The official description was: "The entire court was showered with excreta."

SHE SAID, STIFFLY

Never mind the joke about people enjoying their second honeymoon in Viagra Falls. Even in their dreams reporters would be hard-pressed to find a more appropriate figure than the government spokesperson for the drug: "This is not an aphrodisiac," said FDA drug chief Janet Woodcock.

WOMEN AND NOSE FIRST

In an interview with the *Times* of London, *Titanic* star Kate Winslet tried to offer advice on how to arrive safely at her port of call. Instead, she left us in a fog: "My idea of romance isn't someone sending me flowers and champagne with a note saying, 'I love you.' I'd probably phone and say, 'You complete idiot. What did you do that for?' But if they sent me a pair of their socks with a note saying, 'Have a whiff of these,' that, to me, is funny and romantic."

STUPE DOGGY DOGG

The absolute silliest ad we've ever seen ran in a recent issue of *Today's Chicago Woman*. It was a plug for Groomies, a doggy salon, and pictured a poodle with a dandified, big-hair coif and a caption that read I'M GOING TO MAKE THOSE BITCHES DROOL. Obviously in poodle families it's the woman who wears the pants.

WEB OF EVIL

This year's Webby Award for Best Weird Site (yes, even the Internet has its Oscars) went to the highly deserving page Bert Is Evil! (fractalcow.com/bert). It contains photos and story lines that establish Bert, the muppet from *Sesame Street*, as a diabolical Zelig. The image archive features Bert carousing with strippers, while another link presents his appearance on *Jerry Springer*. The best picture is titled *The Lost Pamela Lee Video Excerpt*. Like an out-of-work rock star, a Muppet should never be exposed below the waist.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

TERM OF THE TIMES

Watch out if you're sitting in your cubicle while a tech-support person tells his boss that your computer isn't working because of PEBCAK. That's shorthand for "Problem exists between chair and keyboard."

LOVE BOMBSHELL

During the 1982 international peacekeeping mission in Lebanon, Syrian minister of defense Moustapha Tlass told Lebanese guerrillas not to harm Italian soldiers. When the perplexed troops asked why, Tlass replied, "So that not one tear falls from the eyes of Gina Lollobrigida." He wasn't kidding. While suicide fighters killed French and American soldiers, Italians emerged with no mortalities. Recently Tlass explained his motives to *Le Monde*. "I admire Gina Lollobrigida," he said. "I have been taken with her since my adolescence." Lollobrigida then told the Italian press she's been receiving fan mail from him for years. The two even met at a diplomatic reception in Damascus. "I have always had success with Arabs," she said. "If all my admirers were like the Syrian minister and if they would truly put a stop to terrorism, I would immediately go on a world tour."

WIGGING OUT

The term wigger was coined several years ago by self-referencing, Dickies-wearing, white hip-hop fans to show solidarity with their hip-hop heroes. Recently the zine *Hermenaut: The Digest of Heady Philosophy* came up with a response to the wannabe phenomenon. It urges wiggers who no longer feel unique and who've "worn out the black thing" to try such alternatives as Whinese (rap acts and martial arts movies are a natural combo), Wapanese (Tokyo fashions could fit right in on MTV) and ("for

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

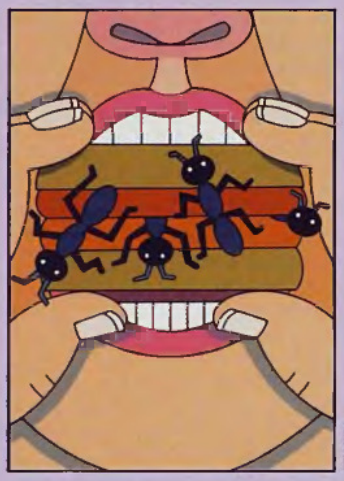
"It's so slow you could swing twice."
—BOSTON RED SOX CATCHER SCOTT HATTEBERG DESCRIBING A CHANGE-UP THROWN BY TEAMMATE PEDRO MARTINEZ

CHEEK TO JOWL

Number of new toothpastes vying for space on store shelves in the past two years: 130.

PULP FICTION

According to the National Association of Professional Organizers, percentage of paper American office workers file that they never refer to again: 80.



STEVE TURK

FACT OF THE MONTH

Each year, the average person in the U.S. unwittingly consumes one and a half pounds of bugs and bug parts in processed flour and other prepared foods.

WEIGHT BENCHMARK

Amount of muscle the average person can lose each year as a natural part of the aging process: half a pound.

DON'T CALL IT A CATHOUSE

Of the 41 presidents of the U.S., number who had dogs as pets: 23. Number with cats: 10.

BROKEN RECORD

According to the Recording Industry Association of America, percentage of music sales attributed to women in 1997, the first year they outbought men: 51. Percentage in 1987: 45.

PLANNED OBSOLESCENCE–GYN

Percentage of the doctors who perform abortions in the U.S. who are 65 or older: 59. In 1991, percentage of hospital residency programs that routinely taught procedures for abortions: 12.

BLOCKS OF WOOD

Life expectancy of a tree planted in the center of an American city: 7 to 10 years. Life span of the same tree if planted in a rural location: 200 years.

ART DEPRECIATION

According to art experts for the Internal Revenue Service, the percentage by which private art collectors inflated the value of the works they donated to museums in 1996: 48. Percentage by which heirs of private collections undervalued inherited art: 51.

UNITED BROTHERHOOD OF STEAMSTERS

As determined by a recent study by clinical psychologist Hendrie Weisinger, the number of times a day the average person gets angry: 12.

AUTHORITY FIGURES

In a study by the Dayton Municipal Court and the University of Dayton, percentage of offenders who paid their overdue fines after they received a threatening phone call from the court: 10. Percentage who paid after they received a polite phone call from the court: 35. Percentage who paid after the court telephoned the offender's mother or other family member: 50.

100-TO-1 ODDBALLS

According to a study by the Harvard Medical School, percentage of adults who are pathological gamblers: 1.

BETTER HALVES

Percentage of dual-income families in which the woman earns more than the man: 33.

TONIC FOR THE SOUL

In a study of men aged 17 to 70, percentage who dye their hair when they want to feel younger: 13.

—BETTY SCHAAL

those of you that enjoy Timberland gear and chillin' in cribs made out of ice") Weskimo. Of course, *Hermenaut* suggests that hard-core fans may want to start up their own Nation of Wislam.

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

One puzzle during the Monica Lewinsky mess was why Linda Tripp should be so attentive to the details of other people's sex lives. A partial answer may lie in her current hometown of Columbia, Maryland and its environs. As *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist Leah Garchik points out, the area is graced with colorful street names such as Loveknot Place, Five Fingers Way, Lame Beaver Court and Greek Boy Place.

ALTERED STATES

One of the most popular pastimes on the Internet—for whatever reason—is dreaming up rejected state mottoes. A search on Alta Vista turns up more than 20 sites devoted to them. However, the best list comes from the Humor Bin at www.lcs.net/bill/humor. *Alabama:* At Least We're Not Mississippi. *Alaska:* 11,623 Eskimos Can't Be Wrong. *Arkansas:* Litterasy Ain't Everthang. *California:* As Seen on TV. *Florida:* Ask Us About Our Grandkids. *Georgia:* We Put the Fun in Fundamentalist Extremism. *Kansas:* First of the Rectangle States. *Kentucky:* 5 Million People, 15 Last Names. *Missouri:* Your Federal Flood-Relief Tax Dollars at Work. *Nevada:* Whores and Poker! *New Hampshire:* Go Away and Leave Us Alone. *New York:* You Have the Right to Remain Silent, You Have the Right to an Attorney. *Ohio:* Don't Judge Us by Cleveland. *Oklahoma:* Like the Play, Only No Singing. *Utah:* Our Jesus Is Better Than Your Jesus. *Vermont:* Yep. *Washington, D.C.:* Wanna Be Mayor? *Wyoming:* Wynot? To be honest, our favorite didn't make the list. That's because it happens to be real. To wit, *Michigan:* If You Seek a Pleasant Peninsula, Look Around You.

CONTACT WITH THE DEVIL

If goth poseurs have their way the enduring legacy of media darling Marilyn Manson may well be the proliferation of offcolor contact lenses. Major lens companies such as Wesley Jessen have introduced costume contacts as a less expensive option to custom-painted lenses. For about $250 (including an eye exam by your local optometrist) you can buy a set of lenses with visible dollar signs, cat eyes (à la the electronica gods in Prodigy), eight balls, happy faces or stars. Two of the biggest sellers are Rage—an angry red eye with a fire-yellow pupil—and White Out—a white eye with a small black pupil. While some wearers say the solid colors distort their peripheral vision, they are quick to point out that the lenses are all about looking forward.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

GROWING UP in suburban New Jersey is the subject of ***Whatever*** (Sony Classics), director Susan Skoog's perceptive first feature about a high school girl on the brink of adulthood. Liza Weil is perfect as Anna, who is rejected in her hopes to study art at New York's Cooper Union after graduation. She suffocates in Jersey with her lonely single mom and a sexually adventurous friend named Brenda (Chad Morgan). Urged by Brenda to live it up, she bicycles over to a local artist's pad for her sexual initiation, then treks into Manhattan with Brenda to pick up a stranger who asks her for a blow job (she throws up). For all its dry, raunchy humor on a fairly familiar theme, *Whatever* is a remarkably sensitive and knowledgeable depiction of the painful transition from adolescence to maturity. ¥¥¥

•

First-time filmmaker Christopher Scott Cherot wrote, directed, edited and stars in ***Hav Plenty*** (Miramax). He plays Lee Plenty, an impoverished but charming slacker who woos and wins a success-driven beauty nicknamed Hav (Chenoa Maxwell as Havilland Savage). *Hav Plenty* takes a jaunty look at the couple's mating dance during a New Year's Eve weekend with Havilland's affluent family in Washington, D.C. Plenty finds Hav's best friend wanting his body, Hav's sister wanting his friendship, Hav's grandmother predicting he's destined to marry the girl. Everything works out according to the rules of romantic comedy, but Cherot imbues it with spontaneity on both sides of the camera. ¥¥¥

•

A fascinating concept in this age of celebrity is ***The Truman Show*** (Paramount), starring Jim Carrey as Truman Burbank, a man whose entire life is a television show. From birth to adulthood he's the leading actor in his own soapy psychodrama, surrounded by other players (including Laura Linney as his knowing wife). Ed Harris plays the producer of the made-for-TV paradise that is Truman's trap. Directed by Australian-born Peter Weir, who has a flair for far-out ideas (as in *Picnic at Hanging Rock* and *The Last Wave*), *The Truman Show* has a downside: Carrey's over-the-top performance. His characteristic rubber-faced mugging makes Truman seem more like a bad joke than any sort of Kafkaesque hero. ¥¥

•

Scottish-born Robert Carlyle, his career zooming since *The Full Monty*, plays a bus driver named George in ***Carla's Song*** (Channel Four). Carlyle becomes emotionally involved with a disturbed waif from Nicaragua (portrayed by dancer Oyanka Cabezas). Stunned by all he sees as an outsider in Nicaragua, Carlyle encounters an American human rights activist (Scott Glenn) with some dark secrets. In general, though, Carlyle has little to do but absorb the shock of reality, while Cabezas shines as a dancer who seems a bit ebullient for a supposedly traumatized Nicaraguan. While the heavily accented English and subtitled Spanish may slow things down for some viewers, director Ken Loach keeps it a humane piece with a prickly social conscience. ¥¥½

Giocante: A precocious *Marie*.

Surviving the disco era, living a TV fantasy and freaking out in Las Vegas.

•

The beautiful rich people usually tracked on the French Riviera are replaced by wayward teenagers in ***Marie Baie des Anges*** (Sony Classics). Vahina Giocante is Marie, a precocious 15-year-old at large on the Bay of Angels, where she picks up American sailors, flaunts her streetwise savvy and finally meets a 17-year-old delinquent named Orso (Frédéric Malgras). Soul mates on the way to certain self-destruction, they roam the woods and sunswept beaches around Cannes, stumbling into trouble at every turn. Director Manuel Pradal went out of his way to find fresh, inexperienced cast members to project the careless insolence of youth. He found a perfect creature in Giocante, who makes Marie a sort of Gallic Lolita. Malgras, her feisty co-star, was imported from a Russian gypsy caravan near Paris. Together, they bring a breezy air of conviction to Pradal's free-form picture of the Riviera as a playground for sassy antisocial kids. ¥¥¥

•

An austerely beautiful Russian movie nominated for last year's Oscar as best foreign language film, ***The Thief*** (Stratosphere Entertainment) is a dark slice of life during the Stalin era as seen through the eyes of six-year-old Sanya (Misha Philipchuk). Bouncing from place to place with his mother Katya (Ekaterina Rednikova) and her ne'er-do-well lover Tolyan (Vladimir Mashkov), the boy hungers for a father figure. The brutal Tolyan hardly fits the bill, since he's a habitual thief who pushes the boy out of the room whenever he gets a yen to bed the docile Katya. *The Thief* is most impressive as a dramatic showcase for young Philipchuk and two charismatic stars (Rednikova and Mashkov) portraying survivors on the run in postwar Russia. ¥¥¥

•

Two Hampshire College graduates (Chloë Sevigny and Kate Beckinsale) with jobs in publishing meet their male buddies from Harvard (Chris Eigeman, Matt Keeslar, Mackenzie Astin and Robert Sean Leonard) in ***The Last Days of Disco*** (Castle Rock). Their experiences on the New York club scene in the early Eighties are a look at the same kind of smug, privileged young urbanites as those in writer-director Whit Stillman's first two movies, *Metropolitan* and *Barcelona*. The company is attractive and the dialogue shrewdly satirical, particularly when the principals stop dancing long enough to embark on a serious analysis of the characters in the Disney cartoon feature *Lady and the Tramp*. Otherwise, the group's grappling with sex, drugs and pop music is bland decadence from a spoiled uptown point of view. Far from being an inside look at the heyday of Studio 54, score this one as disco lite. ¥¥½

•

In subtitled French, ***Un Air de Famille*** (Leisure Time/Cinema Village) is a witty, perceptive study of a dysfunctional family trying to establish new lines of communication. Adapted from their play—a stage hit in Paris—this film has authors Agnès Jaoui and Jean-Pierre Bacri also performing to perfection in principal roles. He plays Henri, the owner of the family's restaurant; she plays Betty, their abusive mother's rebellious, unmarried

OFF CAMERA

Allen: Wives' tales.

Portraying wives in crises seems to be the specialty of **Joan Allen,** 41. She was an Oscar nominee (for best actress) in two consecutive years—first for *Nixon* (as First Lady Pat), then for *The Crucible* (as Daniel Day-Lewis' wife on trial for witchcraft). Last year she was Kevin Kline's betrayed mate in *The Ice Storm* and done wrong again in *Face-Off*. This fall she'll enjoy a change of pace in a comedy called *Pleasantville*, co-starring Jeff Daniels and William H. Macy: "I'm the ideal Fifties mom in a sort of TV fantasy."

Though still without an Oscar, Allen has collected a basketful of other prizes for her work onstage and on-screen, including a Tony award for Broadway's *Burn This*, opposite John Malkovich. Illinois-born Allen credits Chicago's Steppenwolf Theater Co. for her acting savvy.

Her first solid movie role was in *Compromising Positions* (she was a dentist's patient who "had some incriminating photos"). She singles out Daniel Day-Lewis, her *Crucible* co-star, as one of "the great people I've worked with. He's so focused, and we work in a similar way. It was good chemistry."

Married to actor Peter Friedman (who has a major role in the Broadway musical *Ragtime*), Allen now finds herself an actual housewife, "doing the laundry or taking our four-year-old, Sadie, to school." For her next project, she hopes to portray Veronica Guerin, the Irish reporter who was murdered while investigating mob activities in Dublin. "They want me for the part, and I've already been to Ireland to research it. I don't know if I'm called bankable yet, but they're using my name to get it going." She has also been asked about reviving *A Streetcar Named Desire* onstage, but Allen has her doubts. "Vivien Leigh was so wonderful in the movie, I don't see what I could add to that. Anyway, I'd rather work with the Coen brothers. I'm more interested in crazy stuff than in the classics. I want to do new things."

daughter. The clan gathers at the eatery for an evening meal, and all hell breaks loose among mother, siblings, in-laws and Betty's rejected lover. ¥¥¥

•

Romance is back on the big screen with ***The Horse Whisperer*** (Touchstone Pictures) and is likely to last out the summer. Director and star Robert Redford does a fine job of mainstream moviemaking with Nicholas Evans' best-seller. Radiant Kristin Scott Thomas plays opposite Redford in this sentimentalized, supremely pictorial tale of a man, a woman, her young daughter (Scarlett Johansson) who has been injured in a riding accident and her disturbed horse. Set mostly in Montana with more emphasis than necessary on the folksy freedom of wide-open spaces, it's plenty passionate (Thomas' husband back in New York is Sam Neill, who doesn't stand a chance when she meets Redford). The book was far sexier, but the film version is so original and intelligent that audiences can wallow without guilt in this old-fashioned saga of the resilient human spirit, horse sense and unrequited love. ¥¥¥½

•

This seems to be the time for political satire. As producer, director and co-author of ***Bulworth*** (Twentieth Century Fox) Warren Beatty tackles the risky title role as a Democratic senator running for reelection while having a nervous breakdown. He also meets a beautiful black activist (Halle Berry) and delivers his speeches as rap diatribes against TV networks, insurance conglomerates and big business of all kinds. His reach is well beyond his grasp as a flipped-out champion of the downtrodden, but you have to give Beatty credit for this bizarre, sometimes puzzling shoot-from-the-hip comedy. ¥¥¥

•

Too many years have passed in bringing Hunter S. Thompson's ***Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*** (Universal) to the screen. The gonzo journalist's novel about his drug-fueled rampage (subtitled *A Savage Journey to the Heart of the American Dream*) might seem dated today but for director Terry Gilliam's brilliant, freewheeling adaptation. Another plus is a knockout performance by Johnny Depp as Raoul Duke, Thompson's fictional alter ego, who drives his Red Shark convertible like a maniac and swears by substance abuse. Keeping pace with Depp is Benicio Del Toro, playing Duke's constantly stoned lawyer, Dr. Gonzo. Guest stars including Penn Jillette, Cameron Diaz, Christina Ricci and Ellen Barkin make substantial contributions to Gilliam's hilarious take on the disillusioned and surreal days of 1971. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

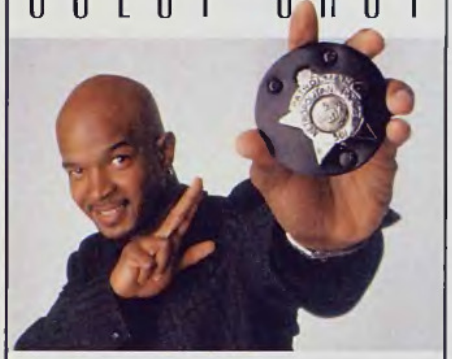
capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Artemisia (Reviewed 6/98) Woman artist invades Italian art world. ¥¥½
Bulworth (See review) Beatty on the current political climate. ¥¥¥
Carla's Song (See review) *Full Monty*'s Carlyle meets the contras. ¥¥½
Character (7/98) Oscar choice for this year's foreign-language best. ¥¥¥½
Charlie Hoboken (7/98) Inept hit men with an ethical dilemma. ¥¥½
Cousin Bette (7/98) Jessica Lange brings her family lots of trouble. ¥¥
Clockwatchers (6/98) Unhappy office temps you don't want to meet. ¥
Déjà Vu (6/98) Director Henry Jaglom and friends put on a show. ¥¥
Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (See review) Gilliam's riff on gonzo. ¥¥¥
A Friend of the Deceased (6/98) Marked man changes mind and turns tables on his killer. ¥¥½
Hav Plenty (See review) Born loser woos his dream girl. ¥¥¥
Henry Fool (7/98) An eccentric family transformed by an underachiever. ¥¥
High Art (7/98) Photographer and editor picture themselves in lesbian love match. ¥¥
Hope Floats (7/98) Bullock up to speed again in a romantic comedy. ¥¥¥
The Horse Whisperer (See review) Not quite by the book, and a fine romance for that reason. ¥¥¥½
I Went Down (6/98) Two game Irish crooks on a mission impossible. ¥¥¥
The Last Days of Disco (See review) The NYC club scene, vapid but still fun while it lasted. ¥¥½
Marie Baie des Anges (See review) Good-looking wayward teens hellbent on the Riviera. ¥¥¥
A Merry War (7/98) Orwell's tale of a London copywriter's slumming. ¥¥½
Mr. Jealousy (7/98) He loses sleep over her former boyfriends. ¥¥¥
The Opposite of Sex (7/98) Dig Christina Ricci as a suburban femme fatale. ¥¥¥
Passion in the Desert (7/98) Lost French soldier and wild leopard hit it off. ¥¥¥
Shooting Fish (6/98) Con artists have their hearts set on a stately English home. ¥¥¥
The Thief (See review) Stalin's Russia, as seen by a plucky six-year-old. ¥¥¥
The Truman Show (See review) Jim Carrey overdoes the fascinating plight of a guy whose entire life is a sitcom. ¥¥
Un Air de Famille (See review) Nerves frayed in a family restaurant. ¥¥¥
Whatever (See review) Coming-of-age take on a New Jersey girl. ¥¥¥
Wilde (6/98) Trial and conviction of the gay English author. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT



You might think funny videos would be a natural choice for **Damon Wayans**—but they're not. "Even though I like performing comedy," he says, "I'm too critical and cynical to enjoy somebody else's work—that is, unless it's really funny. For instance, I was pleasantly surprised by *The Nutty Professor*, because I saw Eddie Murphy step up and do what he could do. He challenged himself. And *My Best Friend's Wedding* was good because it was clever. It didn't make me laugh, but it was nice storytelling." Wayans prefers foreign films, such as *Cinema Paradiso* or anything by Jean Cocteau (especially his *Beauty and the Beast*, 1946). "Oh, yeah," Damon adds, "I also love anything I'm in or my family is in." Which is a lot. —SUSAN KARLIN

VIDBITS

Kino On Video's ***Slapstick Encyclopedia*** was made for your VCR, but it belongs in a film class. Culled from 54 one- and two-reel silent comedy shorts (from 1909 to 1927), the impressive eight-volume digest ($24.95 per tape) includes a nod to the pioneers (Oliver Hardy, Ben Turpin), a Mack Sennett compendium (with Mabel Normand and the Keystone Cops), special programs on Chaplin, Keaton, Arbuckle, the Hal Roach comedies and a full tape of the Great Chases (800-562-3330). . . . Englewood Entertainment revives the so-bad-it's-good cinema of the Fifties and Sixties with its Haunted Hollywood, Science Fiction Gold and Hollywood Noir series. ***The Beach Girls and the Monster*** (1965) boasts "surfer chicks and slimy chills," all set to a rock-and-roll beat; ***Monster From Green Hell*** (1958) features giant mutant wasps chomping their way across Africa; and in ***Kid Monk Baroni*** (1952) young Leonard Nimoy stars as a boxer lost in a world of gangsters and sex kittens. Each tape is $19.95; call 888-573-5490.

GOOD GODZILLA

By now you've seen Hollywood's version of a Godzilla movie, with the computer-animated lizard licking its high-tech chops and waltzing around New York. For diehard Godzilla fans, however, the film doesn't come close to watching a miniature Tokyo being crushed by two guys in latex monster suits. Enter new video editions of at least a dozen films made by Japan's Toho Studios (which owns the Zilla franchise), including Simitar's DVD releases of the classics ***Godzilla, King of the Monsters*** (1956) and ***Godzilla vs. Mothra*** (1964).

We asked J.D. Lees, co-author of *The Official Godzilla Compendium*, to choose his favorite and least favorite entries:

Godzilla vs. Mothra (1964): Godzilla battles the giant moth Mothra, who is busy protecting her big egg. Boasts superior special effects, monster suits, plot and score—and the larvae are kind of cute.

Destroy All Monsters! (1968): Eleven creatures simultaneously attack the world's major cities. Includes Godzilla's first trip to New York City (guess he lost the coin flip).

King Kong vs. Godzilla (1962): In the American edition of the film, Kong appears to win. But the Japanese version includes a final roar from Godzilla as Kong swims away, signaling a tie. Way to go, big guy.

Godzilla vs. Megalon (1976): The worst Godzilla movie ever made. The low point: Godzilla plays schoolyard bully, landing flying kicks on the giant beetle Megalon as a robot buddy holds the insect's arms behind its back.

Godzilla's Revenge (1969): Another stinker, though kids might like it. A boy learns a touching lesson about courage from Godzilla through a series of dreams. In other words, its loaded up with stock footage.

For more information, visit www.simitar.com and look for the big green foot; or call Anchor Bay Entertainment, 800-745-1145.

X-RATED VIDEO SERIES OF THE MONTH

She's moved from being an on-screen fuck queen to an adult-film auteur. With her white-hot ***Shane's World*** series (Odyssey, $39.95 each), the gal once known as director Seymore Butts' favorite leading lady is tearing up the adult industry with her own brand of "sinema verité." The formula is simple: Take a bunch of friends on a weekend trip, catch a little buzz, get everyone horny, then let the good times—and the camera—roll. What you get is unscripted hard-core action as candid and genuine as it is searing. So far, there are about a dozen volumes. Get them all. Go to www.ogv.com, or call 888-SHANE-00.

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
MUST-SEE	***Titanic*** (no sinking feeling here: DiCoprio–Winslet romance and cutting-edge FX buoy the three-hour epic brilliantly), ***Wag the Dog*** (White House op De Niro hires Hollywood mogul Hoffmon to stoge imoge-buffing wor; biting sotire).
DRAMA	***Afterglow*** (two couples work out o swop—sort of; Julie Christie earns Oscor nom in sexy turn os Nolte's cheoted wife), ***The Gingerbread Man*** (Grisham vio Altmon hos mystery belle putting Dixie lowyer Bronogh through wringer).
SLEEPER	***The Boxer*** (pug Day-Lewis leoves joil to find Belfast steody wed to his IRA chum; stoggering, but no KO), ***Oscar and Lucinda*** (Victorian oddbolls Fiennes and Blonchett shore o possion for gombling; unrequited-love story).
CREEPER	***Fallen*** (cogey demon spirit does cot-ond-mouse thing with Denzel Woshington; nothing new, but pleosontly moody), ***Deep Rising*** (Treot Willioms ploys ten-little-Indions with o ship-bound monster; coll it *Titonic* meets *Alien*).
FLASHBACK	From Orion's Soul Cinemo Collection: ***Foxy Brown*** (1974; supercool sex pistol Pom Grier poses as collgirl to ovenge boyfriend's murder), ***Black Caesar*** (Fred Williamson's 1973 block godfother saga, soundtrack by James Brown).

TRAVEL

THE BEST OF TIMES, THE WORST OF TIMES

The time of year you travel can determine the success of your trip. For example, you don't want to visit Paris in August, when Parisians leave town on vacation and most of the good restaurants are closed. September is the loveliest month for the City of Light. In fact, autumn and spring are the best travel times almost everywhere—with a few exceptions. September and October constitute the height of the hurricane season in the Caribbean. Bangkok's temperature often tops 100 degrees March through May. Tokyo should be avoided during Golden Week (the last weekend of April through the first weekend of May), when it's almost impossible to book transportation or a hotel room. Easter shuts down some cities, among them Amsterdam, which is then jammed April 30 and May 1 for the national Queen's Day celebration. During the dog days of summer, southern European cities swelter. Madrid's mom-and-pop restaurants either close or stop serving hearty specialties. Austria isn't as hot as Spain—but don't go for Vienna's state opera, it takes a summer break. So do Berlin's opera and philharmonic. January is the month not to visit Istanbul because of the wet weather. Rio de Janeiro's rainy season runs from December through February, but the famous *Carnaval* is usually in February, too. As you would expect, July and August are hot and humid in Singapore and Hong Kong. Sydney's seasons are the reverse of ours, but the worst—or best—time to visit will be September 15 through October 1, 2000, for the Olympic Games. —ANNE SPISELMAN

ABBE SENNETT

NIGHT MOVES: HAVANA

Cuba is off-limits to Americans, but you can get there through another country, such as Canada or Mexico. The dollar is the currency of choice and it buys a lot, from staples to vices. First, stock up on cigars at one of the city's oldest cigar factories, Real Fábrica de Tabacos Partagás (Industria No. 520) in *Centro Habana*, then try a daiquiri at El Floridita (Obispo No. 557), an establishment where Hemingway loved to drink. A ten-minute walk into colonial Havana, or *La Habana Vieja*, brings you to La Bodeguita del Medio (Empedrado No. 207), another celebrated Hemingway hangout. Hail a cab (will a 1949 Plymouth do?) to dine in neighboring Vedado, where trendy *paladares* have sprung up in the past couple years. These privately run restaurants operate in people's homes and are usually superior in quality and price to hotel or state-run establishments. Restaurante Doña Nieves (Calle 19, No. 812), a *paladar*, offers elaborate dinners at café prices. Or cross the Rio Almendares to try the open-air El Aljibe (Avenida 7 between 24 and 26), which boasts the best chicken in Havana. Then taxi to the Hotel Riviera (Paseo and Malecón), where the funky Palacio de la Salsa room draws top salsa acts—and a fast crowd. —CARRIE LARUE

GREAT ESCAPE

MOTORING IN A MORGAN

What better way to explore the English countryside than from behind the wheel of a Morgan? You'll feel every ripple in the road and the wind in your face, but a day's-end pint in a quaint pub will remove any bugs from your teeth. London Handling Ltd.'s last Morgan self-drive tour for this year (October 26 through November 1) begins at the Barns Hotel in Bedfordshire and continues into

Scotland and Wales, with two participants sharing a car and a room. The tour's £1175 price (about $2000, not covering airfare) includes seven nights in three-star hotels, plus breakfasts and dinners. A tour organizer accompanies the group—a maximum of seven Morgan 4/4s—to help plan each day's route and put the cars to bed at night. London Handling's Stateside contact, the ETM Group in Westport, Connecticut (800-445-8999), can provide further details and arrange flights. More Morgan tours are scheduled for next summer. Book early. —DAVID STEVENS

ROAD STUFF

Now that most airlines have cracked down on the size and number of carry-ons, you'll need to be extraefficient if you don't check baggage. These bags hold enough garb and gear for at least a long weekend. Up top: Samsonite's 950 series Compact Upright has wheels, a telescoping handle and pockets galore ($300). Below it is a scotch-grain-leather weekend bag with a shoulder strap, from Holland & Holland ($810). To the right: TravelSmith's rugged 1000 Denier Cordura carry-on (about $200) is just one of a number of interesting bags the company stocks (some even have wheels). Bottom: Duluth Trading Co.'s medium-sized green canvas duffel bag is trimmed with brown saddle leather (about $145). • The new Franzus palm-size Micro Pro garment steamer put out by Travel Smart is the same portable gizmo that Jack Lemmon used to dewrinkle his pants in the recent comedy *Out to Sea*. (It also fixes creases and pleats.) Price: about $40, including a travel pouch and a detachable brush. —D.S.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 149.

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

MUSIC

ROCK

DURING THE Fifties and Sixties, the British Musicians Union restricted the amount of time records could be played on the radio. The union claimed records took gigs away from live musicians. And who would buy a record if they could hear it on the radio? But this restriction meant the Beatles, Led Zeppelin and the Yardbirds could record live sessions in the BBC studios for broadcast. Excellent BBC sets have been released over the past few years. But the most spectacular collection is ***The Jimi Hendrix Experience: BBC Sessions*** (MCA), a 30-song, two-CD set of hits, jams and rarities by rock's most astonishing guitarist. Most of these dynamic performances were recorded in 1967, when Jimi was still in love with *Purple Haze* and *Spanish Castle Magic*. He would later use those songs as platforms for transcendent improvisations. But on *BBC Sessions* you're reminded that he was an incredible songwriter too. And Hendrix' covers of Dylan, Stevie Wonder, the Beatles and Cream blow away the originals. —VIC GARBARINI

YISHAI MINKIN

The BBC Hendrix experience.

Jimi jams, Patty Griffin sings and Guy Davis plays the blues.

Patty Griffin has one of the most heartbreaking voices I've heard, and she employs it on some of the angriest songs. Oddly enough, both her acoustic first album and her great new electric follow-up, ***Flaming Red*** (A&M), leave me feeling hopeful. Griffin's theme is relationships gone bad, whether she's talking about love affairs (*Peter Pan, Go Now*) or Catholicism (*Mary, Wiggley Fingers*). Her dry alto and legato phrasing are perfect for singing about death, as she does on *Goodbye* and *Tony*.

Who needs a Fleetwood Mac comeback when ***Christine McVie*** (Warner) is waiting to be rediscovered? This 1984 solo album, on which some of her bandmates also play, possesses the drive that characterizes the best Fleetwood Mac, especially on *Love Will Show Us How*. It showcases the member who has consistently been the group's best singer and most intelligent songwriter.—DAVE MARSH

POP

Ever since Seal emerged as a musical force, I've been waiting for a black female artist to escape the shackles of R&B and break out with a truly accomplished pop-rock album. Rebekah's ***Remember to Breathe*** (Elektra) is it. Her debut is a smart, progressive 12-song collection that ignores the stereotypes of contemporary black music and instead uses bracing guitars, diverse rhythms and Matthew Wilder's well-modulated production. Rebekah uses her strident, youthful voice to sing about silly boyfriends (*Hey Genius*), the joy of sex (*Sin So Well, Love Trap*) and social pressures (*Little Black Girl*) with assurance and a sense of fun. Her work broadens the musical landscape for African American performers. *Remember to Breathe* is one of this year's better efforts. —NELSON GEORGE

BLUES

I disagree with Guy Davis. Contrary to his third album's title, ***You Don't Know My Mind*** (Red House), I feel I do. He's smart and humane, deals with his political alienation, thinks highly of sex and understands that blues authenticity depends on forthright spirit rather than perfect reproduction of the classics. Actually, Davis hits all the right notes all the time. An ace on both six- and 12-string acoustic guitar, Davis brings a glorious sense of melody to his understanding of the blues. Unlike on his two previous albums, he includes other instruments here: drums, bass, the occasional keyboard. The extra percussion reminds you that the blues started as dance music. This is blues made for humming along, stomping your foot, feeling righteous in the face of oppression and expressing gratitude to your baby for greasing your skillet. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

Memphis is an essential city of American music. ***Blues Masters, Volume 12: Memphis Blues*** (Rhino) presents recordings from the Twenties to the Fifties, with outstanding performances from Furry Lewis (*Kassie Jones, Part 2*), B.B. King (*When Your Baby Packs Up and Goes*), Howlin' Wolf (*Moanin' at Midnight*) and Rufus Thomas (*Bear Cat*). For those looking for some Memphis soul stew, this is a tasty appetizer. —NELSON GEORGE

RAP

The best albums by Wu-Tang Clan have been the most grandiose. That's why the cover of the new Cappadonna soundscape, ***The Pillage*** (Epic Street), is festooned with a Hollywood-style Wu-Tang Productions banner. And like all Wu records, *The Pillage* sounds great. Its rhythms and textures are as deep as New York Harbor. But I prefer spin-offs with more focus, like the heartrending gangsta tales of Ghostface Killah's 1996 *Ironman*, or the lamentations of Killah Priest's ***Heavy Mental*** (Geffen). Priest's beats, ominous minor chords and sampled C-movie dialogue will sound creepily familiar to anyone who knows recent hip-hop. And his rapid-fire lyrics, studded with internal rhymes, are end-of-the-century scary—they're prophecies and admonitions straight from the black underclass. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

FOLK

Roscoe Holcomb may have been the greatest of all mountain singers, and ***The High Lonesome Sound*** (Smithsonian Folkways) is a masterpiece. Holcomb's voice is capable of scaring you half out of your wits (*House in New Orleans, In the Pines*) or making you yearn for lost pleasures and treasures (*Little Birdie, Roll On Buddy*). This storied banjo player also plays a fearsome guitar. His a cappella *Village Churchyard* sounds deathly, as if it is determined to drag the listener back to dust. As John Cohen's liner notes make clear, Holcomb was an original, genuine and intensely spiritual.

Is the world ready for *Celtino*, a fusion of Celtic folk and Cuban guitar music? If not, better prepare because Oscar Lopez, the great Chilean guitarist, and James Keelaghan, Canada's finest singer-songwriter, have come up with ***Compadres*** (Jericho Beach Music, 1351 Grant St., Vancouver, BC V5L 2X7). *Bump Me Up (To First Class)* would require no translation in any language.

—DAVE MARSH

COUNTRY

Honky-tonk singer Johnny Bush has been around the Texas roadhouse circuit for more than 30 years, and ***Talk to***

FAST TRACKS

My Heart (Watermelon) is a tribute to his seasoning. He cuts to the heart in tear-jerking ballads such as *This House Has No Doors* and the Texas two-step *The Bottle, Your Memory & Me*. Bush, who played the drums with the classic edition of Ray Price's Cherokee Cowboys, recognizes a good song. Throughout *Talk to My Heart*, he celebrates the old school by featuring pedal-steel legend Jimmy Day, who played with Hank Williams and Ernest Tubb. *Talk to My Heart* is perfect for those lonely neon nights. —DAVE HOEKSTRA

On the first track of ***Chris Knight*** (Decca), the singer boasts ruefully, "I had to work to be the jerk I've come to be." You wonder whether this country hopeful might be the songwriting ace so many others have claimed to be. Knight is pithy, homespun, observant and forever staving off his doom. A decade ago, Nashville would have called him rock and roll and sent him packing. It's to the credit of the ultimate music-biz town that it's willing to bet on his talent now.
—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Someday I'm going to find out what vitamins Joe Ely takes and gobble a few handfuls. After 13 albums and an ungodly amount of time on the road, he has more energy and more interesting ideas than anyone should be allowed. ***Twistin' in the Wind*** (MCA) shows Ely in top form, which is as good as it gets in progressive country: great hooks, wordplay, a tight band and emotional maturity. Plus, he makes me laugh out loud. Where did *If I Could Teach My Chihuahua to Sing* come from? —CHARLES M. YOUNG

WORLD

Much third world music is diluted by the synthesizers and strings used to make it more palatable to Western ears. But that's not the case on ***Invocations: Sacred Music From World Traditions*** (Music of the World), a collection of 13 remarkable songs. It doesn't matter where the music comes from—Peru, Iran or Zimbabwe—each selection takes the listener to a sacred place. —VIC GARBARINI

CLASSICAL

György Ligeti is one of the world's best living composers. As part of a bold project to record all his work, Sony Classical has released seven Ligeti CDs. Although his chamber music is most impressive, his compositions for barrel organ and *Poème Symphonique* for 100 metronomes show that Ligeti's modernist work is surprisingly accessible. Sony hasn't yet released Ligeti's masterpiece, the opera ***Le Grand Macabre,*** but the remarkable version already available on the Wergo label will be hard to top. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Guy Davis *You Don't Know My Mind*	7	8	7	7	8
Patty Griffin *Flaming Red*	6	7	7	9	7
Jimi Hendrix Experience *BBC Sessions*	7	10	9	10	9
Killah Priest *Heavy Mental*	8	7	6	8	7
Rebekah *Remember to Breathe*	4	8	9	4	7

ISN'T ONE ENOUGH? DEPARTMENT: *Call Me Lisa Loeb* is a screenplay, about a girl so obsessed with the singer that she begins to think she's Loeb.

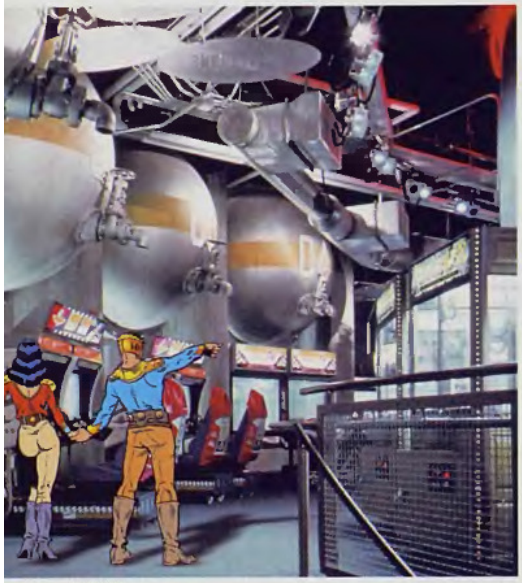
REELING AND ROCKING: **Jimmy Jam** and **Terry Lewis** are producing the soundtrack for *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*, starring **Angela Bassett.** Listen for **Me'Shell Ndegéocello,** among other artists. . . . **Will Smith** and **Whitney Houston** are gearing up for the romantic comedy *Anything for Love*. Expect a strong soundtrack. . . . **Randy Newman** is scoring two movies, *Pleasantville* and *A Bug's Life*, for the *Toy Story* team. . . . **Rick Rubin** will produce a series of *South Park* soundtracks on his American Recordings label. . . . **Dweezil Zappa** has a cameo in the forthcoming **Michael Keaton–Kelly Preston** movie *Frost*. He plays a smarmy A&R guy. . . . Director **Wim Wenders** is shooting a documentary on **Ry Cooder,** one version for PBS, another for filmfests and theaters.

NEWSBREAKS: There is an exhibition of **Beck's** work at the Santa Monica Museum of Art, where he did a performance piece at the gala opening. . . . **Mary Wilson** launched the **Supremes'** 40th anniversary tour in Reno. The tour will continue into 1999, and Wilson is assembling a book and a display of Supremes costumes as part of the celebration. . . . Plans are under way to bring one of England's top festivals to the U.S. in September. Organizers hope to stage Tribal Gathering concerts, emphasizing electronic dance music, on the East and West Coasts. . . . The Chicago-based consulting firm Crowd Management Strategies has issued its annual report on deaths at rock concerts. Nineteen concertgoers died worldwide in 1997, primarily because of festival seating and mosh-ing. . . . **Prince** has had enough of the illegal use of his music and copyrighted materials on the Internet. He has launched a crackdown through a lawyer. . . . Says **Tony Bennett** about his forthcoming autobiography, *The Good Life*: "As I enter my 50th year of performing, I realize I have had many memorable experiences that readers will find compelling." Look for Tony's takes on **Frank Sinatra, Duke Ellington, Judy Garland** and **Lena Horne,** among others. . . . The MTV Video Music Awards returns to Los Angeles on September 10. . . . **Pete Seeger's** *Where Have All the Flowers Gone?* has become the anthem of the Irish peace process. . . . The Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum in Cleveland has opened a new 5500-square-foot wing. Rare performance footage of inductees plays on a three-screen, 80-foot-wide surface. A jukebox presents biographies, discographies and virtually all recordings ever made by Hall of Famers. . . . The second *X-Files* soundtrack, produced by **David Was,** will feature **Sting, Filter, Björk,** the **Cranberries, Foo Fighters** and **Sarah McLachlan.** . . . **Jerry Leiber** and **Mike Stoller** gave the commencement address at Berklee College of Music, where they also received honorary doctorates for writing such hits as *Hound Dog*, *Jailhouse Rock*, *Stand by Me* and *On Broadway*. . . . **Pat Boone,** having butchered metal, is proceeding to record soul classics with **James Brown** and **Smokey Robinson.** Ouch. . . . One sang, the other didn't: **Frankie Avalon** may have been resurrected with the 20th anniversary of *Grease*, but another teen idol, **Fabian,** is in a Denny's commercial. The spot pokes fun at the longtime confusion between Fabian's and Frankie's music. We're not confused.
—BARBARA NELLIS

WIRED

GAMING AFTER DARK

If you want to test your date's fun quotient, take her to GameWorks. This one-year-old entertainment franchise (co-owned by Dreamworks, Universal Studios and Sega) is an over-the-top playground that pushes interactive gaming to the extreme. And you don't have to stand in line with a bunch of rug rats. The under-18 crowd is banished after nine P.M., at which time the GameWorks in Seattle, Las Vegas, Tempe (Arizona),



BUC ROGERS

Grapevine (Texas) and Ontario (California) offer a nightclub ambience. There's a restaurant and full-service bar (the Seattle GameWorks has its own microbrewery), a billiards room, a rock-climbing wall (in Las Vegas) and enough electronic action to keep your fingers flexing past midnight. For an extreme rush, don't miss the new Vertical Reality game, in which you and 11 other players are strapped into seats that ascend the sides of a skyscraper. Your goal is to rid the building of its criminal elements without getting hit by unfriendly fire. Take a bullet and your chair falls two stories to the ground. The next cities slated for GameWorks: Chicago, Miami, Detroit and Rio de Janeiro. —BETH TOMKIW

ALL CHARGED UP

Disposable batteries are terrible for the environment. So what is an eco-friendly electronics junkie to do? Try Panasonic's new rechargeable AAs. These nickel-cadmium batteries run for up to eight hours (that is twice as long as earlier rechargeables) and can be recharged hundreds of times before you're forced to recycle them. Sony's new Infolithium NP-F950 camcorder battery provides up to 12 hours of recording time on a single charge. The AccuPower battery meter—a sophisticated power-management feature—displays the remaining battery time in minutes (no more running out of energy midway through filming). Sony's Quick Charge system requires only 15 minutes to recharge a battery after an hour of use. Unlike Ni-Cd batteries, you can't overcharge Infolithiums. Sony tells us this new battery technology will soon be available for other portable gear. The Sunwize Portable Energy System is a notepad-size gadget that uses sunlight to power and recharge laptop computers, cell phones, CD players and other portable gear. Look for it in stores, priced at $350. —DAWN CHMIELEWSKI

ALL WORK AND SOME PLAY

Watching TV on a computer is nothing new. Downloading closed captions to create transcripts of *Seinfeld* or the *Jerry Springer Show* is. That's just one of the many breakthrough features of ATI Technologies' All-in-Wonder Pro. This $280 PC TV board lets you watch your favorite stations on your computer—full screen and in stereo. It features zoom and instant-replay functions, and it comes with software that runs a TV

DAVID CUTTER

in the background (picture-in-picture style) while you work, listening for certain words and kicking on the programming to full screen when it hears what you want to see. ADS Technologies' Channel Surfer TV board (about $100) can receive Internet content over the part of the wave spectrum (called Vertical Blanking Interval) reserved for TV—no modem required. Channel Surfer picks up Web sites on the VBI and stores them on your hard drive so you can read them at your leisure. —TED C. FISHMAN

WILD THINGS

Think of it as the Linda Tripp model. Record-a-Call ($80, pictured here) is a combination telephone handset and tape recorder. Use it as a stand-alone recording device or attach it to any corded phone and tape your conversations on microcassettes. But remember: It's illegal to tape phone calls in many states unless the party on the other end consents. • Samsung's SCS-100 is the first digital cellular phone that doubles as a handheld PC. The pocket-size phone opens to reveal a Windows CE 2.0 computer with a gray-scale touch screen. Faxes and e-mail can be sent via the phone's wireless network, and you can even use the device to browse the Net. The price: about $800. • When it comes to buying electronics gear, patience usually pays off. Witness Dolby Digital audio-video receivers. • When they were introduced a few years ago, you couldn't touch one for less than $1200. Now Kenwood has introduced the VR-209, a six-channel receiver priced at $400. You can connect three video sources to the VR-209, including a satellite receiver, DVD player, VCR or video game machine, along with six audio components. • IBM's ScrollPoint mouse has a blue button that eliminates the need to click on scrollbars in order to navigate through long documents or Web sites. Just press the button forward, backward or to the left or right and you're on your way. The price: $60. —B.T.

ONLINE ACTION

Online games are a Net addiction—and no wonder. Instead of battling just the computer, you get to take on another person—sometimes hundreds of them from around the world. And, of course, there are cash incentives. Multiplayer Internet action has become such a hot ticket that the AMD Professional Gamers' League has been established to award cash and prizes to the champs of the most popular network titles. The better you are at annihilating your opponents, the more money you stand to make.

What type of computing power do you need to compete? At the very least, a 133-megahertz Pentium computer with 16 megs of RAM. It takes a lot of power to process games such as Quake II. If you want to keep up, you will have to power up. Slower machines often pause during gameplay and frequently become disconnected. Which brings us to the second important requirement—a dedicated Internet connection. Logging on to a game site through AOL or Compuserve isn't the way to go. (It's hard enough to participate in chats and newsgroups from these overcrowded services, never mind graphics-intensive games that call for concentration.) So you'd be smart to dial in direct with a service provider that can handle a 33.6-kbps connection or better.

CYBER SCOOP

Get set for ***Wing Commander***—the movie. Freddie (*I Know What You Did Last Summer*) Prinze Jr. and Matthew (*Scream*) Lillard will star in the PC game–turned–$27 million Fox flick. Shooting started in February, but there's still no word on a release date.

For an excellent dose of lust online, check out ***Dada House*** (www.dadohouse.com). This serial with an adult twist was named Best Interactive Game at the 1998 Adult Video News Awards. The Dada House CD-ROM (advertised for $24 on the site) makes for a juicier experience. Give it an hour—you'll be hooked.

Total Annihilation's commander.

ONE-STOP SHOPS

There are several commercial services devoted to online gaming. Some are free; others have a monthly fee. On average, expect to pay $20 a month to get in on the fun.

Total Entertainment Network (www.ten.net): This hot spot for hard-core gamers sponsors the PGL, awarding cash prizes to champs of Quake and other top online games.

Heat Internet Gaming Network (www.heat.net): SegaSoft's online gaming site encourages members to channel their aggressive urges into games such as Postal, Total Annihilation and Duke Nukem 3D. Nothing like blowing off someone's head to calm those nerves—and win some big-ass loot. Heat has three levels of membership and awards prizes for frequent use. If you suck, you can always earn some points by looking at advertisements.

MPlayer (www.mplayer.com): If blood, guts and gore aren't your bag, MPlayer provides access to such cerebral fare as backgammon, checkers and chess, as well as sports games and simulations.

Microsoft's Internet Gaming Zone (www.zone.com): Bill Gates' entry into online gaming is one of the largest sites of its kind on the Internet. But it's a private club for surfers using Windows 95 and Microsoft Internet Explorer.

SOFTWARE CENTRAL

You don't have to join an online service to blast gamers in Australia. Most games on CD-ROM have built-in Internet support, as well as directions to Web pages where you can join the action. Here are a few to try.

Quake II: A first-person shooter with advanced 3D technology for improved graphics, sound and gameplay. Get in on a 64-player Quake II death match for a major rush. ***Netstorm:*** A unique real-time strategy game set in a mythical world in the clouds. Your arsenal? The elements—Sun Cannons, Dust Devils, Rain Temples and Wind Towers. ***Ultima Online:*** Create a hero and watch your alter ego grow, form friendships, make enemies, build houses and thrive in a world simulation loaded with wild magic. ***Total Annihilation:*** Another real-time strategy game, featuring spectacular graphics, realistic terrain and an awesome soundtrack courtesy of a 95-piece symphony orchestra and a concert choir.

The wonderful wizard of Ultimo.

DOWNLOADS OF FUN

Several software developers release online games that can be played only over the Internet. To access these titles, you go to a specific Web site, download the software, install it on your system and start playing. Some of the games are free, while others cost from $10 to $20 a month.

Aliens Online (www.gamestorm.com): Battle as a marine or an alien through the dark quarters of this first-person game. ***Terra: Battle for the Outland*** (www.kaon.com): An online tank-battle game with hundreds of players going at it simultaneously. ***Warbirds 2.01*** (www.imagiconline.com): A World War Two aerial-combat simulation involving up to 200 players. Download the software and get five hours of game time.

Command and Conquer: Sole Survivor (www.westwood.com): This game pits you against 50 other players in cooperative or competitive war games.

DIGITAL DUDS

Thunder Truck Rally—Because of the game's dull graphics and weak controls, we were asleep at the wheel of this PC-and-Playstation truck racer before completing our first lap.

Pictionary: Some board games don't translate to the PC. This is one of them. Nix Pics.

Dilbert's Desktop Games: Dilbert fans beware: The sad-sack character's daily grind seems like a party compared with these lame knockoffs of such classic games as Wack-a-Rat, Space Invaders and Missile Command.

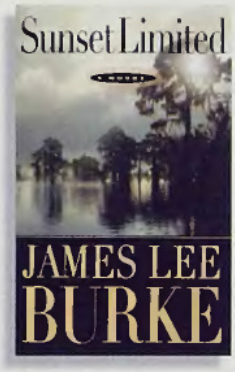
See what's happening on Playboy's Home Page at http://www.playboy.com.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 149.

BOOKS

BURKE'S LAW

James Lee Burke has arrived. The first clue is a store display for ***Sunset Limited*** (Doubleday), his tenth novel featuring the exploits of former New Orleans cop and Vietnam vet Dave Robicheaux. In addition to a great summer read, fans will find a bait bucket filled with Cajun spices, a CD and a T-shirt.



Robicheaux is one of the most intriguing heroes in crime fiction. While others work alone, Burke's character surrounds himself with family—his wife and daughter—a worker at the bait shop named Batist and Robicheaux's ex-partner and loose cannon Clete Purcel. He tackles not just crime but mysteries, wrestling with shame, guilt and grief that span generations. Norman Mailer once said that a man drinks to get at an obsession from different angles. Robicheaux, a recovering alcoholic, prefers to throw himself against the past. In *Sunset Limited*, a corpse lies in a coffin for 20 years, waiting for the chance to tell its story. Bell jars buried in a barn hold clues to a crucifixion that happened 40 years earlier. Corruption touches the present when a Hollywood film crew sets up in town as a front for laundered drug money. Small-time gangsters, contract killers, Klansmen, psychopaths, ex-cons and tainted FBI agents move through Spanish moss and dark bayous testing Robicheaux. Only some of the mysteries in the novel are resolved. And the writing is brilliant. —JAMES R. PETERSEN

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

The Greeks had Pythagoras and Praxiteles. The Italians brought us Machiavelli and Masaccio. What do we have to share with the world? Barney Rubble and Babe the Blue Ox. Three new books look at the glory of American civilization. John Margolies' ***Fun Along the Road*** (Little, Brown) is a remarkable compendium of such ingeniaus vulgarities as alligator farms and mini golf courses. In ***Managing Ignatius*** (Louisiana State) Jerry Strahan relates the perils af running a hot dog business in New Orleans. It's an inspirational tale of lowlife business administratian. Jae Queenan is a good enough writer that he could describe garbage and still be entertaining. That's exactly what happens in ***Red Lobster, White Trash and the Blue Lagoon*** (Hyperion). Queenan concerns himself with the likes af John Tesh and Billy Joel. How bad can this culture be? he asks. He proceeds to astonish even himself. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

BAKER GOODS

Although Nicholson Baker's current novel, ***The Everlasting Story of Nory*** (Random House), doesn't have sex at its center (as did *Vox* and *The Fermata*), sex is still on Baker's mind. In fact, when independent counsel Kenneth Starr subpoenaed Monica Lewinsky's book purchases, which reportedly included *Vox*, Baker said, "Starr should get down on his kneepads and beg the country's pardon for undermining the Constitution this way." Writer Lisa Latham checked in with Baker to discuss books, movies and Monica.

PLAYBOY: Did negative reaction to the sexuality in *Vox* and *The Fermata* bother you?

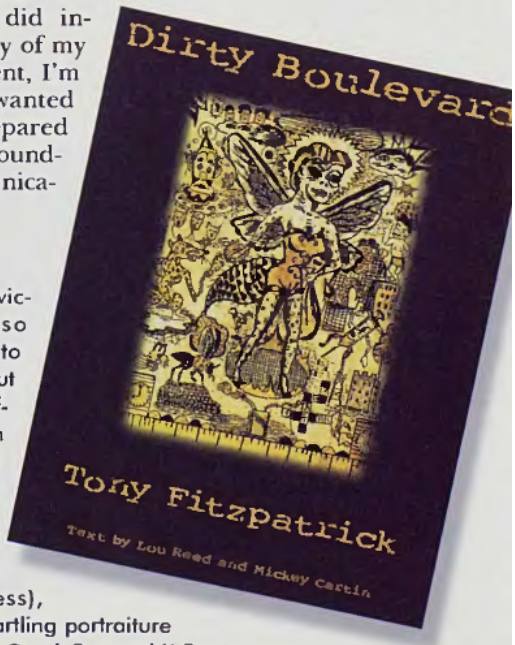
BAKER: *Vox* was a best-seller and women liked it. *The Fermata* was hated by women and it didn't sell. It isn't writing about sex that bothers people. If you write about a person who violates women and isn't punished in the end, people aren't going to like it.

PLAYBOY: Which is sexier—erotic film or erotic literature?

BAKER: I rarely get turned on by books, but I've seen a lot of dirty movies. I started going to dirty movies when I was 17. But I don't want to watch a mainstream movie and suddenly see pubic hair. I find it alarming. I wrote *Vox* and *The Fermata* in direct competition with movies. Could I create something stranger and possibly more erotic than any movie? The reader is a writer's ally in determining exactly how dirty a book gets. My wife thought *Fermata* was funny and sexy and she liked it until she began to sense that he was going to get away with everything. Then she said, "Go ahead and publish it, but you're not going to get me to like it."

PLAYBOY: Assess the role *Vox* played in the Clinton scandal.

BAKER: It's just a rumor that Monica Lewinsky bought a copy of *Vox*, but even the rumor of an alleged book purchase is nice for an author to hear about. She, however, is a private citizen who is having her life ransacked by a bunch of nutty humanoid subpoena weenies. If Monica Lewinsky did indeed present a copy of my book to the president, I'm sure that she just wanted him to be fully prepared for any debate surrounding the telecommunications bill.



VERY MEAN STREETS: Drugs, villains and victims aren't pretty, so mast people choose to look the other way. But Tony Fitzpatrick, a self-taught writer and an artist, has adopted the coarse landscapes of urban despair as his personal geography. In ***Dirty Boulevard*** (Hard Press), Fitzpatrick gives us startling portraiture (the Fixer, Crack Baby, Crank Bug and K-Boy, among others) to reveal the death that lives amang us. What's surprising about this collection of drawings and etchings is that Fitzpatrick extracts a bitter beauty from these lurid nightmares. —JOHN REZEK

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HEALTH & FITNESS

BICEPS PRIMER

Women like men with muscular arms. Short-sleeved shirts look better when they show evidence of brawn. And strong arms help protect elbows from injury during sports such as golf, baseball and tennis. "Your arms are the link between your upper body and the rest of the world," says Liz Neporent, an exercise physiologist and co-author of *Weight Training for Dummies*. "If they're wimpy, your larger upper-body muscles can't work to full capacity." The encouraging news is that because arm muscles are smaller than chest, back and shoulder muscles, you can train them in less time.

A.J. GARCES

For starters, here's how to strengthen your arms: Twice a week (with at least one full day's rest between workouts) do three sets of 8 to 15 repetitions of two biceps exercises, such as barbell curls, dumbbell curls, reverse-grip curls or cable curls. Then do the same number of triceps exercises, such as push-downs, kickbacks, bench dips or machine dips. It's important to work both the biceps and the triceps, because "if one muscle group is disproportionately stronger than the other, you're more prone to elbow injuries," warns Neporent.

Use enough weight so that the last few repetitions are challenging. Focus on using your arms—not your back and shoulders—to complete the exercises. Finally, keep your elbows still. If they stray out to the sides, you may be able to lift more weight, but only because you have better leverage.

SPORTS DRINKS

In the beginning there was Gatorade. Now there are a zillion commercial sports drinks on the market, with high-power names such as Endura, Exceed, Break Through, Power Surge, Runner's Edge and, our personal favorite, Sports Toddy. The question is: Do they work? Will sports drinks keep you well hydrated during sports? The answer is yes. But the catch is—for most recreational athletes—water or diluted fruit juice will do the same, at a fraction of the cost. The exception is the athlete who works out intensely for four hours or more at a time and has to worry about keeping electrolytes (sodium, potassium, etc.) in balance.

NOAH WOODS

Do sports drinks boost performance? They aren't elixirs. They can't give you a power surge or performance that exceeds your training limits. Commercial sports drinks deliver a measure of carbohydrates—between 14 and 25 grams per eight ounces—which helps you maintain your energy level if your workout exceeds 90 minutes. But you can keep your blood-sugar level up by drinking diluted fruit juice or eating crackers or a bagel. That may not be so conspicuous as sloshing down a bottle of Hydra Fuel, but it's probably as useful.

Sports drinks do taste better than water, which means you'll probably drink a lot more. That's a big plus. Then, too, if you think your drink is special and gives you more energy, you may actually feel more energetic and perform better.

Now that's a testimonial to sports marketing.

Are you thinking SPF 15?

SUN SMART

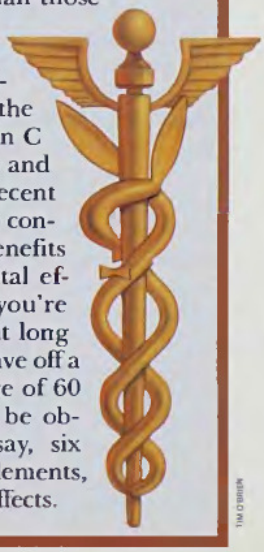
Who can resist summer's siren call to bronze? If you're a sun god, at least tan slowly and sensibly. According to New York dermatologist Dr. Steven Victor, SPF 15 is the best level for providing both protection and color. (The SPF number indicates how long you can stay in the sun before burning. If it takes your bare skin ten minutes in the sun to turn red, an SPF 15 product will protect it 15 times as long, or for 150 minutes.) A sunscreen should be applied at least half an hour before you expose your body to the sun, so its ingredients can combine with your skin protein. Put a little extra on your nose and ears, because the skin there is thinner and more susceptible to skin cancer.

Don't start with a high-SPF sunblock and work your numbers down. An SPF of 30 lets you stay out longer, but it offers only two percent more filtering protection than an SPF of 15. And any time you go under 15 you're letting too much sun get to your skin. So go slow. Timing, as usual, is everything.

DR. PLAYBOY

Q: Every time I pick up the paper there's news about vitamins. Should I take them or not?

A: OK, here goes. New research shows that vitamin E plays a substantial role in preventing prostate cancer, according to the *Journal of the National Cancer Institute*. After five to eight years of taking vitamin E supplements, a group of men in Finland were 32 percent less likely to develop prostate cancer and 41 percent less likely to die from the disease than those who didn't take E. The juice on vitamin C is less encouraging. It's deemed an antioxidant (they eliminate free radicals known to damage the heart and other organs), but vitamin C could actually promote free radicals and lead to cellular damage, says a recent British study. However, scientists also concede that vitamin C's antioxidant benefits far outweigh the possible detrimental effects. Confused? Of course. But if you're worried about getting scurvy on that long voyage at sea, or if you just want to stave off a cold, the recommended daily dosage of 60 milligrams of vitamin C can easily be obtained from food—by drinking, say, six ounces of orange juice. Unlike supplements, vitamin C in foods has no oxidizing effects.


TIM O'BRIEN

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MEN

By ASA BABER

DAN YACCARINO

MY SEXUAL OSCARS

Here you are, basking in the heat of summer, skimming your PLAYBOY and keeping one eye on the talent that strolls by your perch, talent that smells of coconut oil and something else—yes, that's it, the faint but unmistakable aroma of quim, glorious quim, moist quim, quivering quim. What a remarkable fragrance fresh quim projects, a combination of sea salt and jungle mud and crushed violets. As a famous poet almost wrote, "Oh, to be in Quimland now that August's here!"

The word quim seems to have been banished from our language. But is it not time for us to resurrect it and bring it back into circulation? Are we not manly men, vigorous and unafraid? Will we not employ the words we love without fear or shame, and to hell with those puritans who would censor us?

Gentlemen, it is lucky for us that women don't really know how we think. If someone were to invent a camera that could videotape male brain waves and convert them into pictures, we would all be toast within the first few seconds. Because men are definitely three-track monsters. We are able to watch the girls go by, read a magazine and—all at the same time—remember the glories of quim past.

What is it about quim that we remember specifically? Don't play naive pool boy with me, fella. We remember, in exquisite detail, each stroke and taste and touch and smell of quim, from our earliest experiences with it to time present. This is the secret we do not wish to share with womenfolk: For most of us, every day is filled with warm and happy memories.

I submit that a man produces a perpetual Oscars show of sexuality in his mind's eye, and does so continually. So here are the Oscars I would bestow to the only quim that ever mattered to me—the women who starred with me in our own private X-rated screenplays. (FYI, the names have been changed, but the scents linger on.)

For the Best Kisser in My Preteen Years: An Oscar to Jenny, a tan and compact nymph in Florida who smelled like a freshly squeezed lemon and used to sneak out to the boat dock with me in the evenings for necking and experimentation. We were 11 years old, precocious kids who knew more about sex than the adults in our lives thought we did. To her credit, Jenny even managed to cry during our final hours together, and I like to assume she remembers me with fondness, just as I remember her.

For the Toughest Broad in Junior High Who Had the Most Bounteous Chest on Chicago's South Side: An Oscar to Marilyn, queen of my dreams, a young woman who could chew out a gang member in salty language, then turn to me and almost smother me in her ginger-spice flesh. With her breasts covering my ears, I didn't really care what she was saying. Wherever she is now and whatever she's doing, I want her to know I loved her dearly, and I was not a superficial punk so infatuated with her cleavage that I couldn't think straight (was I?).

For the High School Senior Who Rattled My Cage When She Showed Me That Some Girls Like to Be Spanked: A golden Oscar to Jensen, a dark, thin, vibrant beauty who stopped me suddenly one summer evening as we were walking out of a movie, pulled me into an alley and said, without warning, "Slap me. Slap me hard." To this day, that episode remains one of the most startling moments of my life. After some protestation, I gave her a gentle slap on her face. "Harder," she said. I could not do that, so she turned around, raised her skirt, stuck out her butt and said, "OK, then spank me." I managed to do that without much hesitation, and, OK, I admit it: I really enjoyed it! But her tendencies toward S&M freaked me out, and I eventually had to stop dating her. Still, she was responsive and exciting—and often smelled of chocolate and coffee and almonds—and I miss her.

For the Wondrous Wench in College Who Preferred Blow Jobs to Intercourse and Was Oral Beyond Measure: An Oscar to a woman I'll call Chamomile, because that is what she smelled like. A junior librarian on another campus, she liked to visit me in my campus library and blow my stack in the stacks. Her oral technique was out of this world and her commitment to my pleasure was total. But I grew somewhat anxious with our routine, because she rarely let me explore her body. It was frustrating to me, since I'm a 50-50 kind of guy, so things petered to a halt, if you know what I mean.

For the Best Massage Parlor Technique in the Orient: An Oscar to Michiko, an elfin creature on the island of Okinawa who smelled of salt and soy sauce and who gave me, a confused and frightened Marine, the longest, most sensual baths in my history, pouring pans of warm water over me, then rubbing me with ice cubes, dragging me into a steam bath and sauna, laughing all the while as she manipulated my spine like it was a piano keyboard and cooed like a mourning dove. *Arigatō*, Michiko, and thanks for the special sushi. You are often in my thoughts.

For the Strawberry Girl Who Will Laugh When She Reads This and Then Pretend She's Offended: An Oscar to my own true love, a woman I call the Beav, who accepts my past sexual explorations around the globe with equanimity but who also likes to kid me about them by saying, "So how many little Ahmets and Toshiros and Pierres and Günthers and Raouls are running around the world with your DNA?"

"Oh, honey," I always say, smiling, "perish the thought. You know I was a virgin and I saved myself for you." But if the Beav ever gets tough with me and demands an honest answer to her question about how many kids I have in different time zones and hemispheres, I'll tell her the quim made me do it. And that's no lie.

ANATOMY OF A CRUSH

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

It was all so exciting that I had to run home and immediately start making phone calls.

"Hello," said LynnAnn.

"I can't believe it!" I said. "He definitely, definitely, definitely has a yen for me. How cool is this? You know how I never think anybody is even marginally attracted to me? That I am clearly repugnant? But let me tell you. Prunella vomited in the car and Charlie cleaned it up for me. He's crazy about me."

LynnAnn started giggling. She knew Charlie, she knew me, she knew Prunella, my dog. She's been worried about me ever since my marriage ended and I declared myself closed for renovations. So of course my ecstatic blathering would cheer her. But it wasn't only that.

She was catching the crush vibe. A crush is a powerful thing. A crush, once activated, cannot be denied: It sweeps up everything in its wake; it becomes an emotional juggernaut.

I drove around in an all-day haze thinking, Charlie, oh Charlie. My radio played *I Melt With You*. At stoplights I bestowed blazing smiles on other drivers to the point where one guy got out of his car. Even Beverly Hills, a neighborhood slippery from catering to the scum of the earth, delighted me hugely. Because Charlie liked me.

Who is this paragon known as Charlie, you wonder? Oh hell, some guy. A friend of a friend. I see him at social events. At the last one he called me honey and gave me a one-armed hug and I thought, Whoa, maybe he likes me. But the crush switch wasn't tripped until the day I arrived at a gallery opening whining about my carsick dog and Charlie found some paper towels.

I called my son, I called my shrink, I called seven of my closest friends. I couldn't stop calling. I felt like I was having a drug rush: My vision was suffused with sunlight (though it was raining), my groin seemed to be oddly pulsing, Prunella tried to hump my leg.

I knew I was on a nutty roller-coaster ride yet I forgot about what happens when you reach the summit.

That night I went into a fever of obsession. I would get Charlie a present. "The least I could do, after you cleaned up the vomit," I would say to him. When would I give it to him? Should I go to his house? Call? And what would this present be? Edible underwear? No, premature. Not yet. Save the edible underwear for another day. A photo! Charlie likes art (which I found out when I asked around obsessively). I dug maniacally through my photo library and found a picture of a dog with an ice pack on its head! Perfect!

Meanwhile, in some quiet academic office somewhere in the American Museum of Natural History, Helen Fisher, anthropologist, was quietly researching my plight. She studies data on the human reptilian brain. This is the ancient, scary part of the brain that remembers back millions of years, remembers the first cellular split of the first amoeba. And, believe me, it hasn't listened to a thing since then.

It's the reptilian brain that makes us chase each other around the watercooler. Not that it will ever tell us. Our reptilian brains quietly but firmly send their biological imperatives to our limbic systems and hypothalamuses, forcing us to behave like the wild animals we really are, and then leave it to our poor, beleaguered cortexes to make up some lame rationalization.

According to the hypotheses of Fisher and many other really smart people, the reptilian brain, unable to dial a telephone, communicates through chemicals. It sends its messages via phenylethylamine, a brain substance that spreads feelings like elation and euphoria all along our neural pathways. PEA, natural speed, sends the brain into overdrive and keeps us babbling and obsessing into the night.

Then there's the luteinizing hormone-releasing hormone produced by the sex-crazed hypothalamus. LHRH sends other hormones to stimulate still other hormones that go straight to our genitals and then back up to our brains to tell us we're in love.

This is so not fair. My cortex was shouting at me "Charlie Charlie Charlie Chuck Charlie" at every possible opportunity. I felt like I could not live without this dude. After I wrapped the picture of the dog with the ice pack in blue shiny paper, I obsessed about whether Charlie likes blue, or shiny or paper!

Even though I hardly knew who Charlie was or why he's unafraid of vomit, he had become the man of my dreams! This is insane! It's something our bodies do so that the species will be fruitful and multiply. Has the reptilian brain taken a look at the world lately? Has it noticed any raptors at all? Why won't it notice all those strip malls and car dealerships and leave me the hell alone?

The next day I found out that Charlie was going over to a mutual friend's house to watch a baseball game. I thought I might pop in. As if on the wings of a dove I rushed over to this event, gripping my shiny package and presenting it to Charlie with a blush, a giggle and my carefully rehearsed off-the-cuff little speech. Charlie was watching his baseball game. I was wearing makeup applied to look like no makeup and a fluffy angora sweater.

Charlie saw me handing him a present and got the famous deer-caught-in-headlights look. He attempted to smile. "How *nice* of you! Really!" he enthused.

The death knell of the crush. The roller coaster plunged back down to earth. My world collapsed. I was listless, devastated, inconsolable, saw no reason to live. For a day. Then I forgot all about it.

The scientists say that people with hypopituitarism have none of these dizzying highs and lows of infatuations. That they don't even get crushes. It's something to look into.

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Hang On to Your Hats

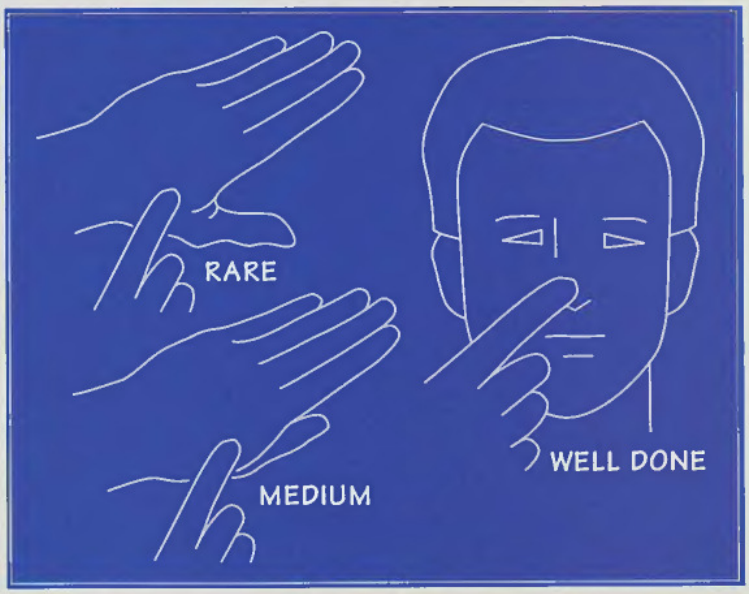
Parnelli Jones called the Panoz "the great American roadster." But if you've never heard of the car, don't despair because neither had we. Don Panaz was one of the inventors of the time-release capsule technology and the nicotine patch. His son, Danny, is president of Panaz Auto Development in Braselton, Georgia, possibly the best-financed privately owned auto company in America. Climb inta the cackpit, punch the thrattle and pray, because the Panoz' power plant, a 305-hp, 4.6-liter Ford V8, will propel your 2550-pound aluminum-bodied car to 60 mph in about four seconds. Of course, there are side curtains, the top is erected Tinkertoy-style (a hard top is available as an option) and the transmission is a five-speed, not an automatic. But on a wide-open road with the speedometer arching toward 140 ar on a winding country lane, who cares? The price far this indecent pleasure is $59,000, including leather seats, AC and a CD player. The car is available at a limited number of dealers nationwide.

Highway Etiquette

Na one likes being stopped by an officer af the law, but there's no reason to make it mare unpleasant than it has to be. Here are a few tips to make the experience as untraumatic as possible. First, keep both hands on the steering wheel as the officer appraaches. In fact, make sure yaur hands are visible at all times. Palice don't know what to expect when they stop someane. Shaw the officer you pose no threat ta him. Do not reach for your driver's license and registration until you're asked for them. Wait far the officer ta explain why he pulled you over. Da not admit to any wrongdoing. Ask for a verbal or written warning in lieu of a ticket. Da not undo your seat belt until he has seen you were wearing ane. At night, turn an your dame light. Do not leave your car and canfrant the officer—this is seen as an aggressive move. If yau feel yau've been mistreated, camplain at the nearest palice station.

Steak Tips: Is It Done Yet?

When yau grill a steak, yau need to master the art of knawing when it's done. Amateurs cut open the steak and check the color. This drains the beef of its juices and dries it aut. The best way to tell when it's done is to acquire a feel for the changing consistency af the meat. Use the blueprint below. As always, let the meat rest a few minutes before you slice it.



MANTRACK

Heavy Metal

Mark O'Meara may not need Carbite Golf's new Polar-Balanced putter, but for the rest of us duffers a club that's rated about 40 percent more accurate than others an off-center strokes is a gimme. It all has to do with binding metals of different densities, explain the folks at Carbite, which has put tungsten at the extreme heel and toe of the club with oluminum in the center. In other words, if you putt like a klutz, this is the club for you. Don't ask us how it works, but Carbite insists it does. For $150, you can see for yourself.

Think Small

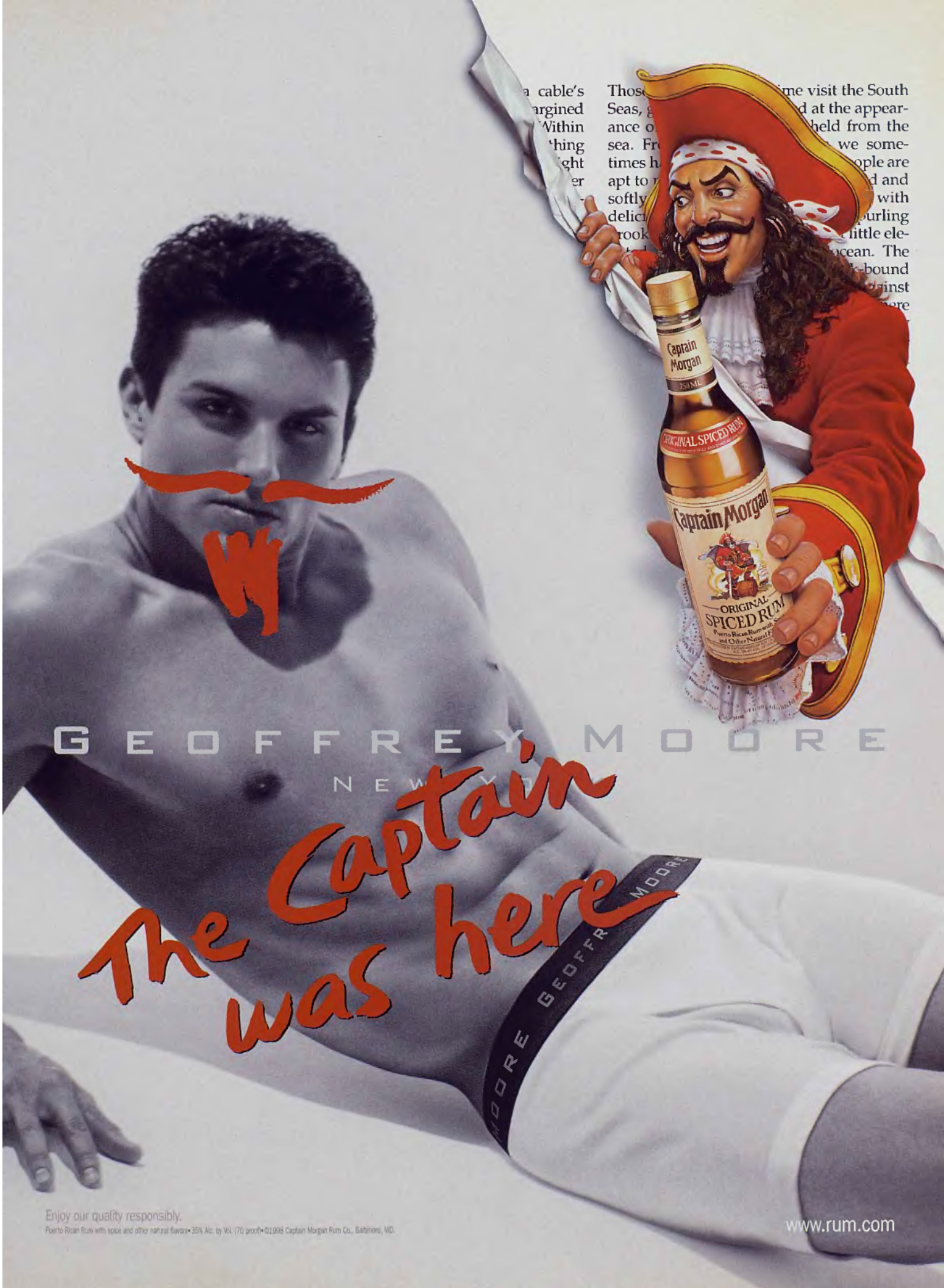
You don't need heavy wattage to pump audio through the average office, studio apartment or dorm room. Which is why innovative design teams at Sony, Technics, JVC and Aiwa have come up with microstereos, such as the Sony CMT-ED1 ($350, pictured here). Along with its slick good looks, the unit combines a tuner with 30 station presets, CD player, auto-reverse cassette deck and 15 watts of power per channel. Worried that the wattage is a bit too wimpy? So were we until we put the Sony to the test. The result: Our office didn't vibrate, but Pulp cranked fine. In fact, with the volume set halfway, the CD was loud enough to distract us from our work. And that says a lot when you consider the nature of PLAYBOY.

Time for Takeoff

Who knew there was a Swiss Air Force? In fact it's well known for meticulously trained pilots and fine aircraft. So, of course, there's a Swiss Air Force watch—five models to be exact—and the flagship, pictured here, is named for the leading Swiss aircraft—the McDonnell Douglas F/A-18. The timepiece features a 25-jewel Swiss-made automatic movement, chronograph functions galore, water resistance to a depth of 330 feet and a black strap made of bomber-jacket leather. Price: $2000. The Air Force's cheapest model, the 9G 300, costs about $500 and has o five-jewel movement.

Premium Rum

Mix 1½ ounces of Exclusiv, Bacardi's new rum, with a half ounce of triple sec, a half ounce of lime juice and a splash of cranberry juice. Shake and strain into a chilled martini glass and see if that isn't the smoothest cosmopolitan you've ever tasted. Bacardi says its new bottling is the "first-ever ultrafiltered rum that combines a quadruple distillation process with Canadian spring water" and we're not about to argue with a company that's been in the rum business for more than 135 years. Exclusiv isn't yet available in all states—hurry its debut by asking for it. Price: about $15.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MANTRACK

Hair Apparent

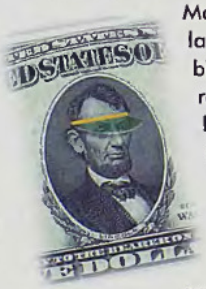
If you've tried everything from scalp massages to combing one strand at o time for advancing baldness, help is on the way. Researchers at Nioxin, a therapeutic hair-care company, have discovered the enzyme lipase in the hair follicles of men (and women) with thinning hair. (Lipase is produced by the mite *demodex folliculorum*—as if you didn't know.) To combat thinning hair, Nioxin hos developed the Semodex line of cleanser shampoos and scalp lotions, some of which are pictured here. They work best, says the manufacturer, when combined with other Nioxin products. Both lines are sold in hair salons worldwide, priced from $8 to $50 per bottle. None contain alcohol, PVP or plastic resins.

Clothesline: Roy Dupuis

The dark and moody Michael on USA Network's *La Femme Nikita*, played by Roy Dupuis, is reflected in his somber and stylish wardrobe. Offscreen, the French-Canadian star of the high-rated drama prefers more color, combining the green, red, yellow and white plaid pants and a maroon cap he wears for golfing. "I go for the Sixties and Seventies retro look I find in vintage clothing stores," he says. When he's not playing golf, Dupuis lives in Levi's 501 blue jeans, often pairing them with horizontally striped shirts and a black leather vest. He also wears a black velvet car coat by Diesel originally intended for his TV character. "I decided it wasn't right for Michael, but it was just perfect for me." Dupuis's two favorite fashion accessories are a silver bracelet that looks like a motorcycle chain (he bought it from a street vendor in New York City a few years ago) and a pair of Gaultier tortoiseshell sunglasses with round lenses and transparent temples. In the series, Michael wears underwear from Body Body, but in real life Dupuis goes au naturel.

Your Deal, Ace

Raking in quarters in your weekly game? Maybe it's time to hit the road. Most casino poker rooms have card games for as low as $1 a bet. The Trump Taj Mahal has Atlantic City's biggest poker room, free lessons and $1 to $3 stakes. Connecticut's Foxwoods Resort Casino also has a great room. In California the two best are the Bicycle Club Casino in Bell Gardens and Hollywood Park in Inglewood. Casinos in Gulfport and Biloxi, Mississippi offer low stakes. The real poker action is in Vegas, with the Luxor, the Rio and the Orleans. The nation's classiest gome is ot the Mirage. But there's little need to fear sharks, because being a pro in a low-stokes game is o tough woy to make on easy living. If you want to find out how good you are, play the locols at Binion's Horseshoe, home of the World Series of Poker.



Get Zapped

If you're eco-minded you need Zap. It's a California company that gets you moving with zero air pollution. That means electric bicycles, skateboards and the Electricycle pictured here, which the company describes as "the world's first commercial electric scooter." The Electricycle is fun, practical and hits speeds up to 25 miles per hour while sustaining a charge for up to 20 miles. Obviously, you wouldn't wont to cross the Mojave Desert on an Electricycle. But for tooling down to the bookstore or joyriding oround on a summer weekend it can't be beat. Furthermore, Zap rental outlets ore opening around the country for the Electricycle ond other Zap vehicles (including the Powerboord—Zap colls it "a skateboord with on attitude"). The price for the Electricycle is obout $2500, including the chorger.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 149.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I thought true male multiple orgasms were a myth, until recently. When my girlfriend and I were having sex during a cruise vacation, I had an orgasm and remained inside her mostly erect. Nothing new. But after catching my breath, I again became fully erect and achieved orgasm with ejaculation within a few minutes. This scenario was repeated twice (my girlfriend actually said, "Again?"—we were both astonished). Short of taking a cruise every weekend, is there a way to attain this level of sensuality on a regular basis?—C.M., Fort Lauderdale, Florida

You may be a natural. Many men have taught themselves to enjoy multiple orgasms by delaying ejaculation through control of the pubococcygeus muscle, a technique that takes some practice, but a rare breed of man apparently can have multiple orgasms—each including ejaculation—without training. Three years ago a 35-year-old man contacted Beverly Whipple, a sex researcher at Rutgers University, claiming he could come repeatedly without any recovery period, and he agreed to demonstrate. Whipple and her colleagues monitored the man's heart rate, pupil dilation and ejaculate volume as he masturbated to a video of his favorite porn scenes. He achieved his first orgasm (and ejaculated) in 20 minutes. Two minutes later he came again. According to Whipple, the man reached orgasm and ejaculated four more times in the next 14 minutes without losing his erection. The Advisor occasionally hears from well-rested men who claim two or even three ejaculations without losing their erections. The guy at Rutgers, however, told researchers he comes five to ten times a day and once reached orgasm and ejaculated five times in six minutes. That's a horse you can bet on.

A friend who is a stereo buff lent me a compact disc and told me to listen to it through headphones. It sounded incredible. He said it was a binaural recording. I've looked in record stores and haven't been able to find another disc like it. Do you have any information?—W.L., Phoenix, Arizona

Most recordings are made for playback through loudspeakers. Binaural CDs are designed to be played through headphones. They are created using a life-size model of a human head equipped with microphones where the ears would be. The recording head is placed in the audience or onstage during performances (or, in the case of nature recordings, carried into the wild) to capture sound as a listener would hear it. The rich 3D effect can be stunning. John Sunier of the Binaural Source (800-934-0442, or www.binaural.com) suggests starting your collection with an audio drama (Stephen King's "The Mist"), nature recording (Gordon Hempton's "Earth Sounds Sampler"), jazz (Jürgen Sturm's "Tango Subversivo") or classical music (either of two discs available on the Auracle label). For an arousing binaural experience, check out "Cyborgasm," a collection of erotic fantasies on CD (800-724-3283). You'll swear the dominatrix is in the room, especially when she walks all the way around your chair.

Have you heard of a sexual position called the A-attack? A buddy who spent some time in Japan mentioned it as something he had done there. He winked at me like I should know what he was talking about, so I said, "Yeah, that's a great one." Can you tell me what it is?—F.W., San Francisco, California

If you visit a Japanese bathhouse and ask your "health girl" for an A-attack, she will stimulate your anus with a vibrator or finger while masturbating you with her free hand. You can also turn the tables and "attack" her. A variation is the A-attack pearl, in which the hostess inserts a string of pearls into her client's anus and then, while blowing him, pulls the string out pearl by pearl. These and other sexual delicacies are described in "Japan's Sex Trade," a guide by Peter Constantine. In daisharin asobi (the "big wheel game"), a "soap lady" lies on top of the man, then slowly rotates her body so he can lick and touch the parts that cross his face. Variations are daisharin, in which the partners rotate in opposite directions, and tokei asobi, in which the woman fellates the man while crawling clockwise around his body. If you're lucky, she'll take an hour to do it rather than a minute.

How can I book an inexpensive flight at the last minute? Every once in a while I get the urge to take off for the weekend. But if I don't book two or three weeks in advance, the cost of a ticket (or two) is out of my price range.—P.R., Tampa, Florida

Not necessarily. Visit Deal Watch at web flyer.com. Sponsored by "Inside Flyer" magazine, the Web site lists last-minute specials on flights, car rentals and hotel rooms. Airlines offer discounts to fill empty seats, so not every route or departure city will be listed. Domestic deals are good for the weekend following the Wednesday they're posted. Most leave on Saturday and return on Monday or Tuesday. International deals are posted on Mondays, with flights leaving Wednesday, Thursday or Friday. You never know where you might end up.

Your response in July to the man with the large penis caught my eye. In my experience, well-endowed men make the worst lovers. They think a big dick is all they need. My best partners had what they considered small (I would say average-sized) penises. But they all had wonderful tongues!—W.S., Cleveland, Ohio

Now we're belittling men with large penises? What's the world coming to? Your letter is a word to the wise. On Playboy TV's "Night Calls," Juli Ashton and Doria have complained that many guys with big dicks never learn to eat pussy properly. Make sure you have something else to offer.

My lover and I enjoy moderate S&M. Lately his kid brother, who attends college nearby, has been asking questions about the more exotic and erotic aspects of sex. My lord and master has decided to give his brother a sex education course, using me as a demonstration model. Lesson one will show how to gently and passionately strip a woman. Lesson two will cover foreplay and a variety of positions. Lesson three will include the delights of oral sex and some pointers on S&M, if that interests him. I'm proud of my body and don't mind displaying it, but I'm concerned about my lover. Although he says he loves the feeling of owning me completely, I don't think he could help but regard me as a whore if he saw me with another man. We've agreed to let you decide if we should go ahead with the plan.—L.R., Washington, D.C.

Let's be honest. This isn't about sex education. It's about fulfilling your sexual fantasies. The only thing the kid will learn in your bedroom is how to fuck his brother's girlfriend. That's not particularly useful in the dating scene. Arranging a threesome—or, technically, a twosome and a voyeur—is complicated enough without involving relatives. Besides, you're overlooking the third heart in this scenario. Your lover's brother

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

may want more than a demonstration model to teach him about sex.

Do you know of a way to speed up Web access? I replaced my 28.8K modem with a 56K but haven't seen much difference.—T.W., Fort Wayne, Indiana

Don't be surprised that your 56K modem never reaches 56K. The best achieve only 40K to 50K. Check that your access provider supports 56K access, and that your modem is dialing the correct number. Open your control panel and make sure your port settings are at the maximum (115K). Remove any device—answering machine, caller ID, surge suppressor—that might be causing interference. Finally, upgrade your modem with the latest version of its "firmware." For more info, visit www.56k.com. The bottleneck also may originate with your access provider's equipment, data traffic jams (common during the day or early evening) or noisy outside lines. Here's a simple test: Borrow a 56K modem that achieves 40K to 50K elsewhere and use it with your computer. If it's slow, your problem is likely on the line. Depending on your need for speed, you might consider another upgrade, to a pricier digital connection. Isn't that how it always works?

A close friend broke up with his girlfriend after an awful fight. The next day she went to his apartment and kicked him hard in the balls when he opened the door. He was in excruciating pain but told me he was too embarrassed to see a doctor. I've never taken a hit like that, but I told him to ice it. Was I right?—E.D., Dallas, Texas

Insist that he see a doctor, and offer to go with him. This assault may have caused permanent damage. The only person who should feel embarrassed is his ex. If your friend is reluctant to see a doctor, he'll probably never report the incident to the police. That's a disservice to the next guy she dates.

On occasion a person writes the Advisor to describe an affair he or she had and how it enhanced his or her sex life. This happened in April, when a woman wrote about an affair she'd had at work. In my view, if you cheat, your marriage is as good as over. You seem to condone this activity, however, calling it sexual "discovery." Do you honestly believe that a woman's sex life and marriage will be better because she screwed around? Am I the only one who finds it disturbing that PLAYBOY encourages its readers to cheat?—J.L., St. Paul, Minnesota

We do not encourage adultery. Never have, never will. The woman you mention didn't cheat to sabotage her marriage. She felt neglected and was confused about how to fix the situation. She realized that fucking a salesman on her desk wasn't the solution. We don't agree with your contention that adultery means a relationship is over. Deception is certainly a sign that something is amiss. But sometimes the cheating heart realizes where it would rather be and returns there.

I have trouble figuring out what "stop" means to a woman. When I am caressing my girlfriend and am about to have sex with her, sometimes she tells me to stop. When I ignore her and persist, it can lead to great sex for both of us. On other occasions she gives me the evil eye when we've finished, complaining that I should have stopped but didn't, and that it turned her off. She always says "stop" in the same tone of voice and with the same urgency. We have been together for five years. How can I tell what she really wants? —L.Y., Kyoto, Japan

You've encountered a problem that always sparks debate: When does no mean no? The easy answer is that no always means no, especially when you're with someone you don't know well. At the same time, many women enjoy being "taken," and a symbolic refusal adds to the drama. Couples who engage in bondage or S&M (where giving up control is part of the fantasy) leave nothing to chance. If the submissive partner wants a situation to end, he or she utters a "safe word" such as red. That allows a woman to say "No! Stop! You animal!" to her heart's content. This sort of engaged fantasy requires communication, however, and it sounds like your relationship lacks that. Guys in long-term relationships usually rely on body language to tell them when to back off and when it's OK to push gently for more. Because you can't figure out when no means maybe, even after five years, take your girlfriend's commands at face value. When she says stop, do just that. No exceptions. No negotiations. No whining. If she then says, "I didn't mean that," let her make the next move. Your goal is to eliminate the games and the regrets.

Some 20 years ago, PLAYBOY printed instructions on how to fold a dollar bill into the Rabbit Head. My husband did and had carried one in his wallet ever since. Two months ago I washed his wallet with his jeans. The dollar bill was flattened, and I feel awful. Can you help me put the Rabbit back in his pocket?—L.G., Lafayette, Indiana

Sure—can you break a hundred? We first shared the Buck Rabbit with readers in December 1979. You'll find the instructions online at www.playboy.com/faq.

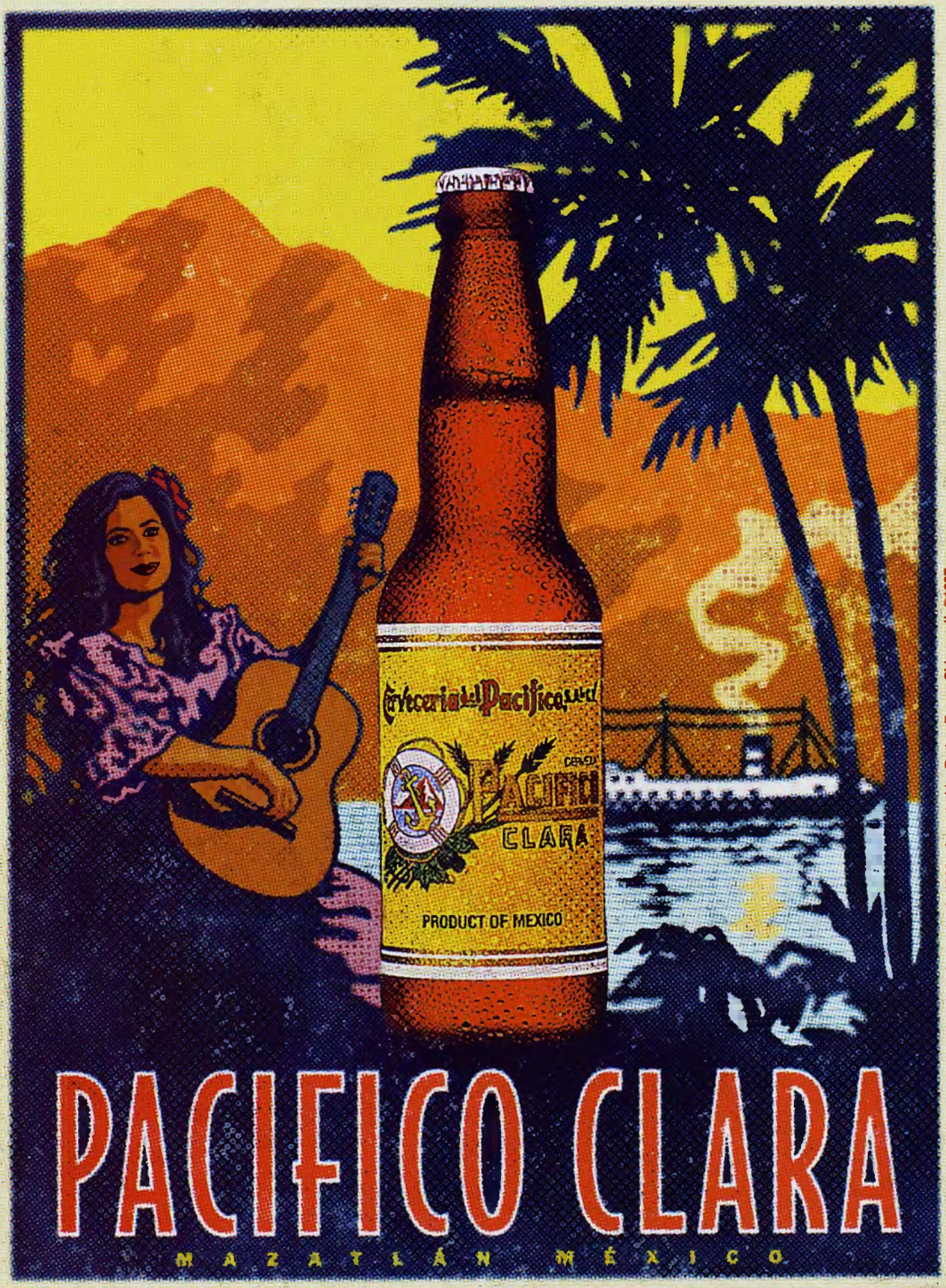
A few months ago a reader wrote to ask about superthin condoms. In your reply you neglected to mention polyurethane condoms. Was there a reason?—W.D., Las Vegas, Nevada

We're careful about recommending polyurethane condoms to anyone who isn't allergic to latex, which is the only FDA-approved use for them. The agency has yet to OK the product (made by Durex under the brand name Avanti) as a contraceptive or barrier against sexually transmitted diseases. That's largely because of concerns about its durability. In a study last year involving 800 couples, 8.5 percent of the Avanti condoms broke or slipped off during intercourse or withdrawal, compared with 1.6 percent of latex condoms. About 30 percent of the men said plastic condoms were difficult to put on. Still, polyurethane has its fans. It's twice as thin as latex and allows more heat transfer. It's odorless and safe with oil-based lubricants. Avanti has become a best-seller at stores such as Condomania (800-926-6366), which moves about 1000 a month. That's a lot of allergies.

The letter in April from the man who wants his wife to wear nail polish hit close to home. My husband has started insisting that I wear polish in bed. When I was pregnant, I began primping for him, doing my nails for the first time since high school. He responded enthusiastically, so I let him put on the top coat and then masturbated him after it dried. Now he has almost stopped having sex with me unless I do my nails. When he does, he prefers to go down on me and for me to get him off manually. Lately he has been insisting that I wear press-on nails around the house on weekends. I have thought of hinting that he visit a call girl for his selfish fun and come to me only for mutually satisfying lovemaking. I don't want him to do that, but my wrist and I are getting tired. What can I do to refocus his interest on the rest of my body?—J.O., Chicago, Illinois

It sounds like your husband's nail fetish has gotten out of hand. Given the consuming nature of fetishes, he may not even realize you're frustrated. Have you confronted him about it? (Don't paint your nails before you do.) Remind him of what you've been missing—namely, variety. How bored would he be if all you ever asked for was the missionary position, in the dark, on clean sheets? If you get a blank stare, consider counseling. And don't be afraid to set boundaries. Your husband's fetish can remain in the bedroom, and he has no right to "insist" on anything. The man wants dessert without showing up for the meal.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or advisor@playboy.com (because of volume, we cannot respond to all e-mail inquiries). Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions at www.playboy.com/faq, and check out the Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.



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PRESCRIBING THE FORBIDDEN MEDICINE

a doctor challenges the feds

By DR. LESTER GRINSPOON

In my book *Marihuana Reconsidered* I recounted the history of medical cannabis. But it was not until 1972, a year after the book's publication, that what had been an issue of public policy became a personal one. Early that spring I fell into conversation at a dinner party with Dr. Emil Frei, who had recently arrived from Texas to serve as head of cancer research at Boston's Children's Hospital. Dr. Frei told me about an 18-year-old Houston man who had become increasingly reluctant to undergo chemotherapy for his leukemia because the nausea and vomiting were unbearable. His doctors and family were having trouble persuading him to take the drug he needed to survive. One day the patient's attitude changed, and he no longer feared chemotherapy. It turned out he was preventing nausea by taking a few puffs of marijuana 20 minutes before each session. On the way home my wife, Betsy, suggested something that had occurred to both of us: Marijuana might be what our son Danny needed.

Danny was diagnosed with acute lymphocytic leukemia in July 1967, when he was ten. For the first few years he willingly accepted his treatment at Children's Hospital and even the occasional need for hospitalization. In 1971 he started taking the first of the chemotherapy drugs that cause severe nausea and vomiting. In his case the standard treatments were ineffective. He started to vomit shortly after his chemotherapy sessions and continued retching for as long as eight hours. He would vomit in the car as we drove home and then lie in bed with his face over a bucket on the floor. Still, I dismissed the idea of using marijuana to ease his discomfort. It was against the law and might embarrass the hospital staff that had been so devoted to Danny's care. At that point, I had been exposed to the medical benefits of marijuana only through text and testimony. Had I known how dramatically it would affect my son I would never have objected.

The next chemotherapy session was two weeks after the conversation at the dinner party. When I arrived at the hospital, Betsy and Danny were already there, and I shall never forget my surprise. They were relaxed instead of anxious, and they seemed almost to be playing a joke on me. On their way to the clinic they had stopped near Wellesley High School and spoken with one of Danny's friends. After recovering from his shock at their request, the friend ran off and reappeared a few minutes later with a small amount of marijuana. Danny and Betsy smoked it in the hospital parking lot before entering the clinic. I was relieved and then delighted as I observed how comfortable Danny was. He didn't protest as he was given the treatment, and he felt no nausea afterward. On the way back we stopped to buy him a submarine sandwich.

JANE E. FISHER

The next day I called Dr. Norman Jaffe, the physician in charge of Danny's care, to explain what had happened. I said that although I didn't want to embarrass him or his staff, I had witnessed the effect of the drug and could not stand in the way of further marijuana use. Dr. Jaffe suggested Danny smoke in his presence in the treatment room next time. Again Danny became completely relaxed, and again he asked for a submarine sandwich afterward. During the remaining year of his life he used marijuana before each treatment, and I cannot overstate how much it eased his dying and gave comfort to the whole family. As Danny put it, "Pot turns bad things into good." Sometimes I wondered whether he ever asked himself why his father, an authority on medicinal marijuana, had not suggested this possibility earlier.

How did marijuana become the forbidden medicine? In the 19th century, physicians knew more about marijuana than contemporary doctors do. Between 1840 and 1900, medical journals published more than 100 papers on the therapeutic use of Indian hemp. It was recommended as an appetite stimulant, muscle relaxant, analgesic, sedative and anticonvulsant, and as a treatment for opium addiction and migraines. As it was chiefly administered orally in an alcohol solution, the potency varied and the response was often unreliable.

Shortly after the turn of the century, synthetic alternatives became available for insomnia and moderate pain. In the U.S., what remained of marijuana's legitimate medical use was effectively eliminated by the Marijuana Tax Act of 1937, which was ostensibly designed to prevent nonmedical use. The law made cannabis so difficult to obtain that it was removed from standard pharmaceutical references. In 1970, as I was completing *Marihuana Reconsidered*, a new federal law classified marijuana as a Schedule I drug, which means

the government believes it has a high potential for abuse, has no accepted medical use and is unsafe even under medical supervision.

That didn't stop sick people from experimenting. Letters about marijuana's medical uses began to appear in PLAYBOY and other publications in the early Seventies. People who had learned that marijuana could relieve asthma, nausea, muscle spasms and pain shared their knowledge. Thirty-five states passed legislation that would have permitted the medical use of cannabis but for the federal law. The most effective spur to the movement came from the AIDS epidemic. People with AIDS learned that the drug could restore their appetites and prevent what is known as the AIDS wasting syndrome.

In 1972 the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws entered a petition to move marijuana out of Schedule I so that it could become a prescription drug. It wasn't until 1986 that the Drug Enforcement Administration agreed to the public hearings required by law. After two years of testimony, the DEA's administrative law judge, Francis L. Young, declared that marijuana fulfilled the requirement for transfer to Schedule II. He described it as "one of the safest therapeutically active substances known to man." His decision was overruled by the DEA.

The Schedule I classification persists—politically entrenched but medically absurd, legally questionable and morally wrong.

After Danny's death, I began to think about how many other people like him might enjoy similar physical and emotional relief from marijuana. Maybe this medicine had advantages over conventional drugs in more than one way. In the years since, I have been able to pursue this question.

One patient, whom I will call John, was a 65-year-old retired college professor from New York City. He said he had been depressed for 20 years and had been in psychotherapy all that time. He had been treated with electroconvulsive therapy and given prescriptions for one antidepressant drug after another, always without success. John consulted me because of my writings on marijuana. He had been hospitalized several times, and on one of those occasions a marijuana cigarette given to him by a fellow patient produced "the first authentic depression-free moment of my life." But marijuana was difficult to obtain, and he was worried about going to jail. I recommended and his doctor prescribed Marinol (a synthetic version of delta-9-tetrahydrocannabinol, the main active substance in cannabis). Marinol has been available in oral form for limited purposes as a Schedule II drug since 1985. Although patients and physicians agree it is generally less effective, with more uncomfortable side effects, than smoked marijuana, it is the only legal alternative. It works fairly well for some patients—including, fortunately, John. He is still taking Marinol, and his depression has not recurred.

From this and other experiences in the past 30 years, I have become convinced that marijuana is a strikingly versatile medicine for treating nausea and vomiting caused by cancer chemotherapy, weight-loss syndrome of AIDS, glaucoma, epilepsy, muscle spasms, chronic pain, depression and other mood disorders.

THE SCHEDULE I CLASSIFICATION PERSISTS—POLITICALLY ENTRENCHED BUT MEDICALLY ABSURD.

Marijuana is also remarkably safe, with fewer serious side effects than most prescription medicines. Since it has little effect on the physiological functions needed to sustain life, there have been no cases of death or serious injury from an overdose. If you know anything about medicines, you will know how extraordinary that is. A recent study estimated that adverse reactions to prescription drugs kill more than 100,000 patients a year.

Some people find cannabis useful for relieving the pains of osteoarthritis. The standard treatments are aspirin and other nonsteroidal anti-inflammatory drugs, which cause more than 7600 deaths and 70,000 hospitalizations each year from gastrointestinal complications (mainly stomach bleeding). Another standard treatment is acetaminophen, which is one of the most common causes of terminal kidney failure. If some people with arthritis find marijuana to be as effective as these drugs, they should be allowed to use it.

A familiar objection to marijuana as medicine is that the evidence is anecdotal—that supporters count apparent successes and ignore failures. It is true that no efficacy studies have been done, chiefly because legal, bureaucratic and financial obstacles have been put in the way of such testing. Yet so much research has been done on marijuana in unsuccessful efforts to demonstrate its health hazards and addictive potential that we know more about it than we do about most prescription drugs.

Besides, anecdotal evidence is the source of much of our knowledge of drugs. Controlled experiments were not needed to recognize the therapeutic potential of barbiturates, aspirin, insulin, penicillin or lithium. Anecdotal evidence would be a serious problem only if cannabis were a dangerous drug. Even if just a few patients can get relief from cannabis, it should be made available. The risks are so small. For example, many people with multiple sclerosis find cannabis reduces muscle spasms and pain. The standard treatments include baclofen, dantrolene and high doses of diazepam—all potentially dangerous or addictive drugs.

If cannabis were not prohibited, it would cost less than most conventional medications. The price would be $20 to $30 an ounce, or about 30 cents per cigarette. One cigarette usually relieves the nausea and vomiting produced by chemotherapy. A standard dose of ondansetron (Zofran), the best legally available treatment, costs the patient $30 to $40.

The many thousands of Americans who use marijuana as a medicine are, legally, criminals. Sick people have to weigh the benefits against the risks of financial ruin, loss of a career or forfeiture of an automobile or home. A few have been given absurdly long prison sentences.

One case I am familiar with involves

Harvey Ginsburg, a professor of psychology at Southwest Texas State University. He suffers from glaucoma, and since 1986 had been taking marijuana to treat the illness. He also has taken prescription medicines, which his ophthalmologist says are insufficient to prevent progression of the disease. After he began using marijuana, his eyesight stopped deteriorating and his intraocular pressure improved. On June 24, 1994 he and his wife, Diana, were arrested for felony possession—six plants (weighing two ounces each) and eight ounces of marijuana brownies. An acquaintance of his son, responding to a flier that offered "a profitable, exciting, guilt-free way to earn money," had placed a call to police for a $1000 reward.

While Ginsburg prepared to present a defense of medical necessity, a lien was filed against his property and his assets were frozen to enforce payment of the Texas Controlled Substances tax. In July 1995 the district attorney decided to dismiss all charges for the sake of judicial expedience. A week later the local police chief wrote an angry letter to the town newspaper expressing his displeasure. The head of the narcotics division then contacted the superintendent of the school system where Diana worked as a special-education counselor. The superintendent threatened to fire her and have her teaching license revoked on the grounds that she had violated the district's zero-tolerance policy by living with an accused marijuana user. Eventually Diana decided to resign, though she later received a settlement.

JANE E. FISHER

Another case I have learned of involves Russ Hokanson, a 54-year-old paraplegic who lives on a farm in New Hampshire. He has been using cannabis as an analgesic for 30 years, because he found that marijuana relieved his chronic pain, stimulated his appetite and reduced depression and anxiety. He found it even helped him restore bladder control and achieve a normal erection. He decided to start growing his own medicine. As a result, he was arrested and the state of New Hampshire attempted to seize his house and land.

Pharmaceutical companies will not pursue the research needed to test marijuana's therapeutic potential because they cannot patent an ancient plant medicine. The federal government, the other major source of funding for medical research, also has blocked the way. In 1994 an investigator at the University of California at San Francisco sought approval for a privately funded study comparing smoked marijuana with oral synthetic THC in the treatment of AIDS wasting syndrome. Although this project was approved by the FDA and several institutional review boards and advisory committees, the National Institute on Drug Abuse and the Drug Enforcement Administration prevented the investigator from receiving the marijuana he needed. Maybe the passage of the California initiative legalizing medicinal marijuana will persuade federal authorities to relent. The Institute of Medicine, a branch of the National Academy of Sciences, is now conducting a review of marijuana's medical uses. But a research program designed to study clinical applications of this drug will take years, and other ways must be found in the meantime to accommodate the needs of a rapidly increasing number of patients.

When medical use of marijuana in the U.S. was effectively outlawed in 1937, the American Medical Association, to its credit, opposed the ban. Since then, physicians have been both victims and agents in the spread of misinformation. Ignorance, lack of interest and government obfuscation continue to limit our chances to recognize marijuana's medical potential.

In 1990, only 43 percent of those who responded to an American Society of Clinical Oncology survey said that available legal anti-emetic drugs (including oral synthetic THC) provided adequate relief for all or most of their cancer patients. Forty-four percent had recommended the use of marijuana to at least one patient, and half would prescribe it to some patients if it were legal. On average, they considered smoked marijuana more effective than oral synthetic THC and about as safe.

When doctors confront the needs of their patients, they recognize the foolishness of these laws. But most, so far, are either afraid to do more or unable to provide further help because they know too little. To prescribe a medicine responsibly, a physician must balance risks and benefits. In most cases a doctor relies on the knowledge that the FDA has already analyzed a drug. A physician who recommends marijuana does not have that assurance.

I'm confident, because I know the balance of risk and benefit is powerfully weighted by marijuana's time-tested safety. If I didn't recommend it when it is clearly in a patient's best interests, I would be compromising my physician's oath. After 30 years of study, I know more about this substance—and about what is best for my patients—than any government official or public relations person for the Partnership for a Drug-Free America does.

I will continue to recommend marijuana when it appears to be the most effective and least toxic choice. But under the present laws, neither I nor my patients will be able to avoid anxiety. I could lose my license to practice medicine and my patients could be arrested and have their property confiscated. This makes me uncomfortable—but not nearly so uncomfortable as I feel when I consider that if I avoid recommending marijuana, I may repeat the mistake I made by not encouraging my son to use it earlier in the course of his illness.

Lester Grinspoon, M.D. is the author, with James Bakalar, of "Marihuana, the Forbidden Medicine" (Yale University Press, 1997). For more information on medical marijuana, consult Dr. Grinspoon's Web site at www.rxmarihuana.com.

READER

WASHINGTON SEX TOUR

James R. Petersen tells us that our president is concerned about how he will be viewed by history ("Sex Tour of Washington," *The Playboy Forum*, May). Many of our past presidents are remembered by nicknames commemorating their principal accomplishments: Father of Our Country, Great Emancipator, Great Communicator, etc. I suspect it follows that Clinton will forever be associated with his primary activity and known to one and all as Blow Job Bill.

William Broderick
Willowbrook, Illinois

The American public isn't buying the right-wing assumption that an active sex life entails an incapacity to govern. Thank God we have a president who is hornier than thou instead of one who is a geriatric hypocrite.

Curtis Brown
Neenah, Wisconsin

Because of an alleged series of trysts that used no tax money, involved no fraud, payola or special favors and gave pleasure to the people involved, plans are afoot to throw the president out of office. Under the worst of circumstances, having one's cock sucked is a good thing—and it is the business of nobody except the parties involved.

Frank Apisa
Piscataway, New Jersey

As a former member of the military, I remember the loyalty instilled in us, the young servicemen who agreed to wager our lives for the preservation of the privileges we and our parents, grandparents, children and grandchildren enjoy. Loyalty to our president was unquestioned. These days, with all of our liberal ideas, Americans feel free to pry into anyone's privacy to satisfy our sick need for gossip. Come on, people! Get your minds out of the gutter and your noses out of the oval office. Don't foul the machinery over penny-ante crap. Anyone will tell you they don't want a wimp for president; they want one with cojones. Well, we've got such a president. Let him use those cojones whenever he likes.

Louis Fayard
Houston, Texas

Petersen rightly questions the media's preoccupation with reporting sex scandals.

The press again jumped at the opportunity to crawl on their lowly bellies when UK Prime Minister Tony Blair made a Washington appearance shortly after the Monica Lewinsky story broke. Their pursuit in questioning President Clinton about the Ken Starr debacle was infantile and degrading.

There is life and a world beyond Ken Starr, Monica Lewinsky, Linda Tripp and Lucianne Goldberg. Our press could have acknowledged that fact during Blair's visit, but they blew it.

George Jakovics
Annapolis, Maryland

MILITARY MIGHT

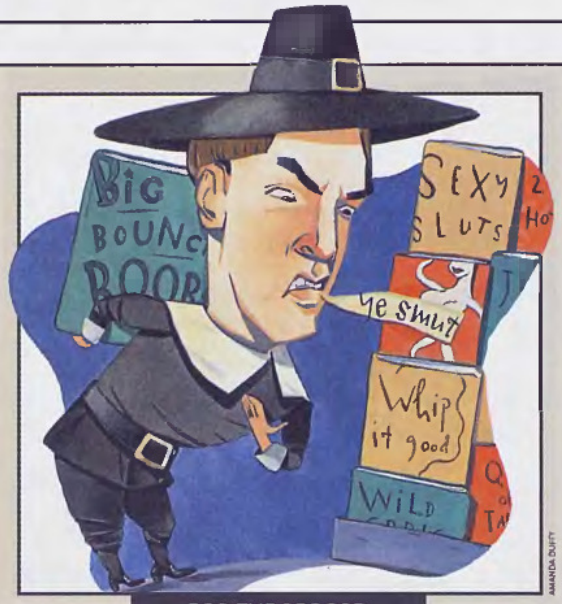
Enough of the brass-bashing! Geoffrey Norman's article "Self-Inflicted Wounds" (*The Playboy Forum*, May) is a pathetic display of selective memory. The issues he raises about women in the military are the same as those the brass raised when gender integration of the armed forces became a hot topic during the Seventies. Our lawmakers wanted it, the courts pushed it and women were all for it. When the tide of public opinion overwhelmed the protests of skeptical soldiers, the brass settled down to give gender integration its best shot. Over the past few years we have had lots of reasons to be proud of our armed forces and their leaders. I can't think of a single reason to be proud of Geoffrey Norman.

Reggie Audibert
Irvine, California

Norman is fighting a losing battle. Despite stalwart attempts on the part of the military to keep interaction between the sexes neutral, human nature will not be denied. The Brits recently capitulated to this self-evident truth when they announced their plan to decriminalize adultery. The Ministry of Defense has issued a statement saying that the new guidelines are designed to recognize changes in society, and that trying to punish affairs is "unrealistic." But the brass is willing to cave only so much. While it agreed to ignore extramarital affairs between soldiers and civilians, it still forbids fraternizing within the ranks.

William Derrick
Wilmington, Delaware

Norman's article is right on target. He must be an Army veteran. As a noncomissioned officer at a tactical intelligence unit in Germany during the



FOR THE RECORD

HEAL THYSELF

"The people who hate pornography seem to spend every waking moment sifting through stuff looking not for what they like but for what they dislike the most, which they'll then collect and force other people to look at: 'Isn't this the most horrible thing you've ever seen!' And since presumably they don't allow themselves to masturbate or have any sort of sexual release with the pornography they collect, they're in a state of almost hysterical sexual tension all the time, which they continue to feed by looking at more and more horrible stuff."

—EXCERPT FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH NIGHT OWL, A SEX-POSITIVE ACTIVIST, WRITER AND EDUCATOR, CONDUCTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR HUMAN SEXUALITY (www.sexuality.org)

RESPONSE

Reagan years, I lived the situations he describes. Our unit was 50 percent female, replete with single mothers who used the Army for day care, health insurance and free room and board. At the same time they used sexual manipulation to get out of driving trucks, changing tires and other duties they admitted they could not perform. Female officers were just as bad. One officer in command wore hotpants to company baseball games but scolded men with "I'm a soldier, not a woman" bullshit and routinely sneaked out of unit deployments. She once rejected senior NCO candidates for a commendation medal because they were men. Even though some of us spent days out in the bush collecting intelligence, she gave the commendation medal to a woman who was scared of the dark and worked the radio during exercises. In the Army, a woman can do as well as a man—so long as there are enough men around to help.

Al Ludwig
Chesapeake, Virginia

GOOD GUYS

While I have to thank James R. Petersen for his efforts in compiling an exhaustive list of the contributions men have made to the art of sex ("Guys Are Good," *The Playboy Forum*, April), I feel compelled to remind him that when we resort to justifying our existence, we lose the argument. Ultimately, lists that try to prove our worth are as sexist as the "whining, nagging" magazine articles written by women who are busily compiling their own lists. The only way to attain a society without chauvinism is to stop being chauvinistic. That one of our own gave us the vibrator is worth celebrating only in our hearts. The appropriate way to display such pride is to lavish it upon the ones we love.

Doug O'Shell
Aurora, Colorado

Petersen is right: Men are under assault. Most women glean their sexual knowledge about men from the women's magazines that encourage hearts and romance and discourage dirty rutting. Which is too bad, because most women will never learn the power or pleasure of their own sexuality. The good news is that there are a lot of women like me who enjoy rug burns, sleeping on the wet spot and swallowing. We know the only way to a guy's heart is via a really good blow job. We get off on getting you off. We love trashy lingerie, porn, handcuffs and hot oil. We aren't insecure when you ogle other women and aren't jealous of the latest Centerfold. We have confidence in who we are—that's why we're such an unbelievable fantasy-come-true in bed.

Nannette LaRee Hernandez
Yuma, Arizona

Finally, you hit it right on the money. We men realize that the world doesn't revolve around us; rather, we make the world go round. Women may deny it, but we know we're what keeps them going. We keep sex fresh, we keep it real and, most important, we keep it good. So what if everything practically reminds us of it?

A. Hunter
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Women fantasize about celebrity fucks because we hold out the hope that maybe those guys have gotten enough pussy to acquire technique. As for a woman's less-than-honest portrayal of her sexual history, Petersen and his buddies can take credit for that: We didn't come up with the locker-room ratings that judge a woman's worthiness by her sexual deeds. The sooner guys realize that women can be whores and Madonnas in the same life and still be worthy of men's attention, the sooner we can get nekkid and get off together.

Crystal West
Dallas, Texas

BACKLASH RESPONSES

Where do you get the people who write the sniveling responses to your articles on the drug war? ("Sentencing Backlash," *Reader Response*, April)? I have little compassion for the hard-core hard-drug dealers who belong in jail, but it took thousands of regular people rattling cages for even an honorable mention of the problem on the national news. The war on drugs has always been a cruel joke on the American people, but because the voting public waited ten years to address the situation, the trenches were already too well dug for us to be able to do anything but annoy the powers that be. Now that jails are so full of dangerous pot-smokers that ten new prisons must be built every month, it's typical that the "new" problem of mandatory minimums is finally slipping into the American consciousness.

Jesse Greenwald
Winslow, Arizona

I am compelled to respond to the letter in the April *Reader Response* from David Correa, who claims to be an innocent casualty of the war on drugs. I will not attempt to defend that war, but I must defend the truth.

Following an investigation of a large

FORUM F.Y.I.

Operating on the premise of doing it right by doing it yourself, exotic dancers Lisa Rollins and Erin McGrady started Connected at the Hip Productions and the Erotic Short Film and Video Festival to promote realistic images of the adult entertainment industry. Rollins and McGrady take a special interest in showcasing and developing new talent within the erotic genre, and expect to attract film school students, amateur filmmakers and home video auteurs. Categories include soft-core, hard-core, animation, fetish and people's choice.The festival takes place August 6 through 9 at the Universal Sheraton in Los Angeles during the World Conference on Pornography. For more information, call 310-394-5066.

cocaine distribution ring in Altoona, Pennsylvania that revealed him to be the principal supplier, Correa was arrested while in possession of more than six pounds of cocaine. The night after his arrest, I directed a search of his home. We found the following items: trafficking weight of cocaine, a pound of lactose (used to cut cocaine for distribution), a laboratory device for testing the purity of cocaine, two high-speed cash-counting machines, documents that link Correa to extensive drug trafficking activities between South America and the U.S., a letter Correa had written to his ex-wife admitting his drug activities and a hidden room containing hand grenades, machine guns with silencers and thousands of rounds of automatic-weapon ammunition. There was a loaded firearm in every corner of his bedroom.

Correa's statement that he had "nothing to offer the government" is false. I was at the U.S. Attorney's Office in Pittsburgh when Correa offered to cooperate for a reduced sentence. He had plenty to offer, but after the questioning got too close to a drug-related murder that occurred a couple of years earlier in Miami and he was caught lying, Correa declined to talk further. He decided to take his chances with a jury and was convicted based on overwhelming evidence that he was a major distributor of cocaine and illegal weapons.

It has been said that truth is the first casualty of war, and the drug war is no different. PLAYBOY claims to be a forum for the truth. Regardless of your editorial position on the drug laws for which Correa was convicted, fairness requires that you publish the truth about his case, just as you published his self-deluded version.

Gary Beatty
Sharpes, Florida

I was excited by the positive responses in the April issue to James Bovard's article on drug sentences ("Time Out for Justice," *The Playboy Forum*, December). If there is so much agreement among Americans, why are there no alternatives to prison sentences? Because decriminalization must wait until our legislators find a way to make drugs legally profitable. But I have no doubt that they'll find a way. With the right marketing plan, the Marlboro man could become a hip rasta and give Republicans (who receive more money from big tobacco than the Democrats do) an excellent opportunity to improve their image among young constituents.

Mitzi Hoffman
St. Louis, Missouri

Assuming Donna Troy's information is correct, the case of Mindy Brass, the 39-year-old prisoner who was refused a heart transplant due to her life-without-parole status, raises a few interesting questions. The Michigan "650 lifer law" seems to be based on assessing the magnitude rather than the nature of the crime. Maybe Michigan knows something we don't about what can be done with 650 grams that would be impossible with only 600.

If Michigan remains consistent in its application, the size of any crime will determine the severity of the crime and, hence, the punishment. Remember, Michigan is where 649 grams is all in a day's work but 650 grams pisses people off. Let's say the grams are dollars: A guy who gets nailed tipping over a couple of 7-Elevens for $300 each is charged with two counts of armed robbery. Another guy, more interested in income than adventure, gets caught robbing one 7-Eleven for $600. Theoretically, the man with one count could disappear forever behind the walls of Jackson Correctional while the guy with two counts of $300 would be fully rehabilitated and out by Christmas.

RIGHT NOW, EVEN DARWIN IS CONVINCED
SCIENCE
SURVIVAL OF THE FORGIVEN
DARWIN IS DEAD!
AND HE AIN'T COMING BACK!
FISH DON'T WALK AND JESUS STILL LIVES!

The once-secret symbol for believers in Christianity is at the center of a public war between evolutionists and theologians, with the latter crying foul over the commercialization of their faith. Such protests sound more like sour grapes, since religious devotees were the first to turn car bumpers into pulpits.

If the Wizard visits Michigan in time to get Mindy a new heart, maybe he can find those tough-on-crime fellows and give them brains and courage enough to reduce their inclination to do so much harm.

Russell deBeauclair
Phoenix, Arizona

HOSPITAL MERGER

Stephen Rae's *Forum* article "Thy Will Be Done" (April) couldn't have hit closer to home. As a longtime and loyal employee of Memorial Hospital and Medical Center of Cumberland, Maryland I find it unfathomable that we are in the midst of this so-called merger. It has divided the community and the staffs of both hospitals. The joining of Memorial and Sacred Heart was meant to be an affiliation, with both institutions maintaining their separate identities. Over the past two years, a number of scenarios have been developed concerning the configuration of the newly formed Western Maryland Health System. In one, the bulk of the for-profit services would be located at Sacred Heart; in another the Memorial would be converted into a nursing home. This does not qualify as an affiliation. It is a takeover.

With the health system board preaching cost containment and ten percent budget reductions (the board is immune to this cut), it is our patients who will ultimately suffer. A chillingly similar situation exists in Niagara Falls, New York, once again courtesy of the Daughters of Charity National Health Care System East.

The bottom line? When you have been misled and lied to, you lose your faith in the leadership. How can one ever expect to build a financial marriage of services on a foundation with no trust?

Jeffrey Nicholson
Cumberland, Maryland

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime telephone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum @playboy.com (please include your city and state).*

DON'T ASK, DON'T TELL?

it was a flawed idea, and it's not working

By STEPHEN RAE

Poor Timothy McVeigh. In addition to sharing his name with the Oklahoma City bomber, the Navy submarine crew chief made the mistake of choosing "boysrch" as his America Online handle. That caught the eye of a Navy wife to whom he had sent e-mail. She looked up his AOL user profile, which described him as a gay man named Tim from Honolulu. Then she tipped off his superiors. Violating its own "don't ask, don't tell" policy, which prohibits the military from making any effort to uncover gays, the Navy sought to out boysrch. In doing so, it ignored the Electronic Communications Privacy Act of 1986, which bars online service providers from divulging personal information without a subpoena, a court warrant or customer consent. A Navy investigator called America Online and pried McVeigh's name from an unwary customer service representative. (The rep apparently wasn't aware of AOL's privacy policy.) Once they had linked McVeigh to boysrch, Navy officials moved to discharge him.

Their plans were thwarted. A federal judge ruled that McVeigh—praised as the "embodiment of Navy core values" and "an outstanding role model" in a performance evaluation—had been the victim of an illegal "search and outing mission" and ordered his full reinstatement.

Senior airman Sonya Harden wasn't so lucky. An ex-roommate threatened to identify Harden as gay if Harden didn't pay her in a dispute over housing expenses. The ex-roommate made good on her threat but confessed at Harden's discharge hearing that she'd made up the accusation. A parade of witnesses testified that Harden was straight. The Air Force threw her out anyway.

In 1993 General Colin Powell assured the nation that "don't ask, don't tell, don't pursue" would put an end to these witch-hunts. It hasn't. Last year 997 men and women were drummed out of the military on charges that they are homosexuals. That's a 67 percent increase over 1994 (the first year under the new policy) and close to an 80 percent increase if military downsizing is taken into account. A deeply flawed compromise between President Clinton, who wanted to lift the military's gay ban, and the Pentagon and Congress, which didn't, the "don't ask" policy made it semi-OK to be gay in the military—so long as you didn't tell anyone or have gay sex. Only self-declarations of homosexuality or "credible" reports of gay conduct—not anonymous phone tips—were grounds for investigations. Much was made of the policy's "zone of privacy": Having gay friends, reading gay literature or going to gay bars were declared protected behavior that could not be used as evidence of homosexual conduct. However, telling someone in a bar you were gay could be.

DAVE CALVER

The way the Pentagon has dealt with even these modest changes has been to ignore them. "Never heard of it," said former Air Force Secretary Sheila Widnall when asked to explain the zone of privacy. Neither, evidently, have most field commanders, who continue to mount witch-hunts at no risk to their careers. (In 1996 and 1997, no commanders were disciplined for exceeding the policy's limits.) And, as the McVeigh case demonstrates, military snoops have found a fertile new ground for entrapment—cyberspace.

"We're seeing investigators who hang out in gay chat rooms, trying to identify gay military members," says Michelle Benecke, a lawyer with the Servicemembers Legal Defense Network in Washington, D.C. "If military members give any indication that they're gay, the investigators try to use that against them." Another tactic that has gained favor is grilling parents, friends, doctors or psychologists. The Air Force, which authorized such strategies in a 1994 memo, claimed it was using them only to confirm self-declarations of homosexuality by members of the military who had received government-funded educations or reenlistment bonuses. But the tactics outlined in that memo have spread to the Army and Navy and are being used routinely, Benecke says.

Faced with mounting evidence that "don't ask, don't tell" has failed, Defense officials have been hard pressed for explanations. At first, the Navy blamed the rising number of discharges for homosexuality on the processing of backlogged cases that were put on hold while the policy was formulated—an argument that grows more strained with each passing year. Another explanation is that more straight military members are claiming to be gay to escape their service obligations, an excuse that led *The Washington Post* to comment, "We'd like to see the numbers on that one."

Gay activists turned cautiously optimistic last year when William Cohen (who voted for "don't ask" as a U.S. senator) replaced William Perry as secretary of defense. After Cohen took office, the military finally got around to replacing old recruiting forms that asked, "Are you a homosexual?" (Recruiters were supposed to cross out the question, but some just circled it, making it seem more important.) In response to last year's critical report from the Servicemembers Legal Defense Network, Cohen ordered an internal review of each branch's compliance with "don't ask." The resulting report, released in April, concluded that the policy is "generally being implemented properly," and Cohen says, "I think it's working." The numbers say otherwise.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

MANLY DUTIES

VIENNA—*Two notorious divorce cases and a campaign by the Women's Ministry prompted the Austrian parliament to pass a law requiring husbands to do half the*

housework and child rearing. The new law replaces a Nazi-era statute that allowed a man to divorce his wife if she failed to clean up after him or cook his meals. The Women's Ministry started its Half Half campaign after one man divorced his wife for refusing to use a certain dishwashing detergent and another had his settlement reduced by a third because his working wife hadn't served dinner on time.

OFFICIAL PORN

PARIS—*The French government commissioned five porn films to encourage condom use and help prevent the spread of AIDS. A pay-TV channel picked up two thirds of the cost for the five- to eight-minute films, with the government contributing the rest. One director explained his technique: "I had to show that if a man has sex with two women together, he must use a different condom with each one. I used twin sisters in bed with the same man." Hey, it happens.*

CANNABIS SECRETS

GENEVA—*The World Health Organization deleted a section of a scientific report concluding that marijuana is less harmful to public health than alcohol or tobacco. The same would be true, the report said, even if weed were as popular as booze or cigarettes. "New Scientist" magazine reported that some WHO staff members believe the analysis was axed because antidrug groups felt it would aid legalization efforts.*

REGULATING SEX

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The U.S. Supreme Court rejected an argument that antiprostitution laws violate the Constitution. The appeal, filed by a Florida escort identified as Jane Roe II, made the case that outlawing sex for money "discriminates against women as well as the unmarried, the handicapped, the mutilated, the ugly and the elderly." The justices turned away the appeal without comment.*

YOUR MARROW OR YOUR LIFE

JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI—*A state representative wants to allow death row inmates to trade organs for life sentences. The bill, which stalled in committee, calls for a program called Life for a Life. It would allow condemned prisoners to have their sentences reduced to life without parole if they donate a kidney or bone marrow and give up their right to appeal their convictions. They would also have to pass a physical exam, a requirement that could limit donor rolls. The state corrections director noted that "inmates in general are not healthy people."*

INSTANT DEMOTION

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—*The state supreme court upheld the dismissal of a lawsuit filed by an administrator at Virginia Tech against a student newspaper that identified her as "director of butt licking." Sharon Yeagle, who is assistant to the vice president for student affairs, demanded $850,000 for the slight. Yeagle's lawyer argued that because butt licking is sodomy (a crime in Virginia), the "Collegiate Times" had defamed his client. The paper said the title was part of a template not meant to see print—though it has once before, beneath the photo of an associate dean at the agriculture school. He didn't sue.*

TRUE BELIEVER

PORTLAND, MAINE—*In an odd twist, a self-proclaimed antiporn crusader helped cripple a child-porn law. A federal judge dismissed charges against David Hilton for possession of kiddie porn, ruling that a 1996 federal law that outlaws "morphed" computer-generated composite images that appear to show minors was too vague. (The law could allow police to arrest people who possess erotic images of youthful-looking adults.) Hilton had told federal agents he collected child porn online only to stamp it out. After the government filed criminal charges, Hilton argued that the "morph" law violated his First Amendment rights.*

SANDWICHED

SÃO PAULO—*Police arrested an Italian man headed for Switzerland after they discovered 50 pounds of cheese in his suitcase. "Why would anyone take third-rate Bolivian cheese to a country famous for its cheese?" an inspector asked. Police soon had an answer—the cheese had been blended with nearly equal parts cocaine and dairy products.*

SPOILSPORTS

PIKEVILLE, KENTUCKY—*The city council passed an ordinance that requires exotic dancers to wear photo identification*

with the word ESCORT *in bold letters. Their hemlines cannot be higher than six inches above the knees, and their necklines no more than four inches below the collarbone. The ordinance also prohibits the women from removing their clothes.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

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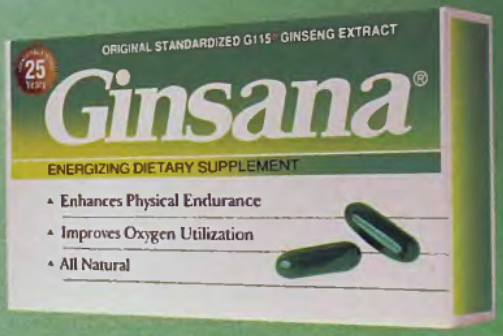

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MATT DRUDGE

a candid conversation with journalism's bad boy about being the internet's first star, clinton's worst nightmare and the guy who scoops the big-time media

When Matt Drudge rises at nine in the morning and connects to the Internet, his Hollywood apartment transforms into the newsroom where the notorious "Drudge Report" is created. With millions of online readers a month, the "Report" has broken national scandals (Monica Lewinsky, Kathleen Willey, Paula Jones) and scooped major news outlets on other stories (Dole's choice of Kemp as a running mate, Tim Allen's $1 million salary demands, Connie Chung's firing). This one-man newsroom has played a pivotal role in a series of events that threatened to bring down the president of the United States.

Drudge, whom "The New York Times" described as "a bold, angular, furiously curious man who suggests an odd collaboration of Dickens and Raymond Chandler," scans the wire services for late-breaking news, and then peruses about 30 newspapers from around the country and the world. Three TV sets, all tuned to news stations, hum in the background, and there's a police scanner turned low.

Later in the morning, Drudge goes out for a bowl of soup. He returns to his apartment to read the European newspapers, make calls and check into chat rooms on America Online. These chats and his e-mail in-box are the sources for his scoops, which he follows up with more e-mail and telephone calls. His enemies accuse him of tapping into the mainframe computers of "The Washington Post" and other newspapers, but he insists he has a stable of traditional sources in and around newsrooms, Hollywood and Capitol Hill. Drudge follows up on leads and checks his sources—his thoroughness in these pursuits or, more properly, his lack of thoroughness, are part of the controversy that dogs him. Finally, Drudge sits down to write.

He clicks out short, sarcastic, occasionally misspelled and ungrammatical news items that range from quirky (an Amazon village terrorized by a "monster-sized boa constrictor the size of two buses") to salacious (the original rumors about a dress stained with presidential semen started with Drudge). Often reported with a theatricality reminiscent of Walter Winchell's radio dispatches from the Forties, Drudge writes about the movies that bombed on Friday, what people said in the weekend's TV interviews, the latest Republican buzz and the most startling headlines that will hit the next day's newspapers.

Drudge fancies himself a newshound, but he's probably more closely related to computer hackers, who use technology for their amusement, profit and power. Where hackers break into computer systems and wreak mischief, Drudge uses technology to break into the nation's mainstream media. In doing so, he has become the first Internet star, for which he is both praised and vilified. In "The New York Times," Todd Purdum romanticized Drudge as the "cyber-muckraker with the Dickensian name" dispensing "breathless tips on topics from Paramount Pictures to Paula Jones." The attacks have been pointed, whether they concern his questionable motives (a political conservative, Drudge has been accused of pushing a right-wing agenda) or his tactics. "Vanity Fair" wrote, "Clearly, conservatives had found a useful weapon in Drudge." "Time" dubbed him "the king of new junk media," and Lewis Koch, special correspondent for "Cyberwire Dispatch," wrote, "Matt Drudge is a new variety of vampire: a nasty little mammal who bites and laps the blood of its journalist victims. Drudge's Warholian fame, what there is of it, is due to living off the journalistic blood of other reporters."

Although Drudge has been writing and distributing his dispatches for almost four years, two stories brought him into the national debate and dramatically increased the circulation of his e-mail dispatch and visits to his Web site (www.drudgereport.com). On August 10, 1997 Drudge posted this headline: NEW WHITE HOUSE RECRUIT HAS SPOUSAL ABUSE PAST. *The next day, he published*

"I broke the Kathleen Willey story and the Lewinsky story. I was the first to report that Bob Dole picked Jack Kemp as his running mate. That's 'New York Times'–caliber reporting. They can't take that away from me."

"The reason I'm attacked is that I'm being heard. Powerful people are reading me. The Net is a lot like the pamphlets of the old days, and I'm like a pamphleteer speaking my mind. But now the audience is the world."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"You don't get a license to report. You get a license to style hair. Since World War Two, we've had an era in which journalism is supposed to be objective. That's crap. This whole objectivity thing is a fraud."

the entire item, claiming GOP operatives had asserted that White House recruit Sidney Blumenthal, a writer for "The New Republic" and "The New Yorker" who was about to become an advisor to Clinton, had once been accused of spousal abuse.

Within 24 hours, Drudge heard from Blumenthal and his wife's lawyers, and immediately printed a retraction. Nonetheless, the lawyers next sent a letter demanding that Drudge reveal his sources for the story within five days. Drudge refused and is being sued for $30 million.

The other story that has made Drudge a household name began to unfold in July 1997, when Drudge reported that "Newsweek" investigative correspondent Michael Isikoff was working on a story about a former White House staffer named Kathleen Willey who had been subpoenaed by Paula Jones' lawyers. They believed that she could testify that Clinton had sexually propositioned her on federal property. The item enraged some members of the press (Isikoff, whose own story ran in "Newsweek" the following week, called Drudge "a menace to honest, responsible journalism"), but the "Drudge Report" became the talk of the nation's capital and its circulation took off.

Drudge's follow-up scoop—his biggest yet—came in January, when he reported that "Newsweek" had killed another Isikoff story. This time President Clinton was being accused of having a sexual relationship with a White House intern named Monica Lewinsky. More damning, the story said Clinton reportedly asked Lewinsky, who had confided in a friend about the alleged relationship, to lie about it in a grand jury investigation of the Paula Jones case. The friend, Linda Tripp, had secretly recorded conversations with Lewinsky and took the tapes to special prosecutor Kenneth Starr.

The "Drudge Report" launched a thousand newspaper headlines and special TV news reports, generating glee on right-wing talk shows and horror in the White House. There were early calls for Clinton's resignation. Drudge, meanwhile, showed up on such news shows as "Nightline" and "Meet the Press," on which he accused the Washington press of lying down for Clinton.

For Drudge, reporting stories such as these is a longtime dream. He grew up in Silver Spring, Maryland, where his father was a social worker and his mother was an attorney. As a child delivering the "Washington Star," he was enamored with news, though he saw no way into the business. He says he was an awful student (he graduated 325th out of 350 in his class at Northwood High School) and he never attended college.

Drudge spent several aimless years in New York City before heading to Hollywood, where he landed a job in the gift shop at CBS' studios. Using information he overheard at the shop, he sent dispatches to Internet newsgroups such as alt.politics and alt.showbiz.gossip. When readers asked to be put on his mailing list, Drudge created one. Soon he put up a Web site, which included a long list of links to media around the world, plus his report. The site's popularity grew, especially when it was picked up by America Online. AOL paid $3000 a month for the report, which allowed Drudge to quit his day job.

Drudge claims to be unbothered by persistent charges that he is unprofessional, sleazy and a tool of the right. In fact, he's fighting the Blumenthal lawsuit with the assistance of David Horowitz, the best-selling political biographer who now heads a right-wing foundation, and a lawyer named Manuel Klausner, who is on the board of the Reason Foundation, a libertarian think tank. He's still writing the "Drudge Report," in which he continues to break stories. He is also working on a new show that debuted in June on the Fox News Network. We sent Contributing Editor **David Sheff** *to expose the man who has single-handedly caused such a political stir. Here is Sheff's report:*

"I met Drudge, as he instructed, at Musso & Frank Grill, a classic hangout of a bygone Hollywood era. It seemed fitting: Drudge has been compared to Walter Winchell and has often been photographed in his trademark gray fedora, adding to his anachronistic persona. Alone in a booth, Drudge appeared young—he's 31—and unpretentious, wearing a wrinkled polo shirt, no hat. His nearby ninth-floor apartment looks out over this seedy part of the city, over the record-album-shaped Capitol Records building and the rest of Hollywood, toward the Los Angeles beaches. Drudge said, 'When I look out from up there, the column almost writes itself.'

"Drudge quickly launched into an impassioned rant about the Arkansas judge's decision to throw out Paula Jones' case, and he was filling me in on new scoops—another woman will soon accuse President Clinton of more indiscretions, he said. He spoke like he writes his column: feverishly, urgently, with an occasional chortle over some perceived hypocrisy on the part of the government or media. At one point he admitted, 'It's a loner's thing I'm doing. I don't have a family. I'm starting to long for one.' Then he shook the moment off. 'But it's a great business,' he continued, rubbing his hands together. 'It doesn't get much more fun than this.'"

There's nothing my critics can do about my Web site. If they slime me, it creates more of me.

PLAYBOY: Do you acknowledge that a one-man operation is dangerous because there is no editors' scrutiny, no standards and no fact checking? Isn't that the primary reason you're called a threat to responsible journalism?

DRUDGE: Responsible journalism? With all those editors and all that checking, how did Richard Jewell happen? The Associated Press broke a story about two men arrested in Nevada with plans to release anthrax on the New York subways. The story was picked up everywhere. As it turned out, there wasn't a bit of truth to it. How did that happen? What about all those lawyers, the double-checking, the editors? Stop Drudge? Why not stop the Associated Press? Tom Brokaw? Bernard Shaw?

PLAYBOY: Shouldn't irresponsible journalism be stopped?

DRUDGE: You have to take the bad free speech if you don't want to lose the good. People have a right to hear it all. That's why they come to me. *GQ* called my report a "small and obscure" newsletter. I have almost 7 million readers a month. That's four times *GQ*'s readership. They should stick to clothes. They printed a good picture of me, though. I have my Web site, my own slice of media, and there's nothing my critics can do about it. I figured this out early on. If they slime me, it creates more of me. Nothing they can say will stop me. They can't pull my advertising—I don't have any. Someone could conceivably order my phone jack taken out of the wall, but they would have to make a new law to do that. I don't even know if they can stop me with new laws. I could run the *Drudge Report* from the Himalayas. I can say whatever I want, for any reason, period. Isn't that a scary prospect?

PLAYBOY: You can be sued, apparently. Might the lawsuit that was brought by White House advisor Sidney Blumenthal stop you?

DRUDGE: That's his hope. But let's say ten people say something about me. Ten people from ten spots around the country defame me, libel me and accuse me. How do I stop them? I guess I go after each person. I sue them all. But what happens if there are a hundred of them? A thousand? These are serious issues that have to be answered.

PLAYBOY: Are you losing sleep over the attacks or the lawsuit?

DRUDGE: I don't lose sleep over any of it. The reason I'm attacked is that I'm being heard. Powerful people are reading me. What I say is getting picked up. So the focus is on me. I'm the first one out and I have a big audience. Radio was licensed by government, television was licensed by government. But the Internet was built by government and isn't licensed by anyone. The Net is a lot like the pamphlets of the old days, and I'm like a pamphleteer speaking my mind. But now the audience is the world.

PLAYBOY: Don't your audience and venue make an essential difference? You're passing yourself off as a reporter.

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***PLAYBOY* by Don Diego Cigars**

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DRUDGE: I am a reporter. It's one man's report. I broke the Kathleen Willey story and the Lewinsky story. I was first to report that Bob Dole picked Jack Kemp as his running mate, the first to report that Bill Gates was going into business with NBC. That's solid reporting. That's *New York Times*–caliber reporting. They can't take that away from me.

PLAYBOY: But much of your reporting isn't your own—you're relaying other reporters' stories.

DRUDGE: I give credit when I'm reporting on someone else's story.

PLAYBOY: But you're essentially stealing another reporter's work.

DRUDGE: I have no qualms about it. I do it all the time. Say I hear that *The New York Times* is working on a big story. Sure, I'll steal it. I'll be the first to tell my readers. It's dynamic. I cover the media as the media cover politicians.

PLAYBOY: Who are your sources for early reports of stories coming out in the newspapers?

DRUDGE: My sources are concerned citizens in and out of government. I get a lot of information when I monitor news outlets. I report AP stories before they move onto the wire now. How the hell am I getting that stuff?

PLAYBOY: Do you pay sources?

DRUDGE: I have never paid a source, although I wouldn't be against it.

PLAYBOY: But a source who doesn't really have a story to tell might make up something good and juicy for $100. There's incentive to lie.

DRUDGE: Listen, checkbook journalism has broken some great stories. The story about Dick Morris and the prostitute was great. It showed the hypocrisy of the Clinton administration. That was checkbook journalism. Gennifer Flowers is a good example of checkbook journalism. There have been countless other examples. As a matter of fact, the history of American reporting is full of checkbook journalism.

PLAYBOY: Advocating checkbook journalism, stealing stories—are you surprised that many journalists criticize you?

DRUDGE: Of course not. But I'm not just stealing stories. I reported that *Newsweek* was killing a story about the president and his girlfriend. That's *my* story. That's original reporting.

PLAYBOY: But *Newsweek* investigative correspondent Michael Isikoff did all the work on the Lewinsky story that you broke.

DRUDGE: The story was presented to him, too. He didn't discover Monica Lewinsky. And you know what I say? Tough. That's competition. People scoop people all the time. It's how competitive media work. You want people to be aggressive in getting stories. The true reason big-time journalists don't like me is that they think they are the only ones who can tell the American people what's going on in the world. Carl Bernstein, class of 1974, would knock on grand jury doors to get stories. If I did that now people would say, "He's so sleazy, he even traipsed over to the grand jury." I would probably be arrested. Well, Bernstein did it. He talked about how Nixon hadn't had sex with his wife in 20 years. Woodward and Bernstein did it. People say I'm writing sleaze, that I'm writing about politicians' personal lives—how terrible. Now all Carl Bernstein does is sit on media panels with his size 43 waist and say, "This guy Drudge is the worst kind of journalist." Class of '74 dismissed. There's a nice condo somewhere on the Florida coast for you, Carl.

PLAYBOY: Do you check and double-check the stories you run?

DRUDGE: Sure. I call. I check. I get comments. Although I don't have an editor, if I'm working on something really hot, I'll bounce it off people. I was bouncing the Lewinsky stuff all over the place. I've bounced something I'm holding back now: I've got Lewinsky describing Clinton's anatomy, his penis size. I'm deciding if and how I should report it.

PLAYBOY: How will you decide?

DRUDGE: I've decided not to report it at this point, but I'm getting more tempted, because I think it's going to become part of the bigger story. I did write an item called "The Details That Will Make Congress Blush." Monica tells a story about having Clinton on the carpet in the Oval Office. She's servicing him on the presidential seal. That's the way she tells it, allegedly.

PLAYBOY: Is she allegedly telling this to Linda Tripp?

DRUDGE: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Do you know this from a source who has listened to Tripp's tapes?

DRUDGE: Right. And I've heard a small portion of some of the tapes myself. It is intense to hear that kind of stuff, realizing it's going to lead to a real disruption of power in this country.

PLAYBOY: We'll get back to that. But first, is the size of the president's penis news? Should it be?

DRUDGE: It's news because if and when it comes out it could affect Clinton on a world scale. You could have Saddam Hussein making fun of the man's penis size, for instance. Gennifer Flowers has already told the American people some things about it, but now this is a graphic description.

PLAYBOY: Why wouldn't you print that? You've printed other extremely personal details.

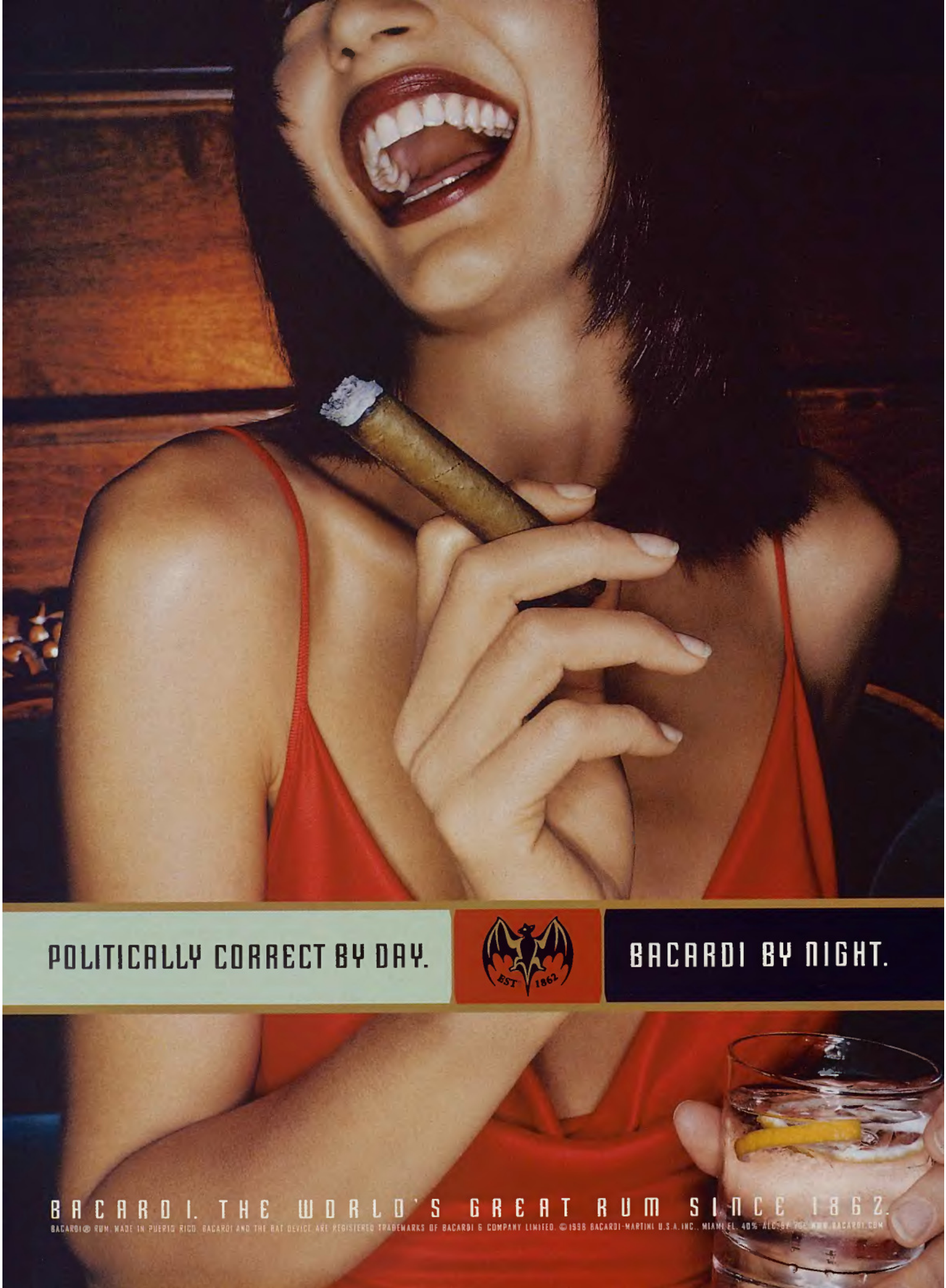
DRUDGE: I may when there's a reason.

PLAYBOY: You mean, when other media are about to publish it?

DRUDGE: I don't think anyone will publish this. I don't think *The Washington Post* will reveal Clinton's penis size.

PLAYBOY: But you haven't been delicate so far.

DRUDGE: There has to be some reason to print it. The dress? There is DNA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evidence in semen. That's important. Monica's clearance? It's a national security issue. Doing it on the presidential seal says something, too, doesn't it? Dick Morris strongly denies that one. I wrote on my Web site that Dick Morris said, "If she's saying that, she's really in outer space." Because apparently Monica was describing——

PLAYBOY: Again, from a source who listened to the tapes?

DRUDGE: I'm not going to discuss sources. This is Lewinsky telling the story of when she serviced Clinton as he was on the phone with Dick Morris, who was also being serviced. She called it quadraphonic sex. There are other items that I haven't fully explored yet. I want to know if we're going to have congressional hearings on those details. The graphic nature of it: penis size, lack of penetration. Are we really going to get into it? Can you see [Congressman] Henry Hyde asking, "Mr. President, did you penetrate her?"

PLAYBOY: Would you like to see that?

DRUDGE: We may see that.

PLAYBOY: You maintain that it's OK to steal reporters' stories. Michael Isikoff, who reported the Lewinsky story, called you "reckless and irresponsible" and "a menace."

DRUDGE: Yes, because he worked hard on the story. It was a blow to him. I probably would have felt the same way. But new inventions come along and knock down old inventions. And again, my Lewinsky story was original. To report that *Newsweek* killed the story is original reporting. No one in the mainstream press has given me credit for that. I had six reports myself before *The Washington Post* came in. It was Saturday night, 90 minutes after *Newsweek* killed its piece, when I reported it. I already knew the story was being worked on and I knew all the details. Next, Bill Kristol, on ABC's *This Week*, mentioned a report about *Newsweek* killing a story about a woman who claims to have had an affair with Clinton. George Stephanopoulos said, "Where did that come from? The *Drudge Report*." They tried to discredit it by making it my story, but a few days later Stephanopoulos said it could be an impeachable charge. After the first report about Lewinsky, I reported the affidavit in which she denied having had sex with Clinton. Hours later I reported her top-secret government clearance. I obtained her résumé. Next I reported that Kenneth Starr had moved in, and *The Washington Post* finally did its story eight hours later. The next day I reported that there was a trace of semen on a dress Lewinsky said she would never wash. I reported that Bill Richardson at the United Nations had offered her a job. All original reporting, not from *Newsweek*. That's a lot of work, a lot of original reporting on a serious story. So how can they maintain I'm just stealing other people's stories?

PLAYBOY: What about your reports that turned out to be untrue?

DRUDGE: Nothing I reported was untrue.

PLAYBOY: The story about the dress has been discredited.

DRUDGE: I'm not sure that it has. She showed Linda Tripp a dress with semen stains on it and said that she would never wash it.

PLAYBOY: First, it may or may not be true that she said that. Second, it may or may not be true that she had such a dress, whether she said it or not.

DRUDGE: It may be true that it exists and that Starr has it, that it was dry-cleaned, or that she was making it up. It may have been a taco stain. There are a lot of possibilities. This entire story is melodramatic, and she could be making up a lot of this stuff. Or it could be true. I maintain we haven't heard the last of the dress. I'm not convinced about the report on CBS that claimed the FBI found no DNA stains. It sure is exciting, though. It happens to involve the president of the United States and an intern who is probably close in age to his daughter. And the story was broken on the Internet by a guy who's being sued.

PLAYBOY: What if Lewinsky was making it all up? Would you then agree that it was bad reporting to print unconfirmed charges?

DRUDGE: Absolutely not. It involved an FBI sting! It involved people in the White House offering her jobs! It involved top-secret government clearance! It involved gifts from a president. That's all serious news. If I were Isikoff, I would have played it differently. If I'd had the story nailed down, as he did, and my editors had killed it, I would have quit. I would have held a press conference and reported what I'd learned.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't the editors of *Newsweek* have been correct in wanting more documentation?

DRUDGE: Which they got in three days? Come on. They ran the story in three days; it hadn't changed. No. It was a big story and they were concerned, and rightfully so.

PLAYBOY: Was Isikoff, angry with his editors for refusing to publish his story, your source?

DRUDGE: The last e-mail I got from him said, "You're insane." I also broke Willey, which was his story—I took it from under him. I broke it. Her talking to a reporter, saying she'd been hit on sexually in the Oval Office. He wasn't able to get it into print. But I was.

PLAYBOY: Did you know *Newsweek* would print its Lewinsky stories once you broke yours?

DRUDGE: No. The four days it took were nerve-racking because I was out there by myself naming names, accusing people of potential crimes. I was on my own for almost 90 hours. I didn't sleep. I was a little more comfortable after Rush Limbaugh began his show with it on the following Monday, and Bill Kristol brought it up on *This Week*. But even then it was pooh-poohed. Stephanopoulos said, "Oh, that's terrible." But he knew the story was true; he was lying.

PLAYBOY: You blame the White House and journalists for discrediting you. But maybe people find some of these reports distasteful. They don't want to read about semen on dresses—the president's semen in particular.

DRUDGE: No, I don't believe that. These are the people who were riveted to Anita Hill's pubic-hair-on-the-Coke-can story. No. If you take just a snapshot of *Drudge*, it seems like an alien show. If you move the camera back and look at its history, you see it's not so unusual. It's about freedom to report, and the Internet lets you do it without any interference. A lot like the early pamphleteers, a lot like the early newspapers and early radio. It's kind of refreshing.

PLAYBOY: You or any other pamphleteer could make up stories. Do you agree that's a possibility?

DRUDGE: Uh-huh. But then you lose credibility and people won't read you anymore. Remember, they're coming to me. I'm not forcing it on anybody.

PLAYBOY: Why were you given bits and pieces from the Lewinsky tapes that other reporters weren't able to get?

DRUDGE: I think people see that I'm sincere, that I'm just looking for truth. The people who approached me with the Lewinsky story are, I maintain, patriots. They're not out to destroy anybody. They just don't like deception.

PLAYBOY: But they're known to be out to destroy this president.

DRUDGE: You don't know who gave me this stuff.

PLAYBOY: Linda Tripp was out to destroy the president.

DRUDGE: She didn't give it to me. And I'm not down on Linda Tripp, by the way. If someone asked me to lie about her boyfriend who was the president of the United States, I'd start taping some shit, too.

PLAYBOY: Did you have one source for all the Lewinsky-related revelations?

DRUDGE: No. I'm not going to reveal the sources. I can only say they're people out of government. On *NBC News*, I was asked if Ken Starr was my source. That, of course, would be illegal.

PLAYBOY: On *Meet the Press* you said there are more women in the Clinton scandal. Still?

DRUDGE: A lot has come out since I said that. I'd already reported Willey. A former Miss America came out. And the airline stewardess. There were a bunch of them. There is another woman, who is cooperating with Starr. It's a serious obstruction issue: Clinton gave her gifts, allegedly, and someone from another branch of government offered her employment for silence. This continues

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beyond the Paula Jones suit. I'm working on that; I have her name. I've been given the whole story. I'm working on other angles that I haven't fully developed. In the highest office of the land, it looks like there may have been a coordinated effort to force people to lie, to threaten people to get them to lie, to reward people for lying.

PLAYBOY: Do you at least admit that your sources, or at least some of your reports, have been wrong?

DRUDGE: Every reporter makes mistakes. I've been accused of saying Hillary Clinton is going to be indicted. All I reported was that talk radio in Los Angeles was flooded with callers discussing Hillary's being indicted. That was turned into "Drudge is reporting that Hillary is going to be indicted." People don't understand this coverage-of-the-coverage stuff.

PLAYBOY: You admitted you were wrong when you reported that Sidney Blumenthal had a history of beating his wife.

DRUDGE: I reported that it was a rumor.

PLAYBOY: Blumenthal is suing you for libel, charging that the report was malicious.

DRUDGE: I printed a retraction and apology the next day. Why would I have retracted it if I were being malicious? Blumenthal got his side out right away—that he hadn't done what he'd been accused of doing. I got my retraction out right away. I retracted the story and apologized. Isn't that enough?

PLAYBOY: With that attitude, any crackpot can accuse anyone of anything and just apologize later. An apology isn't enough—you have to do your journalistic groundwork beforehand. And retractions don't necessarily end the damage: "Sorry I told millions of people that you're a wife beater." You circulated a false rumor, whether or not you retracted it afterward. Aren't people still whispering about the allegations?

DRUDGE: I hope not. I sure hope not. There's a whole list of actionable falsehoods that Blumenthal has written. He hurt my friend [conservative author and activist] David Horowitz, saying he abandoned his wife and three children. David has four kids and never abandoned them. Blumenthal did a piece on Ross Perot where he mentions a friend of Perot's who, he says, spent most of his Army time in Vietnam in detention. The guy served in Vietnam but was never in detention. A lot of corrections are in order. [*Editor's note: "The New Republic" did retract that charge. He was never in detention.*] Does he maintain that there's no give-and-take and there's no room for retractions and mistakes? See, the Internet is a great way to learn about the motivations of those who are attacking me. [Columnist] Joe Conason has been attacking me in *The New York Observer*. He's been standing up for Clinton: "This scandal doesn't mean anything, blow jobs aren't a big deal." I did some research and found a piece he wrote in *Spy*: "A Thousand Reasons Not to Vote for George Bush." Number one was "He cheats on his wife." I just want to point that out.

PLAYBOY: Whether it's Blumenthal, Conason or you, it's irresponsible to report a rumor without corroborating evidence. Some journalists may not have such high standards, but shouldn't they?

DRUDGE: You don't get a license to report. You get a license to style hair. Since World War Two, we've had an era in which journalism is supposed to be objective. That's crap. That's a new phenomenon. The earlier press had nothing to do with objectivity. This whole objectivity thing is a fraud.

PLAYBOY: If you throw out objective reporting, how can you trust anything you read? In that case every report could be propaganda.

DRUDGE: Who's objective? I can't find anyone. It's a corporate guise. CNN isn't objective. When the Paula Jones decision came down, I did an item on the footage of Clinton in the hotel room, banging the drums and smoking a cigar. I thought it was revealing footage. The Web site got busy—300,000 people came through. But at CNN they were almost blowing up balloons in celebration. Fox would show the video of Clinton banging the drums, smoking a cigar, partying, while on CNN Wolf Blitzer was saying, "The president is being careful not to gloat." Wolf Blitzer is spinning lies about Clinton as video footage disproves him. That's not objective. That's spin. There's going to be a backlash against spin. Spin is a fad. I hope it goes out sooner than later. I'm sick of it.

PLAYBOY: Would you have written the Blumenthal, Willey or Lewinsky stories if a Republican were in the White House?

DRUDGE: Absolutely. The next person in the White House will get my undivided attention. See, the people in the Clinton White House are taking this personally. It's not personal. Clinton and Gore think they're being unfairly targeted, but they just happen to be the first Internet-era president and vice president. Whoever comes next is going to get the same scrutiny. It's because people like me are able to have a competitive newsroom. Anyone can do it.

PLAYBOY: What's the difference between the *Drudge Report* and the tabloids?

DRUDGE: They're different, though the *National Enquirer* has broken national stories, including the one about O.J.'s shoes. That report ended up getting Simpson civilly sued, and he lost. That week the *National Enquirer* was pretty newsy. On the other hand, that same week *The New York Times* printed a story that said an asteroid was headed toward earth. It was a lie. No one checked that one. Why not? It scared a lot of people. One scientist said an asteroid was coming. They never got another point of view.

PLAYBOY: The difference between the mainstream press and tabloids is that one requires credible sources, and one doesn't. One carefully double-checks stories, and the other may use astrologers, for all we know.

DRUDGE: And people choose what to read and believe. That's their right. There are all these questions to ponder. It's fun to be a part of this. It's fun to be a definition of something. Drudge has become an adjective.

PLAYBOY: If Drudge is an adjective, what does it modify?

DRUDGE: I'll tell you what I would like it to signify. *The New York Times* called me "the country's reigning mischief maker." That's pretty good. I like how they all say that the *Drudge Report* is lowering the standards for journalism, yet they all run home and read it. I don't get it. Newspaper editors read me. When I did *Meet the Press*, William Safire said to me, "A lot of people tell me they read me through you"—meaning they click on his link on my page. The assistant to senior White House advisor Paul Begala said that the White House reads the *Drudge Report*. She said she reads it every day. She said she likes it. We're talking historic stuff. If I'm so useless, why was Blumenthal reading me the night I wrote the story about him? He told the *Times* he was home reading me. The night before he started his first job at the White House. I'm not sure I'd be surfing the Web the night before I started my new job at the White House.

PLAYBOY: What do you make of another fallout of the Lewinsky scandal—that the general public is apparently fed up with salacious stories? Polls show that people don't care about the president's personal life.

DRUDGE: Then why was *60 Minutes* the highest-rated show of the week when Kathleen Willey was on? It beat *Seinfeld* by millions of viewers. That's not people who are fed up. It's people who are interested. It's White House bullshit that people are burned-out on these scandals. Absolute bullshit.

PLAYBOY: It's not from the White House. It has been shown by many polls.

DRUDGE: I don't believe in opinion polls. I don't know what they have to do with anything.

PLAYBOY: The polls say the president's approval ratings are at an all-time high.

DRUDGE: *60 Minutes* had the highest television rating that week. I'm more inclined to believe the Nielsen ratings than the polls.

PLAYBOY: People can watch the news and still be fed up with it.

DRUDGE: I'm not that cynical. I think Americans love their country and are concerned about the person in the Oval Office.

PLAYBOY: But the majority of Americans,

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even if they believe that Clinton had sexual relations with Monica Lewinsky——

DRUDGE: And told her to lie about it——

PLAYBOY: Say they don't care. They're concerned about other issues—social security, foreign affairs, the economy.

DRUDGE: Speak for yourself.

PLAYBOY: Poll after poll confirms it.

DRUDGE: And a huge number of people thought the earth was flat. So what? After World War Two, a large group of people in Germany still loved Hitler. He had good polls. Polls have no bearing on what I'm doing. I'm looking for truth, for interesting stories that are being overlooked.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Clinton's personal life is relevant to his job in the White House?

DRUDGE: This isn't about his personal life. I think history will show that Linda Tripp was being pressured by her friend to lie, under oath, about the friend's boyfriend, who is one of the most powerful people in the world. That's a serious dynamic. Paula Jones was taken up to that hotel room by a trooper who was carrying a gun, and then the governor dropped his pants and said, "Kiss it." An Arkansas judge ruled that's not outrageous. All right. It may not be outrageous in Arkansas. I hope it never happens to the judge. Maybe I'm just old-fashioned or I have an old street-sense. I didn't go to college. I worked at a 7-Eleven. I worked at a gift shop also before I did this. Never had much of anything. Maybe I just have this dream that things still matter. Like the presidency. I'm very concerned that a president may be getting away with deceiving people.

PLAYBOY: If Clinton's sex life is germane to the national debate, should the sex lives of Kennedy and Roosevelt have been?

DRUDGE: I'm not sure Kennedy ever asked anybody to lie about it. I don't know that he had people go through anyone's trash or approve lawsuits to ruin reporters. I'm not sure he ever did that.

PLAYBOY: How do you respond to critics who say you have a political agenda? David Brock [author of books about Anita Hill and Hillary Clinton] says he warned you about using "completely crazy" Clinton haters as sources.

DRUDGE: He never warned me.

PLAYBOY: Regardless, do you agree that it discredits sources if they have an ax to grind?

DRUDGE: I'll use Clinton lovers, too. I think Mike McCurry is crazy. How can he sit there and lie every morning? That's nuts! You can call it spin. I call it lying. If he gave me a story, I would probably use it; he's in a position to know. The people I talk with are in positions to know. I have good sources. One cannot break all these stories without good sources. I make mistakes, as everybody does, and I correct them and move on. I don't have a malicious nature. Otherwise I could really cause massive trouble right now by doing vicious, vindictive things to destroy people, write things that are not based on reality. I could do that.

PLAYBOY: You could. Isn't that the current problem?

DRUDGE: Yes, but that's the reality. Anyone could do it. All Internet newsgroups are about that.

PLAYBOY: But you have elevated yourself to the point where you have a wide audience.

DRUDGE: Through reporting truth.

PLAYBOY: Is there responsibility that comes with your new position?

DRUDGE: Sure. There's responsibility that comes with being the first person to make a name for himself on the Internet. The Net has the potential to be as important a medium as television or radio or newspapers. And I'm the first name.

PLAYBOY: If the Internet gives everybody a megaphone——

DRUDGE: Which it does. It gives freedom of participation to everyone, which is one of the premises of America.

PLAYBOY: Is it going to get harder for people to know what's true?

DRUDGE: That is a good point. Yes. How do we know anything's true now? Anthrax scare in Vegas—I believed the story. Janet Reno believed it. We're already not sure what's true. I don't know what on the AP News is true. I assume it's true because I trust the AP reporters. They'll correct it if it's wrong.

PLAYBOY: You grew up near the capital. Was politics a big part of your childhood?

DRUDGE: Not at home. But I was always political because I delivered the *Washington Star* and read all the stuff in it. I watched *Crossfire*.

PLAYBOY: Who was president when you were born?

DRUDGE: In 1966? I don't know. The first president I remember was Jimmy Carter. I was ten years old. I liked him, and still like him. Yeah, I wish Jimmy Carter were still president. He's decent and I think he told the truth. That's my number one priority. It's not "the economy, stupid." Who cares?

PLAYBOY: What about a president's being effective?

DRUDGE: I'd rather pay $3 at the gas pump and have a decent president than have gas at 99 cents and someone lying to me and making me sick. I'd much rather have a decent person in office. The president should represent who we are. It's ironic that Clinton represents who we are, what we've become. He is a result of his generation. This is chaos. This is confusion. People talk about Eighties greed. This is the year of our lord Dow Jones 9000. I've never seen so much greed. These are the Roaring Nineties. I think people will want a less contrived situation, and the next president will probably be ugly as sin. I'll vote for him. I'll vote for the ugliest person.

PLAYBOY: Back to your childhood: What did your parents do for a living?

DRUDGE: I'm protecting my parents all the way. Since the White House has been using private investigators, I haven't been talking about my parents. Since this lawsuit blew up, I don't even see them when I go to Washington. It's probably the smart thing to do.

PLAYBOY: What are you protecting them from?

DRUDGE: I don't want them to enter my hell world. It's high stakes when the president is supporting a civil lawsuit against you.

PLAYBOY: Do you think your notoriety is problematic for them?

DRUDGE: For my parents? No. I'm more concerned with the private investigators and the White House slime machine. What they did to Linda Tripp—going into her arrest record from 30 years ago. I don't want to bring my parents into the middle of this. He's a social worker, she's a lawyer. Both liberals. My father wore an original Nixon mask. My mother actually volunteered in the White House comment room at the beginning of the Clinton term. Now she listens to Rush Limbaugh. Still liberal, though. She's just upset with the president.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Rush Limbaugh?

DRUDGE: I think he's having a great impact on discourse in this country.

PLAYBOY: So you don't agree with Al Franken that Rush Limbaugh is a big fat idiot?

DRUDGE: As a matter of fact Al Franken is fatter than Rush Limbaugh now.

PLAYBOY: You have said that you were a terrible student. Has that been something of an exaggeration?

DRUDGE: I can't write cursive, I print only. I've never done a term paper and I wouldn't know how. I wouldn't know how to write anything more than two or three paragraphs, little bites. If I had to actually form a story from beginning to end I don't think I could do it. Everything I've learned about reporting I've learned on the Internet.

PLAYBOY: You've said you were a loner. Are you still?

DRUDGE: Still am. It's even harder to let people in now because of what I'm doing. Mainly because it takes up a lot of time. When you start your own business, it's pretty much devotion. I'm lucky to have five good friends that I pal around with.

PLAYBOY: Were you a happy kid?

DRUDGE: I don't know. I didn't like authority and I didn't like structure. My expertise in high school was forging notes, cutting classes. Boy, I knew how to do that. I never got caught. Suspended a

(continued on page 156)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He knows breakfast is the most important meal of the day—with the right company. How did they end up in the same pajamas? It started last night with oysters Rockefeller. More than 1.2 million PLAYBOY men are regular cooks, which is more than can be found among the readers of *GQ*, *Men's Health* or *Rolling Stone*. Breakfast or dinner, PLAYBOY has the recipe for success—that's how we added 540,000 readers in six months. (Source: Fall 1997 and Spring 1998 MRI.)

there was a time when solly was a player. looks like that time might be coming back with the help of a cute little french broad

Frenchie

fiction By Pat Jordan

SOLOMON BLISTEIN, a.k.a. Sol Rogers, a.k.a. Sol Bass, Solly to his friends, stood by the Royal Palm Motel pool on Fort Lauderdale beach fishing leaves off the water with a long-handled net, a cigarette and a cup of coffee in his left hand. The sun had just come up. A few tourists were walking along the beach. A gaunt, stooped old man with the brim of a dirty golf cap pulled over his eyes was sweeping a metal detector methodically over the sand, stopping every few feet to bend and pick up . . . what? A penny? A bottle cap? A fucking ten-carat diamond ring?

Sol shook his head in disgust and carried the net full of wet leaves to the sand and shook it out. Fucking Royal Palm, he thought. There wasn't a fucking royal palm in sight. Just a few scraggly-ass arecas too close to the pool so that Sol had to skim off their leaves every morning. The Royal Palm was a one-story cinderblock motel of six efficiency apartments plus Sol's one-bedroom manager's apartment, with a parking lot out front and the fucking pool in back that nobody ever bothered to swim in, what with the ocean only a few feet away. No one ever stayed at the fucking place, even in season. It was too far from the action on the Strip, with the new outdoor cafés and the Beach Plaza shopping mall. The only guest here now was a French broad who could barely speak English. She must have booked her room through a travel agent in Paris who'd never laid eyes on the place.

Sol sat down on a plastic chair next to the

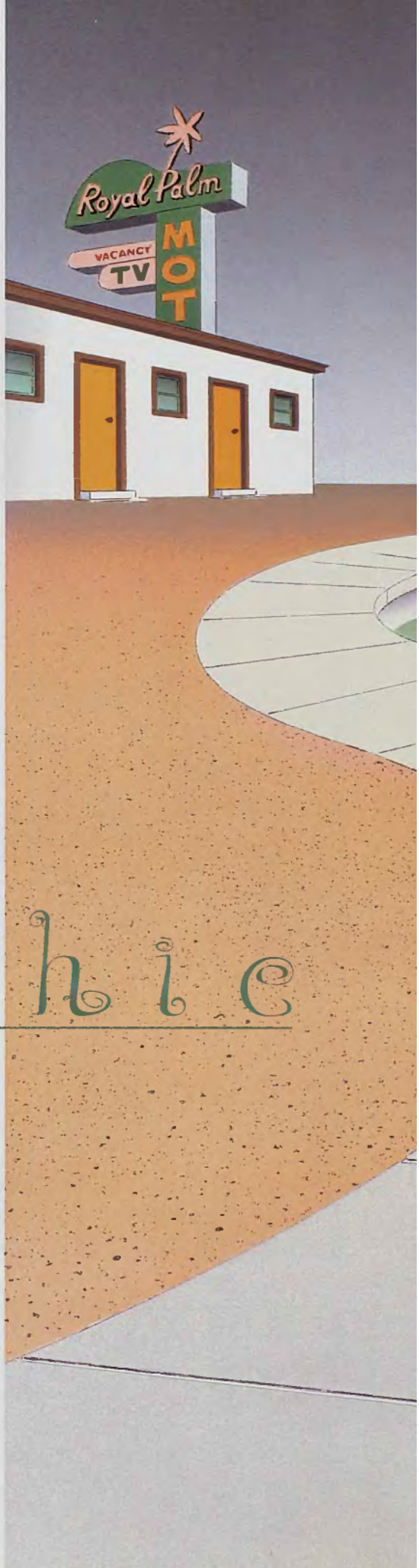

ILLUSTRATION BY GUY BILLOUT

pool, sipped his coffee and smiled. He could see it, the travel agent holding up the Royal Palm brochure, an artist's drawing featuring towering royal palms around a kidney-shaped pool with beautiful babes lounging in Fifties bikinis up to their belly buttons. That should've been the tip-off, Sol thought. Babes with flip-up hair and polka-dot *Beach Blanket Bingo* bikinis watching a bunch of guys playing water polo in the pool, flashing their teeth.

Frenchie hadn't complained when Sol showed her the room with the greenish scum on the bathroom floor and fucking palmetto bugs lounging on the kitchen counter waiting for a guest to bring them food like they were on vacation too. She'd looked at it all, her smile fading, but she said nothing, except, "Is fine," taking it on the chin, tougher than she looked but still a nice kid, sweet, maybe 23, polite. Maybe she didn't have the bread for anything better. Maybe she didn't know any better, thinking the Royal Palm was the top of the line in beach motels. She had no car, no friends, no one her own age stopping by for a visit. A real mystery chick, Sol thought, but beautiful, different from the Lauderdale bimbos with their straw-blonde hair and water-balloon implants. She was more subtle, classy, in that French way. She brushed sharply cut sand-colored hair off her brow with the backs of her fingertips in a sensual way that seemed foreign to Sol, exotic. What the fuck did he know about the French?

Sol stubbed out his cigarette on the pool tile, picked up the cup and got up to go inside. Glancing at the ocean, he saw dark clouds forming way out. He squinted into the sun. A big blow, maybe. Fucking storm shutters. Geez.

Frenchie came out of her room, walking past the pool, clean-looking, scrubbed, with no makeup, in a pale-gray business suit and those clunky, low-heeled shoes all the broads wore these days.

"*Bonjour*, Monsieur Bass," she said. Big smile. Wide, pale-blue eyes, almost startled-looking her eyelids were so thin.

"Morning, honey. Your ride here yet?"

Her smile faded. "Soon." She was carrying a briefcase. She was a stockbroker trainee with Merrill Lynch on Federal. Her boss picked her up every morning in his cream-colored Merc 600 SEL 12-cylinder. A slick-looking guy with styled wavy black hair, Porsche Carrera shades and the dark suit. A soft-looking guy, like he'd dropped a lot of weight recently and wasn't used to looking good, not to 23-year-old French chicks anyway. His tan was too perfect. A raghead, Sol thought.

Sol looked back at the ocean, and then to the girl again. "There might be a storm tonight, honey. I was you, I'd stay in." The boss took her out to business dinners, bringing her home late. Business dinners, my ass, Sol thought. He was just another wiseguy wannabe, liked to be seen with a young chick on his arm. What was he, maybe 45? The same age as Sol. Almost.

"*Merci*, Monsieur Sol." She flashed that big smile again.

Sol watched her walk away in the morning sunlight, around the motel to the parking lot. He went inside his apartment and went straight to the bathroom, where he peered out the tiny window at the French girl waiting for her ride. The Merc pulled up and stopped. An arm reached across the seat to open the door. A Rolex below French cuffs glistened in the sun. A President, Sol thought, maybe 30 large.

The kid bent down to get in. Sol could see her face, not smiling now, as she slid into her seat, her skirt hiking up to reveal her thigh, a little chunky, but muscular. The kind of legs wrapped around you could break your back, like the Russian broad in the James Bond movie who got off fucking guys with her legs clamped around their backs. Just when they were about to come, she'd break their backs. Coming and going at the same time.

The car disappeared from his window. Sol turned and looked at himself in the bathroom mirror. Fat, bald, with a salt-and-pepper goatee. His big hairy belly hung over his dirty white shorts. He looked at his bare wrists. The gold bracelets, gone. The one-ounce Star of David on a gold chain around his neck, gone. His own Rolex, gone. The wad of C-notes wrapped with an elastic band. Gone. There was a time when chicks like Frenchie stood in line to go out to dinner with Solly Bass. Lauderdale chicks who didn't see a fat, bald Jew pushing 50. They saw a player. Fucking strippers, Solly thought. They never looked at the entrees on the menu. They always ordered from the price. The $50 lobster they never finished and the $100 bottle of Dom they did, getting high on it, laughing too loudly. Feeling good, in a classy restaurant for a change. By dessert, they were running their hands up his thigh under the table.

A player. Before he learned how to play pinochle in the slam. Then he got out. Not a player anymore. The manager of the fucking Royal Palm, thanks to Meyer. Fuck it. He went outside to get the storm shutters.

•

He'd finished putting up the shutters when the storm began to blow at dusk. He went inside his apartment, fucking dark now, put a TV dinner in the microwave and made himself a Cuba libre. He turned on the television to drown out the noise, but it only got louder, like a freight train passing by his door, the wind whooshing against the door and shutters like it was going to cave them in and whoosh right out the back wall, taking Sol with it. Nothing as loud as a hurricane, Sol thought. It was like the fucking thing was alive, a huge, snarling monster, a dinosaur out of a Spielberg movie.

He wondered if Frenchie got home safely. He wouldn't have heard her door close with the rain beating against the shutters like buckshot. He settled back on his sofa in the darkness and tried to watch the seven o'clock news. A broad in a rain slicker, her hair whipping wildly, was standing on the beach describing the fucking hurricane. Big leaves from the palm trees on the beach whipped past, tumbling down the sand, reminding Sol that tomorrow he'd have to spend the whole fucking day fishing leaves off the water and from around the pool. Maybe the storm will blow the fucking trees down, too, Sol thought. That would be nice.

He heard a knock on his door, a frantic pounding, really. He opened the door, the wind whipping in, blowing Frenchie up against him. He struggled to shut the door in the wind. She didn't push herself away from him right away, but stayed close, like she expected him to protect her. The poor kid was drenched and scared. Finally, she stepped back.

"I'm so sorry, Monsieur Sol. But the storm, it frightened me." She looked like a drowned rat, her wet hair hanging down around her big eyes, but sexy, too, her T-shirt plastered against her chest, no bra, her small breasts with big nipples, like grapes, sticking through.

"No problem, honey," he said. "Come in and get dry. You can wait it out in here."

"Oh, thank you, Monsieur Sol." He got her a towel and handed it to her. She dried her hair, the towel covering her face, Sol staring at her nipples. Then she handed it to him and smiled. "Thank you again."

"You better get out of those clothes, honey. You'll catch pneumonia. I'll get you some things to wear."

She went into his bathroom. He handed her a pair of shorts with a drawstring and a T-shirt. She shut the door. He put on a pot of coffee. When she came out she was wrapped only in a towel. She handed him his clothes.

"It is all right," she said. "I don't

(continued on page 74)

"It's not what you think, Sergio. I'm helping your wife look for her golden earring."

DOWNTOWN

Julie Brown

the cable vixen wants to set the record straight

"MOST PEOPLE think I swing from the ceiling with a candle, dripping hot wax over my lovers," says Downtown Julie Brown. But the world of this pop culture queen isn't quite so outrageous as some would believe. Her home in Los Angeles is filled with art objects from every continent. The effect is warm, sumptuous elegance. "I am a true romantic. I like pretty things, pretty smells, pretty dresses," she says. "I like to stay home and cook for my boyfriend. I enjoy doing things like watching a good football game, going bowling—but I'm not a beer-bottle bowler. I must have a glass, please."

Brown was reared in a strict military household, one of seven brothers and sisters. Her Jamaican father was an RAF flight sergeant, and her mother, from Birmingham, England, is the strongest woman Julie knows. Looking for an escape from her regimented childhood, Julie found one on the disco floor. In outfits she'd sewn herself, the 16-year-old would sneak out until dawn. "I loved to dance. I couldn't wait to go to the club after work."

Julie began competing in dance contests, and took first place at the World Disco Dancing Championship in 1979. Then she landed a dancing gig on *Top of the Pops*, which she describes as a funky, British version of *American Bandstand*. On the cable show *Music Box*, Julie caught the attention of MTV scouts and was summoned to New York. From 1986 to 1991, the network's dance program *Club MTV* showcased her high-speed chatter. "It was an incredible experience. When I was there, MTV took such good care of us veejays—with limos and concerts. Not a bad gig for anyone."

Following MTV came stints at *Inside Edition* and ESPN's *Sunday Night Football*. Then she headed west to join E Entertainment Television's *Gossip Show*. Julie now brings her cheeky wit to America On-Line's Entertainment Asylum, where she conducts her live celebrity interviews.

In the midst of all this activity, Julie found sufficient time for love—though it came late. ("I think I popped my own cherry while dancing. No man claimed that," she jokes.) Julie places an especially high priority on love. And she also expects a bit of romancing. "I've never gone down on somebody in an elevator. I'm not a quickie girl. Quickies are just for guys to brag to their mates about. A real man takes his time." She does, however, have her favorite lovemaking

The former MTV VJ (who created the tagline "Wubba, wubba, wubba" to keep from swearing on the set) and host of *The Gossip Show* has made a career of being herself on camera, but posing in the nude was uncharted territory. "I'm very modest," she says in her British accent. "I don't show off my body. This was the most risqué thing I've ever done. It was hard but I discovered Julie, the woman."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

MAKEUP BY ALEXIS VOGEL
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Can the BAT Fly?
Entertainment
Guns
CRUCIBLE
Wondrous Winter Getaways
WOODY'S WILD, WILD WAYS
Are They Worth
Entertainment
On the Road With KISS
Behind the groupies, smoke bombs, and monstrous money of this summer's biggest tour
BUZZ
Die Hard at the Getty
Football in L.A.
Painting in Gardena
Client
Buzz
Entertainment
Vanity Fair
The Actor movies have been waiting for?

spots: "My pool—but only on Thursday nights; the pool man comes on Friday—the bathtubs at the Royalton Hotel and maybe under a waterfall."

Professionally, Julie is ready for some challenges. "I'd like to do drama and get serious or do a sitcom and laugh a lot."

One challenge turned out to be this PLAYBOY shoot. "It was embarrassing at first," says Julie. "I mean, what was I supposed to do with my pubic hair? Brush it? Braid it? Weave it?

"This pictorial has totally changed me. In public I act all that, but I'm all mouth and no trousers behind closed doors. PLAYBOY stripped me down to find the real Julie. If it weren't for that I would never have known I have a great ass. I've thought of myself as a fun girl, but sexy? No. PLAYBOY allowed me to say, 'You're a woman, roar!'"

—ANN L. BROWN

Frenchie *(continued from page 64)*

She picked up the ends of the towel at her waist and refastened it around her breasts.

need these." She sat down on the sofa, pulling her muscular legs with the big calves, like that Russian broad, under her ass, hugging the towel to her. Sol tried to picture her naked, caught himself, felt like a fool. The poor kid was probably too embarrassed to wear his clothes. She didn't mean anything. Maybe it was a French thing. They went topless on the beach, didn't they? Sol had seen them, not even noticing all the Americans sneaking peeks at their tits. Like it was natural.

He brought her some black coffee, conscious again of the wind howling like an animal outside. She took the coffee from him, smiling up at him with her big blue eyes. "You are too kind to me, Monsieur Sol." She held the mug in both hands, like a kid, close to her face, and sipped. Sol sat across from her on the easy chair. They both listened to the storm for a few awkward minutes.

Finally, Sol said, "You don't have storms like this in Paris?"

"Oh, no," she said, big eyed. "The weather there, it is, how you say it, more prudent."

"Moderate, I think you mean."

"Oh, yes." She giggled. "My English is not so good, is it?"

"It's fine, honey. You just need practice is all."

"I know. I not get much chance to speak English so far."

"What about at work?"

She shook her head. "No. My boss, he is French Lebanese. He speak French to me all the time."

"Doesn't help your English much, does it?"

"No." She waited a minute, as if deciding something, then said, "Is my boss get me this apartment."

Sol smiled. "Tell the truth, honey, he could have done better for you."

"Yes. Maybe. But is secluded, he say. Safe for me. No one to bother me."

"Your boss must be pretty protective of you, eh?"

"Yes. He say I have to be careful of Americans. Not to trust."

"What about him? Do you trust him?" She just smiled at Sol, without answering. Sol said, "Well, it's a good thing you didn't go to dinner with him tonight. The storm would've been bad by the time you got home."

"Yes. The storm, it save me."

Sol looked at her. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing." She smiled brightly. "Just it give me a chance to see you, Monsieur Sol."

Sol felt himself blushing. "To see me? You mean, so you can practice your English?"

"That, yes. But is nice to talk to someone who is so kind."

Sol grinned. "Kind?" he said, shaking his head. "I been called a lot of things, honey, but never that."

"Well, maybe people not know you."

"And you do?"

She shrugged, that French way. "Maybe."

She embarrassed him, this kid, like she was a kid most of the time, but older, too, knew things about people.

She lay down on the sofa and closed her eyes. "All this English," she said, "it tires me. I think I will go to sleep now," and she was asleep almost instantly. Sol watched her sleep for a while, the towel around her, and then he dozed off sitting up in his chair.

•

They woke the next morning to sunlight. She sat up, quickly, like she didn't know where she was. The towel fell from her breasts, small and firm. She didn't pull it up right away. She looked across at Sol sitting there, staring at her. He thought he saw a thin smile on her lips. She reached down a languid hand, picked up the ends of the towel at her waist and refastened it around her breasts with an almost deliberate slowness, like she was giving him one last teasing peek before she covered up. Like she'd been there before, naked in a guy's room. Why not? Sol thought. She was 23. The same age as the strippers Sol used to date. What did he expect? A fucking virgin? The kid was sweet, but she wasn't retarded. And she wasn't hard, like a stripper. She was like those little kids on the beach, running into the surf with no sense of shame at their own nakedness.

Sol offered to make her breakfast, but she said she had to get ready for work. When he opened the door for her, she stopped a minute, reached up on her bare toes and kissed him lightly on the cheek. "You're so sweet," she said. "Thank you. *Merci.*"

Before he could stop himself, Sol blurted out, "Maybe you might wanna have dinner with me some night?" She gave him that thin smile again. "Just a thought." He felt like a fool around this kid.

"*Avec plaisir*," she said. Sol was confused. "With pleasure, Monsieur Sol."

"Tomorrow night, then." She nodded yes, then walked slowly over the wet leaves plastered against the ground back to her room, wearing only a towel, as if she didn't give a shit if any of the other guests saw her. What other guests? Sol thought. She knew she was the only one. He watched until she went inside, then his eyes fell on the fallen leaves, the broken branches, the overturned tables and chairs, the sand washed up from the beach covering everything. A fucking mess. It would take him all fucking day to clean up. He went inside to get his coffee and cigarettes.

She was gone by the time he went back outside with his rake and big plastic garbage bags. He righted the overturned furniture first, then began to rake up the leaves around the pool. It was already hot in the early morning sun, as though the hurricane had never happened, except for the fucking mess. He bent over to rake the leaves into a bag, and then he saw, floating in the pool, a square, tightly wrapped cellophane package about the size of a carry-on bag. Sol instinctively glanced around. Nobody was on the beach except the old man with the metal detector, his eyes glued to the sand, looking for his fucking treasure. There were no boats on the calm ocean. Nothing. Sol grabbed the long-handled net and pulled the package to the lip of the pool. He hoisted it out—about 20 keys, tightly wrapped with waterproof tape. Still dry, Sol thought. A professional wrapping job.

Sol carried the package toward his apartment, glancing left and right to make sure nobody saw him. Who would see him? He wondered if Frenchie had seen the package in the pool. What if she had? She wouldn't know what it was. He balanced the package against his stomach and the wall as he opened the door and went inside. He set the package carefully on the floor. He got a steak knife from the kitchenette and kneeled close to the package. He said a little silent prayer. To who? The god of retired smugglers managing shithole motels, that's who. He made a little slit in the package and stuck the knife blade in. He withdrew the blade with a flaky, pearlescent white powder on it. No. Not powder, more like a metallic-y pastry crust. He touched the flakes to his tongue, tasted the bitterness, waited, then felt his tongue and lips slowly getting numb. Jesus fucking Christ! The real McCoy! Maybe 400 large wholesale.

He called Meyer on the phone. "I

(continued on page 128)

"And that's the story about the camp counselor who ate up all the little kids."

PERRY FARRELL

for the millennium, a rock dreamer plots his greatest fantasy

by Dean Kuipers

"The next orgasm I have, I'm going to lift everyone to a higher place," Perry Farrell says between songs at Los Angeles' Universal Amphitheater. "I'm going to a place that's free. Who wants to come with me? I want to know true freedom."

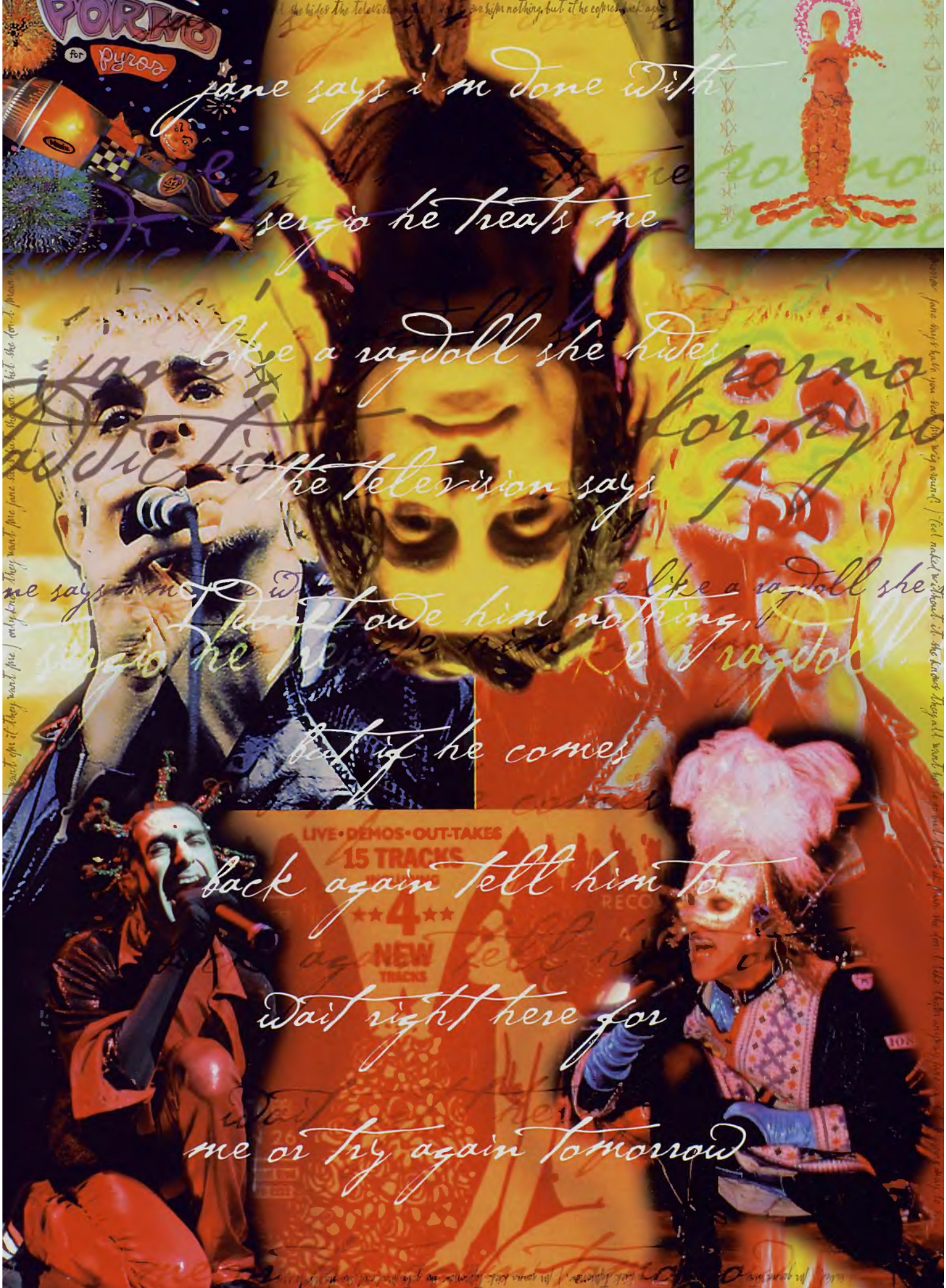
The crowd's approval and confusion barely register as the singer smiles. Perry Farrell is talking to God tonight. The father of Lollapalooza, author of this decade's definitive art rock as front man for Jane's Addiction and Porno for Pyros—and the last true celebrant of the church of sex, drugs and rock and roll—is thinking big again. He slinks around his island-themed bamboo stage set wearing red Asian pajamas of embroidered silk, his hair twisted up Coolio-style in what he calls a crown. The rest of the Jane's Addiction Relapse tour luffs restlessly through another ten-minute mike break. Guitarist Dave Navarro stomps over to get a cigarette from a woman in the wings. One of the show's exotic dancers descends from a dance tower, slides snakelike down a pole with her legs spread wide (on the last Porno for Pyros tour the dancers simulated sex with papier-mâché appendages), then joins the others offstage.

"My old friend Tim Leary said that the strongest muscle in the body," continues Perry, grabbing his crotch, "is the brain. Yeah. It just keeps getting bigger and harder and stronger and wiser, expanding, wanting."

Perry seems to be talking to his spirit heroes, like Leary or the Dalai Lama. Or to his mother, maybe, who committed suicide when he was four. Or to God—in the way a man will address God while having a heart-to-heart with himself in public.

"We live in a land where we're taught to cheat and lie," he says. "This room is where we have a chance to live in truth and honesty. Let's have some truth right now." He jumps into the crowd and shoves the mike in some kid's face. "Have you ever once thought about sucking a man's cock?" The kid admits he has. "He has! Now we're getting somewhere! We've all been lifted."

Perry's public trusts him because his questions aren't part of an act. Sometimes he gets too personal for comfort (like when he blurts out onstage, "I love my asshole because it gets rid of my shit!"), sometimes he spouts gibberish as he channels *(continued on page 138)*


PORNO
for
Pyros
jane says i'm done with
sergio he treats me
like a raydoll she hides
the television says
I owe him nothing,
but if he comes
back again tell him to
wait right there for
me or try again tomorrow
LIVE • DEMOS • OUT-TAKES
15 TRACKS
4
NEW
TRACKS

"Didn't you see my note on the refrigerator?"

THE RETURN OF THE CADDIE

IT'S HOW THE GAME WAS MEANT TO BE PLAYED

GOLF BY **LARRY OLMSTED**

UNLESS YOU'RE Tiger Woods, you won't get Fluff Cowens to tote your golf bag, but you don't need to compete in the Masters to benefit from playing with a caddie. A good caddie can be a tour guide, pal, teacher or even psychiatrist, while a great caddie will be all those things and more. You will lose fewer balls, hole more putts, avoid hidden hazards and score better with a caddie at your side. Managers at courses that offer caddie service claim the average player will save two to five strokes per round. It's also a fun way to play. Because caddies typically work courses that hold tournaments, they often come with history lessons. "Nicklaus was in that same trap in 1962" is the type of comment you could hear. You won't see a golf cart at Saint Andrews or Royal Troon, or almost anywhere in the British Isles, where caddies are the norm; over here carts almost made caddies extinct. Golf's foot soldiers survived the lean years at famed resorts such as Pinehurst, Spanish Bay, the Broadmoor, the Greenbrier, the Doral and Pebble Beach, but today you can find caddies at a wide selection of courses. In Kohler, Wisconsin the American Club put caddies on its two courses in 1997, then built a third course just for walking. Pinehurst opened a new course in 1996, making caddies available on six of the resort's eight courses. In Hawaii Kapaluaa introduced caddies to paradise, and Oregon's Pumpkin Ridge added them to the Pacific Northwest. Marriott restored caddies to its two courses at the Seaview Resort outside Atlantic City, with hopes of soon adding the service at its other golf resorts. The latest Four Seasons golf resort, Hualalai (on the big island of Hawaii), has offered caddies since last year. Some resorts, such as Pebble Beach, offer "fore caddies" for players who want to tote their own bags. Fore caddies take off down the fairway ahead of a foursome to keep a careful eye on the shots. Besides saving balls and search time, fore caddies clean clubs and read putts. Caddie Master Enterprises supplies more than 800 caddies to courses around the U.S., and has jobs for more. Playing with a caddie can be intimidating the first time out, but remember, no matter how badly you play, he has seen worse. Walking 18 with a caddie costs a little more than renting a golf cart. Most clubs have no fee but suggest a tip of $15 to $40 per person, while a few enforce similar minimums. Golfers must pick up a snack and drink for their caddies if they get something for themselves. At Pebble Beach, where greens fees run close to $320, caddies get $40 per bag plus tip, and some customers also take a cart. Don't hesitate to ask the pro shop staff what the club's tipping policy is. Keith Lyford, an ex–PGA tour player and director of the Cranwell Golf School, can read his own putts and doesn't lose many balls, but he takes a caddie whenever one is offered. His rationale: "It's the way the game was meant to be played."

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 149.

DIAL SCHECK FOR MURDER

the deacon of dna has become the defender of last resort

by Paul Schwartzman

Barry Scheck, across the table and behind a plate of eggs, is talking about his existential dilemma. Not complaining. Talking. Analyzing. Mulling. Expounding in that familiar nasal warble that picks up steam as the triple espresso kicks in. For 23 years Scheck has practiced law, beginning at Legal Aid in the Bronx, donating countless hours, weeks and months to poor clients. In the past five years, Scheck's Innocence Project has used DNA testing to rescue more than 30 men wrongfully imprisoned for rape or rape and murder, six of them from death row. This is what Scheck wants people to know about, the work, he says, that is closest to his heart.

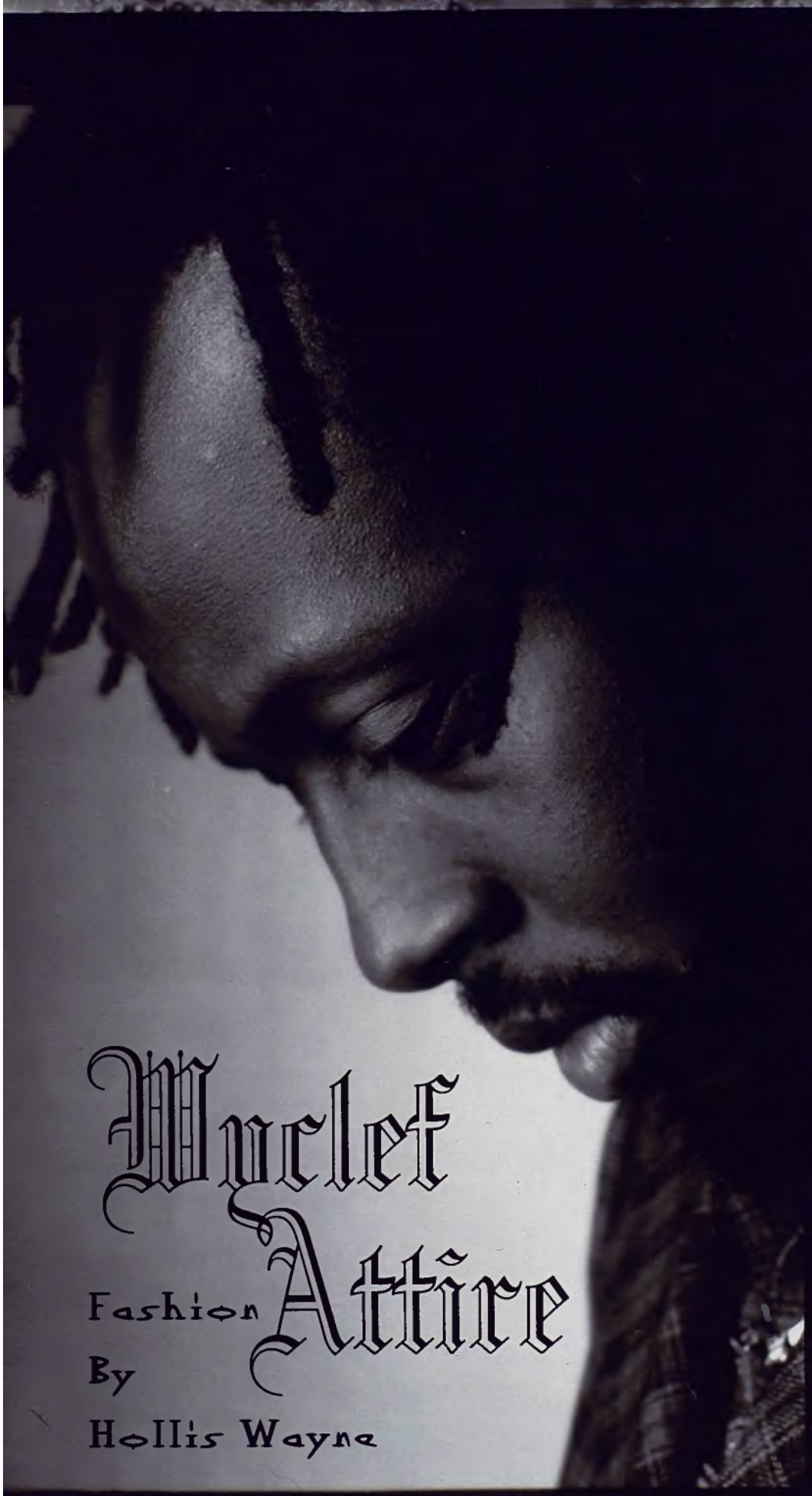
Yet, for all his earnest years of restoring life to lost souls, Scheck knows that most people view him as the sneering New Yorker who helped free O.J. Simpson. More recently, he was derided on the Internet as Babbling Barry, the honking lawyer who defended British au pair Louise Woodward.

Scheck is warring with himself for his own reputation: Saint Scheck, defender of the poor and unknown, versus Scheck the Shark, protector of the celebrity defendant du jour. "They say I'll always be known for Simpson and Woodward, but it's not true," Scheck says, eyes narrowing, emphatic, addressing his audience of one as he would a jury. He thumps the table with his forefinger. "The Innocence Project is what people will remember. It will far outlast anything that came out of the Simpson trial. It has a momentum all its own. This will always be there. This will be my legacy."

On a morning shortly after the Woodward trial, Scheck is sitting in a Brooklyn café near his apartment, unshaven, his skin pale, his sharp, hazel eyes tired. He eats his omelette without removing his long blue overcoat or his baseball cap. He says his day is full. He wants to attend a friend's lecture at Yeshiva University's Benjamin N. Cardozo School of Law, where he has taught for 19 years. He has students to meet, memos to write. He may fly to Washington to appear on *Larry King Live*. Before breakfast, Scheck says that he has only 45 minutes to an hour to spare. But he will talk for more than three hours.

He talks about the evolution of his career, how his clients have included antinuke protesters, black radicals, convicted rapists, IRA sympathizers and Hedda Nussbaum. He recounts how he and his legal cohort Peter Neufeld penetrated the nearly impenetrable world of DNA fingerprinting, with its mind-numbing language of alleles, autorads *(continued on page 106)*

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BOSWICK



Wyclef Attire

Fashion By Hollis Wayne

when you're wyclef jean, raptivist and visionary, you look for a designer like sandy dalal

Music fans have been waiting for someone to take rap to the next level. Maybe a guy like Bob Marley—someone who could fuse American and Caribbean music. Or perhaps someone from the Nineties who could stand alongside the giants of rock and roll. Wyclef Jean, hip-hop virtuoso, is the answer. He raps in Creole and English; he plays *The Star-Spangled Banner* on a guitar with his teeth. The signs were there when his band the Fugees went global a year before Puff Daddy did and sold more than 10 million copies of *The Score*. Then came Jean's ebullient 1997 solo album, *The Carnival*, a syncretic triumph of hip-hop, reggae, zouk and rock. The platinum-seller is a showcase for the 27-year-old's impressive talents as composer and arranger. It features such performers as Celia Cruz, the Neville Brothers and 62 members of the New York Philharmonic. Jean even managed to snare Bob Dylan for a cameo appearance in the video for the hit single *Gone Till November*. When sales of *The Carnival* passed the 1 million mark, Columbia Records president Don Ienner told *Billboard*: "It's a pivotal record to put out at the end of the Nineties. Wyclef shows that you can make music for the people and for yourself artistically, and *(concluded on page 144)*

Dalal's suits are handmade and luxurious. At near right, the three-button jacket ($1300) and matching pants ($530) are made of silk twill. The polo shirt costs $165. At far right, the single-breasted suit with flap-front trousers ($1550) is a wool-Lycra blend. The shirt of the same material costs $275.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREW ECCLES

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 148.

"That's it! Your sniffing-out-dope days are over!"

TO LIVE AND DIE BY PERCENTAGES

MONEY MATTERS BY CHRISTOPHER BYRON

How much better off are we now than we were 20 years ago, when the nation was emerging from the long dark night of Carter-era stagflation? A close look at some data from the Census Bureau reveals we may be a whole lot better off than even the optimists think—and the reason has little to do with stock market prosperity. Chalk it up instead to a two-decade boom in rising family incomes. For anyone lucky enough to have a job, this boom in family income has greatly increased the happy jingle of money in American pockets.

In this column we'll take a look at how that money was spent back in the mid-Eighties and how things have changed today.

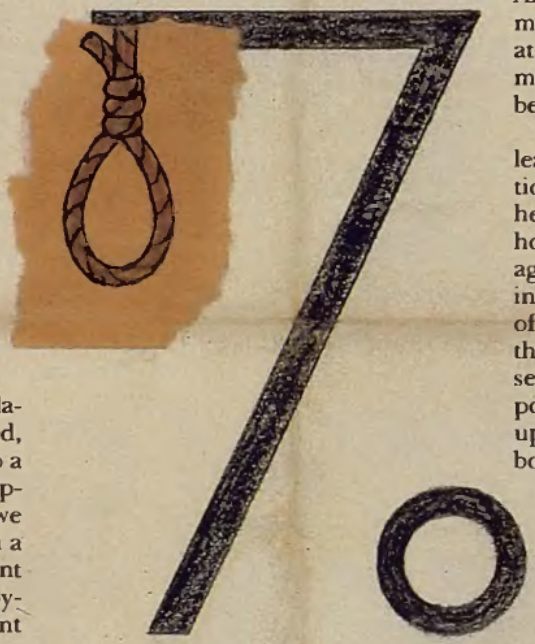
In certain circles, 1984 remains a high-water mark in postwar economic history—the year Americans finally stopped talking about the misery index. Remember that one? That's what you got when you added together the unemployment rate and the inflation rate: When Ronald Reagan took office in 1981 the misery index stood at 17.8 (7.5 percent unemployment and 10.3 percent inflation). In the three years that followed, the index fell to 11.5 as 1984 drew to a close, which helps explain why the Gipper was reelected so easily. Today we find the American people basking in a misery index of only 6.1 (1.4 percent inflation and 4.7 percent unemployment)—a number so small by recent standards that it hardly sounds miserable at all.

What happened? Right-wing political economists will tell you we deregulated American business, cut marginal tax rates, bankrupted the Soviets and God knows what else. And hey, for all I know, they're right.

But I also know something else, something based on not just my own experience, but on the experience of virtually every father and husband I know: During the Eighties and Nineties, large numbers of women went back to work. The resulting infusion of cash lifted families all over America to a better life than they had ever known.

So I'm sorry to say it, guys, but we must face facts: The women bailed us out. You can see it in some family income data developed by the Economic Policy Institute, a Washington, D.C.–based think tank. The data show that between 1979 and 1989, the average American family's income, adjusted for inflation, went up about 13 percent—and 60 percent of that increase came from working women.

Remember those economic platitudes we all grew up with about how you should divvy up your paycheck? If you want to be responsible, don't spend more than 35 percent on housing, 25 percent on food, nine percent on transportation, eight percent on medical and so on. Struggling families that toed the line financially back in 1984 found they basically had no money left at the end of the year. In 1984 the average American family had inflation-adjusted pretax income of $42,865 per year—out of which it spent 27 percent on housing, 19 percent on transportation, 14 percent on food, and so on. At year's end they had a grand total of $2196 (in real dollars) left—and that's before they spent even a dime on fun.



Yet, thanks to some fascinating research by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, we can compare those numbers with equivalent family incomes and spending percentages for 1995. Granted, at $49,517 for 1995, inflation-adjusted family income doesn't seem to have improved much in 11 years: a grand total of $6651. But that gain—mostly accounted for by the supplementary incomes of working women—doesn't begin to tell the story of just how the American family's economic status improved during the decade.

Remember those monthly budget percentages? In 1984 the average family spent 27 percent of its pretax income on housing. In absolute numbers the average family spent 10 percent more on housing 11 years later. But big deal. As a percentage of pretax income, the share actually went down, accounting for 26 percent of pretax income. As a result, when the average family closed its books on 1995, it still had $8373 left, more than twice what was left over 11 years earlier.

A school of thought contends these numbers are skewed by the income gains enjoyed by breadwinners in fat-cat jobs on Wall Street and in corporate America. But the trend is the same no matter which income group you look at. That's why consumer confidence remains at a 30-year high. People feel better off because they are better off.

These born-again optimists are the leading edge of the baby boom generation. In 1984 the average age of the head of the average American household was 46.8 years. By 1995 that average was up to 48. By now he's closing in on 50—the first of a colossal army of 74 million Americans marching through middle age. Some recent observations from the public opinion pollsters at Yankelovich Partners sum up this group. Baby boomers were born in times of great economic prosperity and they believe a comfortable living is their birthright. And having been born into such circumstances, boomers probably expect to make their exits comfortably. Now, they can afford it.

What can you invest in with a payoff that ought to grow as the new century unfolds? Hang out with some 40-year-old family men, and pay close attention to what they talk about. What turns on a middle-aged man with money in his pocket in 1998? What gadget or gizmo would he like to get? The chances are great that this guy will scratch that itch—because now, for maybe the first time in his life, he can. As a result, here are a couple good bets: There's a big—in fact a humongous—boom coming in the vacation cruises. That means big money for a company like Royal Caribbean Cruises. Its stock has nearly doubled in the past year, but it still has a long way to go. The company plans to add four new cruise ships between now and 2002. It expects to harvest cash from just the type of folks that we've been talking about.

You can reach Christopher Byron by e-mail at cbscoop@aol.com.

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIPPE WEISBECKER

miss august proves you don't have to be bigger to be better

A Little Goes a Long Way

AS HER NAME suggests, Angela Little is a slip of a girl. But don't let her petiteness fool you. What the size one, five-foot-two Southerner lacks in physical stature she makes up for with lofty ambition, a hearty sense of humor and a broad drawl. We met with the adorable 26-year-old at Spago Restaurant in Chicago, where she went crimson when every head in the joint turned in her direction.

Q: Would you rather be considered cute or sexy?

A: Can't I be both [*laughs*]? Cute is more fun. You can be cute 24 hours a day, but being sexy all the time gets old. I'd never want people to roll their eyes and say, "There she goes again, wearing that tight dress."

Q: What do you wear for seduction?

A: Vintage clothing from the Forties and Fifties. I play dress-up and my boyfriend takes pictures.

Q: You're a makeup artist. Can a woman look beautiful without using cosmetics?

A: Sure. I'm comfortable without makeup, but I wear it because I'm expressive. I like to paint, so I use my face as a canvas. When I want to kick up my heels, I wear false eyelashes and red lipstick.

Q: Have you always been creative?

"I love being cute, hamming it up and making friends," says Angela (using her Southern charm to explain her driving style, top). "People think I'm naive because I'm blonde and busty and I come from the South. But I have news for them: I'm smarter than they think I am."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

"I do hoir ond mokeup behind the scenes, but I always end up wonting to be in front of the camero," exploins the former bikini model ond cheerleoder, milking the spotlight. "I can't stond not getting o little ottention. I like to flirt ond ploy with the camera, but I hote those too-sexy, come-hither expressions. I prefer pin-ups. I love look-at-me-I'm-a-sweetie-pie poses."

A: Yes. I grew up in Alabama—the Bible Belt—where there wasn't enough to occupy my mind. People were into church and football. The girls got married right out of high school. I was an outcast. I couldn't wait to bolt out of town.

Q: You ended up in Dallas. What has big-city life taught you?

A: To be open-minded and express myself.

Q: You played a redhead in the film *Headless at the Fair*. But do you believe blondes have more fun?

A: Absolutely. I think it's psychological. When I went out in public with red hair, I felt like a wallflower. Not that I wanted to be the center of attention, but I was used to people looking at me. No one did.

Q: Is acting more fun than modeling?

A: Definitely. Modeling gets boring. I have a hard time sitting still. I think that improvisational acting and storytelling are much more gratifying.

Q: Will your Southern accent prevent you from getting roles?

A: No. I can do all kinds of different accents—French or German, British, whatever. I beat out 600 girls for the role in *Headless*.

Q: You also beat out thousands of other women to become a Playmate. How does that feel?

A: It feels terrific. I'm on top of the world.

The secret to seducing Miss August: "Start with my head. Good conversation is stimulating. If an average-looking guy has a great personality, he becomes Mel Gibson to me."

LOVE
Angela Little

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Angela Michelle Little

BUST: 34C WAIST: 23 HIPS: 33½

HEIGHT: 5'2½ WEIGHT: 95

BIRTH DATE: 7-22-72 BIRTHPLACE: Albertville, Alabama

AMBITIONS: To work both behind and in front of the camera.

TURN-ONS: surprises! nice smells and shy smiles.

TURNOFFS: Drugs! Arrogance, sarcasm and status symbols.

PASSIONS: Creating beauty, self-expression, animals.

MY PETS: Two of the most beautiful, playful, smart Kitty Cats in the world!

SEX BEGINS WITH: Brilliant conversation and lots of laughter.

WORDS TO LIVE BY: Believe none of what you hear and half of what you see!

Senior High Cheerleader - Ra Ra!

Look out world, here I come!

Display of total refinement in '97

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An Australian was walking down a country road in New Zealand when he happened to glance over a fence and see a farmer going at it with a sheep. The shocked Aussie climbed the fence and walked over to the fellow. "You know, mate," he pointedly remarked, "back home we shear those."

The New Zealander looked at the intruder defiantly and said, "I'm not bloody shearing this with no one!"

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: A man staggered into a bar, flopped onto a stool and asked for a drink. The bartender politely informed him that it appeared he'd already had enough to drink and that he could not be served more. The drunk grumbled, climbed off the barstool and weaved out the front door.

A few minutes later the same fellow stumbled through the side door, wobbled up to the bar and hollered for a drink. The bartender came over and politely but firmly refused him service. The drunk cursed and grumbled as he made his way out.

Not long afterward, the guy burst through the back door of the bar and belligerently ordered a drink. The bartender emphatically reminded the man that he was drunk and would not be served, and that either a cab or the police would be called.

The surprised drunk stared at the bartender, then in hopeless anguish cried, "Man! How many bars do you work at?"

What's the difference between the Spice Girls' film and a porno film? The music is better in the porno film.

A man was concerned about recent sexual problems and consulted a specialist. After a couple of tests, the doctor sat the patient down for a talk. "I'm sorry," he said, "but you've overdone it the last 30 years. Your penis is burned out. You have only 30 erections left."

The fellow walked slowly home, deeply depressed. His wife was waiting for him at the front door and he told her what the doctor said. "Oh no, only 30 times!" she exclaimed. "We can't waste a single one of them. Let's make a schedule."

"I already made a schedule on the way home," he confessed. "Your name wasn't on it."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: When passion between the couple reached a fevered pitch, the woman asked her husband to get a condom. Reluctantly he left the bed, walked over to the dresser and fished one out. As he was putting it on, his seven-year-old son walked into the room. The boy's mother pulled the covers over her head and pretended to be asleep. Having nowhere to hide, the father fell on all fours to the floor and tried to cover up.

"Dad," the boy asked, "what are you doing?"

"Um, ah," the father mumbled, "just looking for a mouse."

"Oh cool! When you catch it, what are you going to do, fuck it?"

Signs that you're spending too much time online:

- You wake up at three A.M. to go to the bathroom and stop to check your e-mail on the way back to bed.
- You named your children Eudora, Mozilla and Dotcom.
- All your friends have an @ in their names.
- You tell the cabdriver you live at http://1000.edison.garden/house/brick.html.

Hey, Doris," Mike said after dinner one evening, "what do you say we try a different position tonight?"

"Fine," his wife replied. "Why don't you stand by the ironing board while I sit on the couch, drink a beer and scratch my belly?"

Although warned that a parrot he wanted to buy for the Clintons had previously lived in a D.C. brothel, a family friend purchased the bird anyway and had it placed in the White House living quarters as a surprise.

When Hillary walked into the room, the parrot squawked, "Too old! Too old!"

A few minutes later Chelsea walked in. "Too young! Too young!"

Finally the president joined his family. "Hi, Bill," the bird said.

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.

"Have you noticed how these theme cruises are really catching on?"

KELLY SLATER'S GUIDE TO BEACH LIVING

A 12-Step Program for People Suffering From Reality

The beach is both a real place and an imagined place. It has its own pulse (a few clicks above a coma), its own smell (Coppertone), its own attractions (bikinied babes) and its own soundtrack (the Beach Boys). Although it's someplace we merely visit on occasion, we realize that there are people who own the beach, people who have staked a claim on its mysteries. They appear to have achieved a oneness with the beach, with its rhythms, its rituals and its taboos. They also have achieved something more lasting than a tan—that is a state of mind that equals being on a permanent vacation.

We wanted to list some fads of beach living to deconstruct its mystique. We asked wave-god Kelly Slater (four-time winner of *Surfer* magazine's Surfer Poll) to help the chalk people who want in on the beachitude but can't spend their lifetimes getting it. The five-time world champion, born to surf in Cocoa Beach, Florida, describes beach culture as a "lifestyle thing. It's being casual and relaxed enough to do what you want. It has impacted everything from music to fashion." (Slater's band, the Surfers, whose other members include surf greats Rob Machado and Peter King, has a new CD called *Songs From the Pipe*.) Here's what else Slater has soaked up in his 26 years at the beach:

(1) It's OK to wear sunscreen, just don't let it wear you. Says Slater: "Sure, real men wear sunscreen. I wear it most of the time, but not every day. But I prefer the smell of the old-fashioned coconut lotions. It reminds me of being a kid on the beach."

(2) Learn to embrace risk. Slater: "When the waves reach 20 or more feet, it is as if you're driving a race car around hairpin turns at 200 miles an hour. It's that intense, that concentrated. You cannot be distracted for a second. It scares the shit out of you." And when it comes to boards? "Long boards are acceptable—some of my best friends surf them—though I surf only short boards."

(3) Know where the girls are. Slater: "The most beautiful girls are at Cocoa Beach during the bikini contests at Coconuts."

(4) Know where to catch the perfect wave. "The best beach town is Coolangatta, on the Gold Coast of Queensland, Australia. Everyone's a diehard surfer. The waves are really good all day and it's warm for most of the year. And check out the north shore of Oahu in the winter."

(5) When it comes to beach food, there's no contest, says Slater: "It's got to be burgers or smoothies. Anything my mother didn't cook."

(6) The beach isn't a library. Slater: "You're not supposed to actually read on the beach. I only pretend to read—you know, looking at a book when there's someone you want to check out and you don't want anyone to know you're looking. That's beach reading."

(7) When it comes to thingies in the water, know which are dangerous and which aren't. Slater: "Stingrays won't bother you if you don't step on them, so you don't have to worry if you're swimming. Jellyfish don't give a shit what you're doing. Neither do sharks. But you can't worry about any of them." The biggest beach myth? "Undertows. I'm still not sure there are such things. There are currents going out and waves that knock you down, but no current that actually pulls you under."

(8) Know the one place sand doesn't belong. Slater: "Your bed."

(9) Know that it's never too late. Slater: "Can you surf after 20? You won't become a pro any time soon, but you can learn to ride waves and become quite proficient. Surfing takes longer to master than golf, I think. It's a constantly changing medium where you have to spend as much time learning about ocean conditions as actually riding waves."

(10) Know your surf movies. The best? Slater: "*Beyond Blazing Boards* and *Surfers: The Movie* because they capture the surfing and attitude that influenced my generation." The worst? "Obviously, *Point Break* with Patrick Swayze, Keanu Reeves and Gary Busey. You watch it and then wonder what people think of you because you're a surfer. It's so lame." The film to watch before hitting the water? "*Jaws*. It'll make your session more exciting."

(11) Know your swimwear. Shorts are not so baggy as they used to be. Bright colors go only with a serious tan. OK brands: Billabong, Quiksilver (Slater's sponsor), Katin and Redsand. But do not show up on the beach in shorts that look anywhere near new. Also, avoid the Fabioesque Speedo. Slater: "You know who should be banned from wearing Speedos? Everyone who wears Speedos. Or thinks about wearing Speedos." By the same token, Slater, a former *Baywatch* star, knows firsthand that a one-piece is often better than a bikini. "Certain women probably shouldn't wear bikinis, and, unfortunately, they don't always know who they are."

(12) Know the profoundly democratic truth about beach life. Slater: "In the real world, people advertise who they are and how successful they are. You can tell by the way they dress and the cars they drive. On the beach, when everyone's walking around in trunks, you don't know who does what and it doesn't matter. People like you for who you are, not because you parked a BMW in the parking lot."

CHICAGO'S FRONTERA GRILL SERVES IT AND WE'VE GOT THE RECIPE

THE WORLD'S BEST *margarita*

Margarita Sames, a retired Texan, says she whipped up the first margarita in Acapulco during the late Forties. Other claims to authorship include those made by Tommy's Bar in Juárez, Bertito's Bar in Taxco and the Rancho La Gloria in Tijuana. It hardly matters, except maybe to Sames. What you really need to know is where to find—and how to make—a great margarita, the kind that puckers your lips and gently erases the line between the left and right sides of your brain. And here's the answer. The best margaritas in the world are made at Rick Bayless' restaurants, the Frontera Grill and Topolobampo, on North Clark Street in Chicago. Bayless—often cited as one of America's top chefs—has conspired with tequila maven Carlos Alvarez to create four glorious concoctions that have thirsty patrons lined up out the door year-round.

Frontera's gold margarita, the house drink, was created before many of today's boutique tequilas became available north of the Rio Grande. It's just the thing to serve when you need drinks for a crowd and don't want to spend the evening shaking yourself into a frenzy.

FRONTERA GRILL GOLD MARGARITA
(SERVES EIGHT)

Mix 1⅔ cups Cuervo Especial gold tequila, ¼ cup plus one teaspoon Gran Torres orange liqueur (or ¼ cup Grand Marnier), ½ cup plus one tablespoon fresh lime juice (about two large limes), the finely grated zest of 1½ limes (about one teaspoon) and five tablespoons of sugar. Combine the above with a cup of water in a glass pitcher, cover and refrigerate for two to 24 hours. Strain into another pitcher and serve straight up or on the rocks in margarita or martini glasses rimmed with lime and coarse salt.

"The secret," Bayless says, "is in the steeping, which melds the flavors into a rich, powerful blend." He recommends using key limes if you can find them. "Persian limes are what we're used to, but key limes are the real thing. When we're cutting them the smell fills the kitchen. You realize this is the aroma of Mexico."

Tequila distillers have hoped to duplicate the spectacular success of other premium spirits such as single-malt scotches and single-barrel and small-batch bourbons. Distillers in Jalisco, the Mexican state that's home to Guadalajara and its neighbor, Tequila, began exporting 100 percent blue agave tequilas a few years back.

They do with this native plant what Kentuckians learned to do with corn, and the result is a range of tequilas that can stand up against the best sipping whiskeys in the world. Which is one reason why today's more sophisticated tequila drinkers are no longer standing at the bar slamming shots with a little salt and lime. Licking salt off your hand and sucking on lime wedges is far from dead, of course, but it's hardly necessary to appreciate the spirit. A margarita is best served ice-cold. Presenting it in a chilled glass also adds a certain something to the experience.

To be properly labeled as such, tequila must be made in the state of Jalisco or designated areas of Guanajuato, Michoacán, Nayarit and Tamaulipas from the blue agave plant, a monster that takes eight to 12 years to mature and yields a pineapple-type heart—hence called the *piña*—that averages 40 to 70 pounds and has been known to weigh in at 150 pounds. The hearts are cooked in traditional brick ovens or modern autoclaves and then shredded or ground into a pulp—in some cases between stones *(concluded on page 134)*

DRINK BY JOHN RAME

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

"Eat lots of fattening foods, do very little exercise and come back in six months. Then we'll discuss your modeling."

travel

By David Standish

SEXY MEXICO

south of the border has become a resort nirvana for romantics

With summer winding down, it's not too early to plot your cool-weather escape. You could go to the Caribbean, but with the exception of Jamaica most of the islands offer little more than beaches and sun. You get more—lots more—in Mexico. Even Cancún, which bears little resemblance to the real Mexico, offers nearby Mayan ruins, a rain forest, villages and colonial buildings that date back hundreds of years.

LAS ALAMANDAS

On the Pacific coast, halfway between Manzanillo and Puerto Vallarta, Las Alamandas will bring out your primal instincts in a sophisticated jungle setting. So private and remote that it has its own landing strip, Las Alamandas has 15 rooms in five villas scattered over 70 beachfront acres fronting 1500 acres of tropical splendor, with beautiful flowers, palms and exotic trees. The elegant tile-roofed villas have large, comfortable terraces that face the beach. Room rates start at $300 per night. And bring your binoculars and a bird book—the birds are spectacular.

MAROMA

Another of Mexico's premiere small luxury resorts is Maroma, on the Yucatán coast 20 miles south of Cancún. It's off an obscure stretch of highway at the end of a long, narrow dirt road that runs through thick greenery. But the drive ends at a cobblestone courtyard with a pretty pond. Some of Maroma's curvilinear stucco buildings have thatch roofs, and there are 36 rooms and suites arrayed along the beach on more than 500 acres. The rooms are designed with Mexican motifs and start at $220 per night; junior suites go for $350. Cheryl Andrews, who does PR for fancy properties all over Yucatán but doesn't rep Maroma, told us, "It's where I would want to go with the person I love."

LAS HADAS

Las Hadas, just outside of Manzanillo overlooking the bay, is a wonderful white dream. It's hardly intimate—it has 220 rooms and suites, eight bars and restaurants, an 18-hole golf course, ten tennis courts—but its Moorish domes and spirals and the cobblestone paths through its white labyrinth make it seem more like a charming mountainside village than a mojo resort. The beach is splendid—it's where Bo Derek romped in *10*. There are two swimming pools: One contains two islands, a waterfall, a rope bridge and an aquatic bar. The other one hides beneath jungle greenery and is more private and secluded. Las Hadas isn't cheap—a double room in high season goes for about $300 a night—but it's still nearly a perfect ten.

CARIBBEAN REEF CLUB

The Caribbean Reef Club, a "lifestyles" couples-only resort in Yucatán 12 miles south of the Cancún airport, has miles of clothing-optional beaches. There's also a big freshwater pool and a beachside Jacuzzi that will hold 40 free spirits at a time. The living quarters are a bit spartan, but all face the ocean and the suites have full kitchens and patios. The rooms are only $220 a night most of the year, including meals, nonmotorized water sports and all domestic drinks. The snorkeling is especially rewarding here. The Great Mayan Reef is just 500 yards offshore, and there are also cenotes—freshwater streams that run mainly underground but surface as natural pools before reaching the sea—to explore. The Caribbean Reef Club is just up the road from Tulúm (an impressive Mayan site and the only ruins on the Caribbean) and Xcaret, a zoo of sorts built around a network of cenotes. And nearby Puerto Morelos, the oldest fishing village on the peninsula, makes for an enjoyable excursion for a good seafood lunch.

HACIENDA KATANCHEL

Three hundred years ago, this classy hotel in the heart of Yucatán was a working hacienda where cattle were raised and vaqueros raised hell. Today Katanchel is one of the most unusual hotels anywhere—a treat for those who don't require a beach and want to get into the true Yucatán. Its 30-odd guest houses, or pavilions, are built on the foundations of workers' housings. But these cheery bright-red buildings with tile roofs and gardens are a long way from work. The former factory for processing sisal—a fiber used for making rope—has been turned into an airy restaurant, and the erstwhile company store is now a boutique. Chichén Itzá and Uxmal, the two major Mayan ruins in Yucatán, aren't far away. Mérida, with its centuries-old colonial buildings and interesting restaurants and shops, is a 30-minute *(concluded on page 152)*

ILLUSTRATION BY KAREN BARBOUR

FOR RESERVATIONS AND TRAVEL INFORMATION SEE WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 149.

BARRY SCHECK (continued from page 80)

"I don't want to talk about that." For a moment he seems on the verge of walking out.

and polymorphic loci.

Oh, and—don't you know?—he has also written screenplays. Three of them. Two were sold to Hollywood, including *Doin' the Dozens*, a never-made farce in which the heroes, con men named Sam and Barney, devise a game show in which various social groups insult one another. Mexicans versus Mormons. Blacks versus Jewish American Princesses. Mobsters versus Shiite Muslims. Gays versus Hell's Angels. Scheck's buddy and co-author, Harold Rosenthal, chuckles while describing the plot over the phone, but Scheck won't give up the script for a reading. "Too dark," he says, grinning.

Instead, he talks about his father the tap dancer, who hosted a television show and managed such stars as Connie Francis and Bobby Darin. He recites the list of bands that performed at Woodstock—the original, which he attended until the very end, when Jimi Hendrix played the national anthem. His eyes fill with tears as he recalls how, when he was 11 years old, he escaped a horrific fire that killed his younger sister, caused his father to have a heart attack and destroyed his mother's capacity to experience joy.

Only one subject turns Barry Scheck testy: Orenthal James Simpson. Scheck refuses to say whether he attended a reunion dinner that O.J. hosted with Johnnie Cochran in New York last October to celebrate the second anniversary of Simpson's acquittal. "Scheck and Neufeld were there," Cochran confirmed. "It was a great night. We talked about what the case had meant to us. It was magnificent, touching for everyone."

Scheck becomes most irritated when questioned about Simpson's innocence. "Why are you asking me about that?" he snaps. "I don't want to talk about that." For a moment he seems on the verge of walking out. Then he answers, as if by rote, voice low, eyes distant: "All a lawyer can say is, I don't know, I wasn't there. But look at the evidence. We raised the questions for there to be reasonable doubt." A pause. "I don't know the answer. Never pretend to."

More than anything, the Simpson trial launched Scheck as a celebrity, a veritable Perry Mason with a *schnoz*. Strangers call his name when he walks through airports or down streets, and when he goes to Yankee Stadium. "Yo, Barry! If we kill the ump, will you get us off?" one shouted. Others curse and tell him that he should be ashamed. Fame has forced Scheck into the awkward new role of managing his public persona.

One Sunday in November, having returned to New York from Woodward's trial, Scheck planned to watch Cochran preach at a Brooklyn church attended by their new big-name client, Abner Louima, the Haitian immigrant allegedly tortured by New York police. But the prospect of encountering reporters and photographers makes Scheck queasy. "I'm not going," he says. He doesn't want to divert attention from Louima. He doesn't know who might be there—fringe political activists or the clot of bickering lawyers who had latched on to Louima's cause. He doesn't want to get caught on film shaking hands with the wrong person.

Yet, when the hour arrives, the entertainer's son who harbored unsated fantasies of singing and dancing on his dad's TV show cannot stay away from the spotlight. Scheck not only shows up but sits in the front pew, clapping as Cochran introduces himself to the throng with his favorite couplet: "Let me tell you that I can still say, 'If it doesn't fit, you must acquit.'" After a brief press conference, the purpose of which seems only to declare that the Dream Team has arrived East, Cochran lingers to explain his sermon, which included a recounting of how he found God when he was 11 years old. Scheck bolts out the door.

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Comedian and Los Angeles–based radio host Harry Shearer is deconstructing how Barry Scheck became a great American punch line, why comics invoke Scheck to tickle their audiences. "For starters, he has the 'k' at the end of his name. 'K' is the comedy consonant. That's why chicken is the comedy bird," Shearer explains. "Scheck's also short. That's funny. And it's the sound of his voice. He's got that New York voice, especially the way he uses it in the courtroom. He's at the other end of the spectrum from Johnnie Cochran, who's like molasses. Barry Scheck is two and a half pounds of smoked salmon. The hair is the only thing that saves him. If he were bald, we could make fun of him forever."

In the weeks during and after the Woodward trial, rants targeting Scheck were a regular feature on talk radio and in the pundits-only sections of newspapers. Under the headline BARRY SCHECK BLOWING SMOKE IN YOUR FACE, Anne Roiphe, columnist for *The New York Observer*, wrote: "Put Barry Scheck together with a smoking gun and he'll find six expert witnesses to tell you that the gun is really a pastrami sandwich, and the burning in your eyes is nothing more than an allergic reaction to the prosecution's blowing smoke in your face."

Shearer, on his nationally broadcast *Le Show*, mimicked O.J. consoling Scheck after Woodward's guilty verdict. "Makes me real grateful I got you when you were fresh," the Simpson character tells him. *Saturday Night Live* imagined Woodward asking Scheck for a job caring for his children. "Uh, we're not looking for anyone right now," Scheck squeals. The doorbell rings. It's O.J., thanking him for the acquittal. Then the Unabomber knocks. He's looking for a lawyer. So is Terry Nichols.

"I'll never forget that magical night," the Scheck character says, "laughing and singing with Terry Nichols, O.J., the British nanny and the Unabomber. We became the best of friends. Then I woke up and realized that my wife had been stabbed and my baby had been stabbed and my house had been blown up twice. Yes, some people might call that a tragedy, but I call it four new clients. And four new friends."

In truth, Scheck might be pleased to get a new high-profile case, but he would never enjoy himself trying it. Or admit to enjoying himself, anyway. He works long hours, then stays awake fretting about his cases, about whether he is, as he says, living up to his goal of "being a good person and a good lawyer at the same time."

His ego is large, but so is his capacity for self-doubt. He wants you to know that he once won 29 consecutive jury trials. He doesn't want you to know the information came from him.

"Just say I'm good with juries," he says, nodding.

Ask him how he enjoyed that four-day family jaunt to the Caribbean, and he mumbles, "You know, OK."

Ask him how it feels to watch an inmate he has worked to exonerate walk free from prison, and he says, "Exhilarating. Sad in some ways. Humbling. You worry about what will happen to him."

Even in repose, his expression tends toward a scowl.

"He's a man of conflict," says his wife, Dorothy, a social worker. "He's either anxious or depressed. It's rare that he's really happy."

(continued on page 144)

PLAYMATES REVISITED: THE COLLINSON TWINS

the first twin playmates had the world seeing double

In October 1970 PLAYBOY doubled the world's pleasure—and made history—by introducing Mary and Madeleine Collinson, the first identical twin Playmates. Born in 1952 on Malta, the tantalizing twosome spent their teen years modeling before heading to Hollywood to star in such films as *The Love Machine* (1971) and *Twins of Evil* (1972). "There's really little difference in the way that we think and in the things we like to do," 18-year-old Madeleine said in 1970. That may well be true, but they're still a ringing endorsement of the maxim, The more the merrier.

"Modeling is o holiday—wearing pretty clothes and getting paid," the twins (on the October 1970 cover, left) once soid. Without clothes (above ond above left), things were trickier—photographer Dwight Hooker shot between 700 and 800 sheets of 8"x10" film to create the duo's Centerfold.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER

"Everyone thinks we're special, but we hate the distinction," Mary once said of being a twin. Today, the twins live separate lives—Mary in Milan with an Italian gentleman and two daughters, and Madeleine on Malta with her husband and three kids.

"What I want to know is, where's that muscular, curly-haired, take-charge stranger your psychic said you were going to meet on your vacation?"

Dave's Garage

PLAYBOY'S MODERN LIVING EDITOR FINALLY GETS HIS HANDS DIRTY

As PLAYBOY's Modern Living Editor, David Stevens has an indecent amount of fun checking out great guy-toys, traveling to exotic places and evaluating fine food, wines, spirits, cigars and other worldly delights. What's more, he gets to drive a wide range of exciting new automobiles. We persuaded Dave to give us his notes. Who knows what might come next. Maybe *Dave's Basement?*

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Along with reading my opinions (fueled by a fondness for such outré wheels as Morgans and Citröens), with this page you'll be privy to the thinking of Arthur Kretchmer, PLAYBOY's Editorial Director, and Ken Gross, our Contributing Automotive Editor and director of the Petersen Automotive Museum in Los Angeles. And if it's a station wagon or SUV I'm driving, Hobbes, my 185-pound English mastiff, will tag along for our Big Dog test.

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Though General Motors now owns Saab, we're fortunate that GM's buttoned-down mind-set hasn't reached Sweden. The all-new 9-5 (pictured here) is everything its predecessor, the 9000, was plus more—eccentric, innovative and fun. A 2.3-liter turbo 9-5 is available, but why not opt for the 3.0-liter turbo SE model, which, according to Saab, beats the Audi A6's zero-to-60 time by about two seconds? It's fast and the handling and suspension are Trollhättan rather than Tokyo. Saab's quirky creature comforts and go-the-extra-mile safety features have endeared its cars to drivers since 1947. The ergonomic cockpit feels more like a jet plane's, and the ignition key is in the center console where it belongs (next to the window switches). The glove compartment is air-conditioned (a great place to store York Peppermint Patties), ventilated leather seats are optional and the audio system automatically adjusts the volume to compensate for road noise as you accelerate. For about $37,000, you're getting a lot for your money.

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SHORT DRIVES: Subaru's Forester (right) may look sawed-off, but it is perfect for cut-and-thrust urban traffic and hauling a big dog to your country estate. • An automotive puzzler: Why hasn't the Mitsubishi Diamante ES sold out? Priced at $32,000, it's sleek, fast and a great value. • Putting the Lexus GS400 up against the Mercedes-Benz C43 AMG is like betting on Godzilla over King Kong. The phrase "blindly fast" hardly does justice to the response from these sedans when you nail the accelerator. Based on my sphincter test, the Lexus feels quicker, and I prefer its interior (the Benz' two-tone decor reminds me of a pair of golf shoes). But the understated sedan from Stuttgart wins the holy-shit-Patricia-what-was-that? award every time you dust some poseur in his Cadillac Catera. About $53,000 buys you a monster car that should hold its value.

Above: Maybe Saab should have named its 9-5 model the Refuge. Its cockpit is cozy, well insulated and ergonomically smart. Left: Different-looking—but obviously still a Saab.

Below: Hobbes gives the nimble Subaru Forester two paws up for headroom and ease of entry. His vote on the backseat cup holders is another story.

•

RIDING SHOTGUN: The new VW Passat GLS passed through Dave's Garage recently. It's firm and responsive, a real sports sedan at a realistic price. We also put our hands on the Mercedes ML 320 SUV, and didn't want to let go. The Benz truck is tall, roomy, elegantly leathered and rugged, with flawless performance from the full-time four-wheel drive. A BMW 740iL seemed cramped in the front seat compared to the size of the car and engine. It's a car better suited to expressways than byways. Contrary to what Dave thought, I found the Forester to be soft and swoopy. The new Beetle is more than a retro toy. It's a nicely detailed driving machine—innovative inside, fun to drive and it brings out the best in strangers, especially women. Last, the new Toyota Sienna van is an eye-opener. While the new Camry and Corolla feel like baby steps in Toyota's evolution, the Sienna says superior in every nook and cranny. Can the new Daimler-Chrysler team top this? —A.K.

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With the popularity of Volkswagen's new Beetle and the Plymouth Prowler, it seems the era of the retro car is upon us. Vehicles that we thought were gone forever may return in a slightly altered guise. So what's your choice for a retro redo? A 1957 T-Bird? A '64 Mustang? Maybe a '65 GTO? Just e-mail your preference to davesgrg@playboy.com or mail it to Dave's Garage, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We'll run your picks in a future issue.

Loafin'

Fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

NOTHING SAYS
NONCHALANCE LIKE
SHOES WITH
NO LACES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 149.

Loafers are versatile; loafers are cool. Most important, loafers are back. They can dress down a suit or dress up jeans; you can go with socks or without (just keep your feet fresh). Penny loafers are considered best for casualwear. Today's loafers have a high vamp (the tongue of leather that hides your sock), which keeps your pants from snagging on the shoe and gives the crease a better break. Brown is a good fall color because it matches earth-toned suits. For a finish, think either textured (suede) or high gloss—nothing in the middle. Bottom left: The first shoe is a penny loafer with a welt seam and embossed calfskin, by Bottega Veneta ($460). At one time welts were found only on moccasins, but now dressier styles have them, too. The next shoe is a split-toe penny loafer by Joseph Abboud ($275). Next to it is a grainy slip-on with signature gold bar, by Bruno Magli ($235), followed by a suede moccasin with contrasting stitching, by Kenneth Cole ($98). The penultimate loafer is a square-toed dress shoe with vamp piping, by Bottega Veneta ($350); the last is a penny loafer by Cole-Haan ($350).

HAIR AND MAKEUP BY FRANÇDIS ILNSEHER

WOMAN'S STYLING BY INGE FONTEYNE FOR THE AGENCY, NYC

the Summer night's Buzz

Tell Me More, Tell Me More

Outdoor Eats

Blue Heaven, *Key West, Florida*
Reel Inn, *Malibu*
Savoy Tivoli, *San Francisco*
Northside Café, *Chicago*
Brunetta's, *New York City*

CHICAGO AL FRESCO

Upscale Outdoor Dining

Bay Wolf Café, *Oakland*
North Pond Café, *Chicago*
Le Cigale, *New York City*
Bayona, *New Orleans*
Blossom Café, *Charleston, South Carolina*

STAR SPOTTING: LA'S MONDRIAN

Best Clothing-Optional Beach

Gunnison Beach, *Sandy Hook, New Jersey*

Best Beer Gardens

Port O'Call, *Salt Lake City*
The Gingerman, *Austin, Texas*
Fireside Restaurant & Lounge, *Chicago*
Bohemian Hall, *Queens, New York*
The Terrace, *Madison, Wisconsin*

No-Fail Pickup Bars

The Derby, *Los Angeles*
Louie's Backyard, *South Padre Island, Texas*
Déjà Vu, *Chicago*
Spinnaker Beach Club, *Panama City, Florida*
The Rock, *Tucson, Arizona*

Best Bar To Flirt With A Celebrity

Sky Bar at the Mondrian Hotel, *Los Angeles*

Where To Watch Girls

Garden of Eden, *Los Angeles*
Dirtbags, *Tucson, Arizona*
Narcisse, *Chicago*
The pool at Hard Rock Hotel & Casino, *Las Vegas*
South Beach Pub, *Miami Beach*
Café Chardonnay, *Palm Beach Gardens, Florida*

Best Outdoor Dive

El Rio, *San Francisco*

Cigar Hot Spots

Monarch Bay Courtyard of the Ritz-Carlton, *Laguna Niguel, California*

COHIBAS IN THE COURTYARD: THE RITZ-CARLTON AT LAGUNA NIGUEL

FX McRory's, *Seattle*
Hamilton's, *Las Vegas*
Lone Wolf, *Dallas*
Club Macanudo, *New York City and Chicago*
Havana Club (above Ruth's Chris Steakhouse), *Baltimore*

Where To Make Out

Gates Pass, *Tucson, Arizona*
Graceland Cemetery, *Chicago*
Under the lawn sprinklers on Harvard campus, *Cambridge, Massachusetts*
Coral Castle, *Homestead, Florida*
A carriage ride in Central Park, *New York City*

Best Rooftop Dancing

Carbon, *New York City*

Cool Picnic Sites

Marina Green, *San Francisco*
Rittenhouse Square, *Philadelphia*
Picnic Point, *Madison, Wisconsin*
Stone Mountain, *Georgia*
Grant Park during Jazz Fest, *Chicago*
Jamaica Wildlife Preserve, *New York City*
Griffith Park, *Los Angeles*

Best Sunsets

Trestles, *San Mateo Point, California*
Ocracoke Island, *North Carolina*
Ludington State Park, *Ludington, Michigan*
Kailua Beach, *Oahu, Hawaii*
Flying Point Beach, *Watermill, New York*
Caladesi Island State Park, *Dunedin, Florida*

GET YOUR KICKS AT THE 66

Best Urban Beach

Oak Street Beach, *Chicago*

Best Late-Night Calorie Fest

Fries with feta and a chocolate malt at the Grill, *Athens, Georgia*

Best Late-Night Calorie Fest, Part Two

Any hour at Krispy Kreme when the sign reads "Hot Donuts Now"

Top Ten Drive-Ins

Cinderella Drive-In, *Denver*
66 Drive-In, *Carthage, Missouri*
Brazos Drive-In, *Granbury, Texas*
49er Drive-In, *Valparaiso, Indiana*
Rustic Drive-In, *North Smithfield, Rhode Island*
Sundance Drive-In, *Toledo, Ohio*
Starlight Drive-In, *Atlanta*
Galaxy Drive-In, *North Vandergrift, Pennsylvania*
Family Drive-In, *Stephens City, Virginia*
South Bay Triple Drive-In, *San Diego*

Best Outdoor Film Series

Hudson River Park Conservancy Riverflicks, *New York City*

Where The Rebels Are

Elberton, Georgia rock quarries, at night

Best Retro Hangout

Seaside Heights, *New Jersey*

Coolest Thrill Ride

Power Tower *(Cedar Point), Sandusky, Ohio*

RAPTOR TERROR AT CEDAR POINT

Guaranteed To Scare The Pants Off Her

Raptor *(Cedar Point), Sandusky, Ohio*
Loch Ness Monster *(Busch Gardens), Williamsburg, Virginia*
Steel Phantom *(Kennywood Park), West Mifflin, Pennsylvania*

Best Rock And Bowls

Garden Bowl, *Detroit*
Mid-City Lanes, *New Orleans*
Diversey River Bowl, *Chicago*

Cool Drinks

Rattler: *lemonade and beer*
Blood and Sand: *scotch, cherry brandy, sweet vermouth, orange juice*
Lemonade Slush: *vodka, triple sec, crushed ice, sugar, lemons*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KIRSTEN ULVE

Bruce Willis

america's favorite wisenheimer upbraids clinton, defends the $7 burger and explains why "vanity fair" sucks

Possessed of Hollywood's most famous smirk, Bruce Willis has acted in movies of every genre, starring in some of the biggest box office hits ("Die Hard," "Die Harder," "Die Hard With a Vengeance") and appearing in a range of quieter movies such as "Nobody's Fool," for which he was widely praised by critics. This summer, he's saving the world once again in "Armageddon," and he'll next star in a movie he's producing based on Kurt Vonnegut's "Breakfast of Champions."

Willis is from Carneys Point, New Jersey, where his father was a welder. He began acting in high school and studied theater at Montclair State College. He moved to New York to pursue acting, supporting himself by bartending. In 1984, he got the lead in an off-Broadway production of Sam Shephard's "Fool for Love," which led to an audition for a TV pilot starring Cybill Shepherd. The show, "Moonlighting," became a huge hit.

Willis married Demi Moore in 1987, and they have three daughters, Rumer, Scout and Tallulah. In addition they are active shareholders (with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Sylvester Stallone) in Planet Hollywood, where Willis occasionally indulges another passion: playing rock and roll. When not working, Willis moves among homes on each coast and a spread in Idaho. He says he spends as much time as he can with his children. "That's a gift I'm fortunate enough to be able to give my kids—me. My time," he told PLAYBOY.

Contributing Editor David Sheff first met with Willis for a "Playboy Interview" in 1996. This time, Sheff reports, Willis instantly put him on the defensive. "Bruce is one of the few Hollywood actors whose offscreen presence is as imposing as the one he has in movies. As I turned on the tape recorder, he issued a challenge. 'I've done so many fucking interviews about the same fucking things,' he said. 'I want you to be the guy who gets at something the other nincompoops don't get at.' It was the type of line Hollywood scriptwriters have fed him for years, and he delivered it with the type of menace only he can get away with."

1

PLAYBOY: What do you see in your children as an unfortunate inheritance from you? Have they ever given you back one of your smirks?

WILLIS: My middle daughter has my smirk. It's a genetic thing; there's no other explanation. Children of famous people are saddled with great responsibility. It's a problem. People watch their every move. We are trying to let our children be children as long as they can.

2

PLAYBOY: What is your response when they try one of your lines on you—say, "Yippee-ki-yay, motherfucker"?

WILLIS: Hasn't happened. The kids see only the PG movies we do. If they hear about the others from someone, I just tell them that this is what mommy and daddy do for a living. It's not real life, it's just a job. We are fortunate to have the job, but it's just a job.

3

PLAYBOY: In your movies, you often play the underdog who gets revenge, saving airports, buildings and humanity. What real-life underdogs do you admire?

WILLIS: I look up to people who, in the face of overwhelming odds, tighten their belts and say, "I will try as hard as I can to do the right thing." Doing the right thing is at the top of my list. That's different from the guys in the movies. They're archetypes. The underdog facing overwhelming odds isn't something I created. That has existed since the Thirties, since James Cagney, since Humphrey Bogart, since Henry Fonda, since Robert De Niro.

4

PLAYBOY: As a Republican who campaigned for George Bush, are you amused by the sex scandals surrounding Clinton?

WILLIS: No. All I want is for the president of the United States to come clean. And to have his friends come clean. He should have Susan McDougal tell the truth instead of saying, "I will go to jail rather than tell the truth." I would have much more respect for her if she told the truth. We have put a price on knowledge gained privately. Somewhere in the world right now, some young person is saying, "I don't have a good job yet, but I hope to work with someone famous so I can rat them out and earn $100,000." It's pathetic. I have no understanding why this guy remains president. I don't care if Bill Clinton fucks a million women. If he's president of the United States, there are certain rules he has to follow. A lot of people in this country feel the same way. His integrity is in question. The public is sick of it. That's why people don't vote. Clinton was elected by a lesser margin than Dukakis lost by. No one gives a fuck anymore.

5

PLAYBOY: You once told us that you could never run for political office because of your checkered past—"unless they start grading on a curve." What will life be like when we have political leaders without checkered pasts?

WILLIS: I don't know what we'll have, but I know what we should have and how to get it. Fire everyone. Put my cousin in there. Put your uncle in there. Put in guys who don't know anything about it. All they have to do is follow the rules. They'd do better than the people in now. Government is a great job. *(continued on page 152)*

"Let's dump all this corny Victorian crap and create something wildly contemporary."

WHY THE ORAL FIX IS THE PERFECT CLIMAX TO AN ERA OF NONPENETRATING INSIGHTS

Blow Job Nation

Essay By Emily Prager

HOW FITTING that the Nineties should end with visions of blow jobs. Whether any involved President Clinton or not, the blow job feels right—not weird, not prurient—as the defining emblem for these past ten years. It is sexual fast food. In lieu of deeper and more penetrating sex, sex that might heal you, it's quick and detached. So it seems right that the Gulf war, with its high-speed, video-game technology and curiously deflating outcome, was the classic conflict of the Blow Job Decade.

Of course, the Blow Job Decade was a direct response to the AIDS epidemic that plagued the Eighties. Death-through-sex had a logically chilling effect, which led to a newfound appreciation of extended foreplay.

According to an article in *The New York Times*, high school kids in the Nineties give or get blow jobs so regularly that many no longer even think of them as intimate. So it should come as no surprise that the White House doesn't think of a blow job as an act of infidelity.

It wasn't always thus. Until the late Sixties, blow jobs were the domain of prostitutes. No wife or girlfriend would perform such a lowly act. It was accepted that men went to prostitutes to get blow jobs.

A shift occurred in the late Sixties, thanks to the sexual revolution. Regular women started to give blow jobs, at least on special occasions such as birthdays. In the Seventies we thrilled to the decadence of blow jobs. In the Eighties men and women bought coke with them. Through most of the Nineties blow jobs often substituted for riskier penetration until, at last, at the end of the decade, they are nothing to us, not really sex, more like a peck on the cheek. How far we've come.

Looked at in terms of history then, if President Clinton did indeed beg a blow job or two at the end of the century, he has virtually done nothing at all. It is only to his fellow baby boomers, reared in the Fifties when blow jobs still held a certain novelty, that he is a rake. But as veterans of the sexual revolution, boomers have their own excesses to forgive and forget.

The O.J. Simpson trial, another pivotal drama of the Nineties, was more like a failed blow job—months of focused, determined slogging that in the end led to no satisfaction at all. The same thing has happened with Serbian war-crimes trials in the Hague. Both were reminiscent of those nights you don't want to remember.

Prozac, Jiffy Lube, Starbucks, cigar clubs, e-mail—the Nineties have definitely favored the quick fix with immediate results. If you think of a blow job as a rigid system of stimulation, done repetitively with only few variations in technique, that almost always produces instant gratification, then computers and Web sites are a natural part of the blow job landscape.

The Blow Job Decade was a time of increasing political correctness, when date rape emerged as a hot-button issue, when Anita Hill muddied the waters and when *Seventeen* magazine was banned from a school library for being too salacious. Blow jobs have always been the virgin's last resort, a way of *(concluded on page 136)*

ILLUSTRATION BY NOAH WOODS

The Women of Iceland

are they the most beautiful in the world? to find out we sent our reporter to the land of buried shark's meat, reindeer stew and black death cocktails

By Bruce Jay Friedman

WORD REACHES me on a lazy day in August that as a longtime admirer of women—with a preference for blondes—I am wasting my time in Southampton. If my information is correct, the purest, most delightful representatives of the species exist in far-off Iceland. Hollywood's fairest are no match for them.

The women of mighty Stockholm, considered by many to be the blonde capital of the world, offer little competition. But Iceland in the summer? Iceland at any time, for that matter? Isn't it just ice?

Not to worry. I'm told the country, though 30 miles from the Arctic Circle, is warmed by the Gulf Stream and has a climate that is cool, comfortable and free of Long Island humidity—ideal.

Thus assured, I'm off on that most noble of enterprises—a search for the ultimate blonde.

The caring and attentive flight attendants of Icelandic Airlines are blonde enough but tend to be on the matronly side. Still, they give off a promise of golden-haired daughters awaiting them at Keflavík Airport. Disappointingly, no such daughters are in evidence. The few blondes at the arrival gate have a suspiciously bottled look.

Is it possible that the cream of Iceland's blonde corps have been sent off to start colonies abroad?

A grim thought.

Matters fail to improve on the long journey to Reykjavík (the Bay of Smoke), *(text continued on page 136)*

Say *gódan dag* (hello) to Akureyri native Birna Willard (opposite), in front of one of Iceland's famed sod houses along the Sogid River. As you can see, model Dúo (top) is at a crossroads in her life. No surprise—the lady loves to travel. And at right, meet 21-year-old artist Birta Björnsdóttir from Reykjavík. The sweater's from a local boutique, the face is from heaven.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Travel enthusiast Katia (top left) has finished college and works as a salesclerk in Reykjavik. She continues to study psychology, paints for recreation and practices yoga when she needs to chill out. Model Zara (middle left) keeps herself busy being a knockout for a living. When she's not in front of the camera, she divides her time among contact sports, skiing and hanging out with friends. To Zara's right is Sólveig Zophoniasdóttir, also a model and only 19 years old. Angora never looked so good. At left, thot's Zara behind the wheel, giving a lift to Sólveig (left) and Dúa (right, from the opening spread). The intrepid trio is gliding along Jökulsárlón, a glacial lake.

Iceland's summer sun shines thraughout the night, and Thóra Skuladóttir (abave) isn't going ta miss a mament af it. When she's an land, the 20-year-ald waitress gravitates taward animals, especially horses. At right is Arngunnur Ægisdóttir, a model wha warks in a clothing stare. An avid aerobicist, Arngunnur canfesses a weakness for real-life adventures and candlelit dinners. And below is madel Dúa (previausly pictured at a crossraads and glacier-skiing), who enjays dancing, reading and gaing ta the mavies. Dúa wants you to know that she's pasing here on lamb's wool, not fur. But who's looking at the blanket?

You can't say Icelandic scenery is boring. Above, Lovisa Gudmundsdóttir (also in inset) relaxes at the Blue Lagoon, a favarite spot amang locals and tourists that was carved out by Iceland's famed valcanic activity. Known far its mineral-rich waters, the Lagoon features earth fissures that spaut steam, a waterside geothermal power station and loads of enthusiastic sunbathers. Here's alluring model and globe-trotter Alda, angling for a bite (at right) and visiting the lacal fishing-tackle store (opposite, tap). She'll have na trouble persuading someone to wait on her. Below is 19-year-old Arna, a salesclerk who's halfway through college. We're not sure what's on her mind at the moment, but we think it's your move. And say hey to Helga Björg Kolbeinsdóttir (opposite, bottom), a 26-year-old Reykjavík native who tails in political science for a living and tae kwon da for a kick.

Meet Dagný Heidarsdóttir, above, who was born in Akureyri and lives in Reykjavik, where she works with handicapped peaple. Dagný is pictured in front of Iceland's most popular raad-rally car—though, to be honest, that wasn't the chassis we were looking at. At left: That's political scientist Helga again, peerlessly pretty hanging out at the pier.

Camping out under the Iceland skies is Kristin Arnardóttir (abave left), a university student who enjoys gymnastics, snowboarding and traveling. And here's saleswoman Vala taking in nature's steam bath at right, and all set to bareback, above right. Thóra Dungal (below) is a 22-year-old beauty who squeezes in madeling gigs when she's not swimming, cooking or traveling. And finally, do a double take at Edda Rún Ragnarsdóttir (opposite, left) and Rúna Magdalena Gudmundsdóttir (opposite, right), both of whom possess that unique Icelandic blend af energy, smarts, practicality and sexiness. Edda attends art schaal and dreams of becoming an interiar designer. And Rúna, who works in a coffee shap, likes "ta bathe in lots of bubbles, with a large glass of beer and a big Cuban cigar," and "having my boyfriend palish my toenails." *Skál!*

Frenchie (continued from page 74)

The strippers would avoid him like he was a disease. He was just another short, fat, bald working stiff.

gotta see you," he said.

"What? Something happen to the motel? You put up the shutters, didn't you? I told you——"

"Fuck the motel! This is important."

"You see a hurricane coming you put up the shutters or else——"

"I put up the fucking shutters! The motel is fine. This is something else."

Meyer calmed down, his precious fleabag was OK. "So? Tell me."

"Not on the phone. Not your office, either. Someplace private."

Meyer sighed, like he was dealing with some hyper kid. "Solly——"

Sol exhaled a great breath, tried to calm himself. It was so long he'd forgotten how to deal with Meyer, what caught his attention. "There's something in this for you, Meyer. A nice piece a cake."

"How big a piece?"

Sol smiled. "Big enough."

"All right. I'll be at the Trap tonight you wanna see me."

•

Sol hadn't been to the Trap in a long time. There was no reason anymore. With no bread, the strippers would avoid him like he was a disease. He was just another short, fat, bald working stiff now. Three sawbucks in his wallet instead of a wad of C-notes wrapped with an elastic band. He wondered if he'd remember how to get there. North on 95, west on Atlantic, north on Powerline past Black Town, west on Hammondville, and the Trap was up ahead, its pink and baby blue sign flashing 24 hours a day. THE BOOBY TRAP LOUNGE, HOME OF STYLISH NUDE ENTERTAINMENT. Meyer's little touch. Meyer owned a piece of the Trap, just like he owned a piece of the Royal Palm and everything. Meyer was the smugglers' full-service shyster. His clients were the growers in Medellín, the pilots like Sol, the transporters in Miami, the dealers on the street. He got ten percent from everyone on a deal, not even counting the retainer he got from everyone, too.

Meyer was at his usual table in the darkened Champagne Room off the main room of the Trap, dancers scattered around like flowers in a field, naked on plastic boxes under rose-colored lights. Sol walked through the main room, past the girls and the tables of guys, nobody recognizing him, to Meyer, whose shiny pink face with thick-lensed eyeglasses was upturned to a girl dancing on his table, thrusting her trimmed bush at him. Sol sat down facing the broad's ass, leaning his head to one side to see Meyer.

"Meyer, I ain't got time," Sol said.

Meyer made him wait until the girl was finished. He reached up a hand, always the fucking gentleman, to help her step down from the table, the girl pouting now, like she hated to leave the sexiest guy in the world, until Meyer slipped a C-note into her garter and she stopped pouting and kissed Meyer on the lips. "Thanks, Meyer," she said, still smiling, the way they used to smile at Sol Bass and would again soon. She walked off, swinging her bare ass, not even putting on her little wrap.

Meyer turned his attention to Sol. "So what's the big deal, Sol? You get a better offer managing a Holiday Inn?" He smiled. Sol glanced around the dark empty room, leaned across the table and told him.

Meyer didn't say anything for a minute, then he began to smile again, like he was about to tell Sol something he was going to enjoy. "So, you think you're a player again, eh, Solly?" Sol didn't say anything. He just waited for Meyer to tell him what he was dying to tell him.

Meyer leaned close to Sol, Sol smelling his bad breath, and said, "You know who that parcel belongs to?" Sol waited. "Some very heavy people, I hear. They might want it back. They might be pissed if they find somebody trying to move their parcel."

"Who are these *heavies*?" Sol said, smartass again, feeling it coming back.

"Reverend Jackie." Sol tried not to show what he felt. Meyer went on, still smiling. "Maybe you heard of him?"

"Yeah, I heard of him. And his rasta hitters, like stoned fucking snakes with dreadlocks."

"I were you, Solly, I'd take Jackie a little more serious."

"I'm not afraid of that fucking faggot hairdresser."

"Well, maybe you should be, he finds you're trying to move his parcel. He put the word on the street, ten large anyone gives him a name." Meyer sat back in his chair. He took out his gold cigarette holder, put it in his mouth, sucked on it.

"You still trying to quit, Meyer?" Sol was smiling now. "Bad for your health? Maybe you should make up your mind you're a smoker or not. Settle it once and for all. Be what you are."

Meyer snapped at him, "I know what I am, Sol. It's you don't know what you are. You're the manager of the Royal fucking Palm Motel. That's all. You listen to me. Give Jackie back his parcel. You don't it might be bad for *your* health." He smiled, his capped teeth showing. "Maybe I can broker a finder's fee for you, take ten percent, maybe even eight we go back so far."

Sol stood up. "Fuck you! And Jackie, too. I don't need either of you."

"I'm afraid your husband's out to lunch, Mrs. Williams. Can I take a message?"

As he walked away, he heard Meyer's voice. "Don't say that I didn't warn you, Solly."

•

Sol woke the next morning to a knock on the door. He fumbled around in a dresser drawer for his piece, the little Seecamp .32 ACP. He went to the door, the room still dark—he'd left the hurricane shutters on.

"Who is it?" he said through the door.

"*C'est moi*," said a voice. "Delphine."

Sol stuck the gun in back of his boxer shorts and opened the door.

"Everything is right?" she said, looking worried.

"Sure, kid. Why not?" The Seecamp slipped down his shorts. Sol clamped his hand on it in the crack of his ass before it fell through to the floor.

"The shutters," she said. "They are still on."

Sol smiled, the kid worrying about him. "Oh, yeah. I'll get to it. I been busy."

The kid was frowning now, something still bothering her. "Too busy for dinner?" she said.

Geez, Sol had almost forgot. "Of course not, honey. About nine."

She gave him that big smile, leaned toward him, kissed him on the cheek and walked off toward her ride. Without turning, she waved her hand at him, that European way, the fingers grabbing at the air, meaning *I'll be back*. "Ciao!" And she was gone.

•

Sol dressed for dinner, the first time in a long while, his good blue oxford shirt with the buttons in the collar, his charcoal gray slacks, his loafers with the little tassels. He slapped on some aftershave and looked at himself in the bathroom mirror. Not bad. Looking younger than his age with his blue Paul Newman contacts. Too much belly on him, though, like he didn't care about himself anymore. Until now. He missed his jewelry, his Rolex, only a couple of c-notes and a ten-spot in his wallet. But soon.

They drove south on A1A along the beach in Sol's Alamo-leased Taurus, a holdover from his smuggler days when he always leased and rented things so that when he got caught they couldn't confiscate anything. Except his fucking jewelry. They passed Sunrise, then came to the Strip, the beginning of the renovated hotels and the new outdoor cafés. Locals and tourists were eating outside, staring across at the white beach wall with the neon tube running in it, filled with some kind of liquid that changed color, pink and blue and green, and beyond the wall at the beach and the white surf and the dark ocean and far out on the ocean at the blinking red lights of ships passing slowly by. Sol felt good. The package in his apartment. The little Seecamp in his front pants pocket. The good-looking chick beside him dressed in a creamy silk blouse with no bra, and a tight camel-colored miniskirt that flashed her thighs.

The kid didn't talk much, not like those strippers that never shut up, always talking about themselves, the only subject they had any interest in. Maybe it was hard for her to make small talk in a foreign language. Sol said, "You hungry, baby?" The way he used to, "baby," like she was his now.

"No hurry," she said, looking out her window at the tourists sitting at the cafés.

He turned right on Las Olas, went over the high Intracoastal Bridge. She sat up in her seat to look down at the yachts docked in front of the waterfront mansions.

"Is very expensive, no?" she said.

"Very expensive," Sol said as they came off the bridge and drove past more outdoor restaurants and then the fancy dress shops with the mannequins in the window in white lace wedding dresses only broads in Lauderdale would wear, so low-cut they flashed the top half of their tits. Sol stopped at the valet stand at the Left Bank, the expensive French joint he thought she might enjoy.

The maître d', a dark, oily-looking guy in a tux and frilly pink shirt, stopped them at the dining room entrance.

"You have reservations, Monsieur?" He looked Sol up and down, gave Frenchie only a glance, pissing Sol off.

"Hey, slick——" He felt the kid's hand on his arm, stopping him. She was looking at the maître d' with her big blue eyes now unreadable, not cold, not angry, but like she was a scientist looking through a microscope at a bug. She said something in French. His eyes widened, then he said, "*Certainement*, Mademoiselle." He bowed and made a sweeping gesture with his big menus. The kid walked past him, followed by Sol, past the other diners, old guys in dark suits and crisp white shirts, old ladies in evening dresses with upswept silver hair and about 40, 50 large in diamonds around their necks.

The maître d' led them to a banquette against the far wall. The kid slid in first, flashing those thighs, and then Sol slid in beside her. The maître d' handed them each a menu with a flourish and another bow and was gone.

Sol looked at her. "What did you say to him?"

"Oh, nothing, just that I recognize his accent. Algerian French." She smiled. "He recognize mine, too." A bigger smile now. "Parisian French."

Sol laughed. "You're somethin' else, baby," he said, and shook his head in admiration.

They studied their menus, in French, with no prices—A bad sign, Sol thought, thinking of the lousy two bills in his pocket and the ten-spot he'd need for

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the valet.

"I order for us," she said, taking charge. This was a new feeling for Sol. Not bad, really, having a chick on your arm with class who could take care of herself, and you, too.

She spoke French to the good-looking young waiter. He nodded with each choice, writing it down in his little book, then snapped the book shut and gave her a big *GQ* smile. She said something else to him in French. His eyes shifted to Sol for a split second and then Sol thought he saw a small smile on the guy's lips, like he was sharing a joke with her, and then he backed off.

"What was that about?" Sol said.

"Oh, nothing. He asked if *mon père* would like something to drink, maybe scotch."

"Pear?"

"Father. I said no, and that you are not *mon père*. You are—how do you say in English?—my date."

Sol smiled. She made him feel good, taking his mind off his problems. Jackie and his rasta hitters, the parcel, how he was going to move it. He asked her what she had ordered for them. She told him escargots, frogs' legs, a bottle of Pouilly-Fuissé she was surprised to find in America. It probably cost 50 bucks, Sol thought, trying to calculate in his head if his two bills would cover it all. Geez, she was like a stripper! But the moment he thought that, he felt foolish. The poor kid probably just ordered stuff she was used to in Paris, like it was something she always had there, like McDonald's for Americans, and she didn't realize how expensive it was in the States.

When the waiter brought the wine, Sol sniffed the cork, took a sip, nodded, and the guy poured. She raised her glass to Sol's with a big smile on her beautiful, scrubbed face and said, "To you, Monsieur Sol, for being a so sweet man." Sol blushed as they touched glasses. Sweet! Did she mean it?

"Now, to you," Sol said, raising his glass to hers again. "To your stay in America and success in your job." A frown passed across her face. "What's the matter?" he said.

"Is all right," she said, trying to hold it in, but showing it, like a kid.

"Come on, baby. You can tell me."

She turned and looked at him, her eyes serious now. "It is my boss."

"What about him?" Making him drag it out of her.

"He is, how do you say it, romantic to me."

"And you?"

"Oh, no! He is just my boss."

"Then tell him that."

"I try, but he won't listen."

Sol felt his face flush with anger. "You want me to tell him?"

"Oh, no!" she said, knowing what he meant. "I have to do it. But it is hard. He is the kind of man used to getting everything he want. And he knows I need this job to keep my visa and stay in America."

"Yeah, America's nice," Sol said. "But I heard Paris ain't so bad."

"For you, maybe," she said in a flat voice. "But for me, Paris is *mort*."

"Mort?"

"Death."

Sol laughed, the kid being dramatic. "What, you kidding?"

She shook her head no and looked down at the table. She was silent for a moment. When she finally raised her pale-blue eyes to him again, they were opened wide. "My life in Paris is, how you say it . . . proscribed for me. My father is a diplomat, a very important man. He wants me to marry. A lawyer."

"You don't love him?"

"That is not the point," she said. "You don't understand. If I marry him I live in a big château outside Paris, with servants and children. My husband will take an apartment in Paris where he works. And a mistress. That is how it is done. Maybe he will visit me on the weekends." She shrugged. "Maybe no. Maybe I will be out there alone, walking through my garden in my straw hat with my gloves, cutting flowers for the vases in all those rooms in that old château that will be my prison."

She smiled at Sol now, not really a smile, more a knowing grin. "That is how it will be for me if I go back. Worse even than your hotel with the bugs, you see." The grin vanished and her voice became hard. "Don't you understand? I will do anything to not go back to that life."

Sol nodded, like he was the kid and had to have things explained to him. "So that's why you put up with your boss?"

She nodded, trying to calm herself. "I make the mistake one night and tell him all this. That's why he put me in your apartment. Alone. With no car. So I will meet no one. He will have me all to himself."

"He sounds worse than your life in Paris."

She glared at him. "Never. Not even he is worse."

The waiter brought the snails and they ate in silence, Sol struggling with the little pliers-like tongs, watching how she did it, expertly, holding the round shells in the tongs, then scooping out . . . Geez, Sol thought, fucking worms!

She was very serious as she ate. Finally, she said, "It is not only at work. He takes me to dinner, business, he says, and then goes to *la toilette* every few minutes and by the end of dinner he is, how you say it, aggressive." She said it with emphasis on the last syllable, *eeve*.

"He's doing lines in there," Sol said.

"Lines?"

"Coke. Cocaine. He's a cokehead."

"Yes, I guess that. I think he gives it, the cocaine, to his clients to make the deal. He makes very much money."

The frogs arrived, little dinky things Sol hoped he could get down, knowing what they were. He stared at them, thinking of the unbelievable good luck this kid had brought him.

"Maybe I got a way you can make a few dollars, get your boss off your back," Sol said.

She looked at him as if confused. "Off my back? What is this?"

"Not bother you anymore." She nodded, waiting, not asking but making Sol tell her by her silence. "I have something he might be interested in. A package came into my . . . possession, you might say."

"The package in the swimming pool." Not a question. She knew.

"You know about it?"

"I see it when I go to work. Floating. When I come home is gone."

"You knew what was in it?"

"No." She shook her head, her hair falling across one eye. She brushed the hair off with the backs of her fingertips. "Not then. But now."

Geez, the kid was full of surprises. Just when Sol thought she was so innocent. She left a lot out, unless she wanted you to know something, like about her boss, Paris. You had to fill in the blanks with her, like those paint-by-numbers paintings, only sometimes you got so caught up in the colors, not paying attention to the numbers, you started filling in the colors you thought should be there, not the ones that were supposed to be. You'd find yourself with a sky the wrong blue because you didn't pay attention to the numbers.

"This package," she said, "is this expensive?"

"Very. Maybe too steep for your boss."

"Steep?"

"Too expensive. Maybe $300,000, which would actually be a bargain. Last him a year to impress his clients, make even more money than he's making." Sol looked at her to see if the numbers impressed her. But she gave him nothing, like 300 large was a figure she was used to. Maybe it was, dealing in stocks all day with high rollers.

"It's a little dangerous, too," Sol said.

"You mean, the police?"

"There's that. And your boss, too. It might be too dangerous for him."

She shook her head no, finished chewing the last of her escargots and then said, "He is not afraid of police. He cheat his clients. He give them the cocaine at dinner so they won't remember. Then the next morning he makes stock transfers he tells them they agree to the night before. They can't remember, so they can do nothing."

Sol smiled. "A real sweetheart. Can I trust him? He might want the package without paying for it."

"I can help you," she said. "He trusts me."

"You sure this is something you want to get mixed up in, baby?"

She leaned close to Sol, putting her hand on his thigh, and looked up at him, big eyed. "I don't care about the danger, Sol. With dollars, I can leave, look for another job without lose my visa." She smiled. "I will be free."

Sol smiled, feeling her hand gently massaging his thigh, absentmindedly, he thought. "Me too, baby. Free again."

They discussed the plan over dessert, baked Alaska, which they shared, sitting close, like two lovers, talking softly. The check came to almost two bills, leaving Sol with just enough for the tip and the ten-spot for the valet.

•

As they waited around for the Taurus, the kid slipping her arm around his, Sol saw a black Jeep across the street with two dark forms inside it, waiting. He held the door open for her, then walked around the car with his hand in his front pants pocket, feeling the little Seecamp. He got in, turned on the ignition and the lights and made a U-turn on Las Olas, the lights of his Taurus shining into the Jeep for an instant, illuminating the two rastas with their dreadlocks, and then swung past them down Las Olas. The Jeep followed them over the Intracoastal Bridge, and then left onto A1A along the beach.

Fucking Meyer, Sol thought. Sold my name to Jackie for the ten g's. The kid sat close to him, not talking now. Sol wondered if he should tell her about the rastas, maybe scare her off. No, they didn't want her. They wanted the parcel. But they wouldn't come after him until he tried to move it. They had to be sure he had it, not scare him off too soon. He'd keep her out of it. Let her set up the swap with her boss over lunch tomorrow, get the bread, and then Sol would do the rest. If he couldn't shake two fucking rastas on his tail, he didn't deserve to pull this off. It made him feel good, not scared, the danger of it. Sol Bass wouldn't have it any other way.

When he pulled into the motel parking lot, he shut off the lights and waited a moment. The Jeep moved slowly past and stopped down the road with its lights off. The kid was asleep against his shoulder. He shook her gently. She woke with a dreamy smile.

"We are home?" she said.

"Yeah, baby."

They walked around the motel to her door. Sol listened for the Jeep to start up again, but heard nothing. She put her arms around his neck and kissed him softly on the mouth, not hard and fake-hungry like those strippers. She pulled back from him and smiled.

"Don't worry, baby," Sol said. "Everything's gonna be fine."

"Oh, I'm not worried, Sol. I trust you." And then she was gone, inside, the

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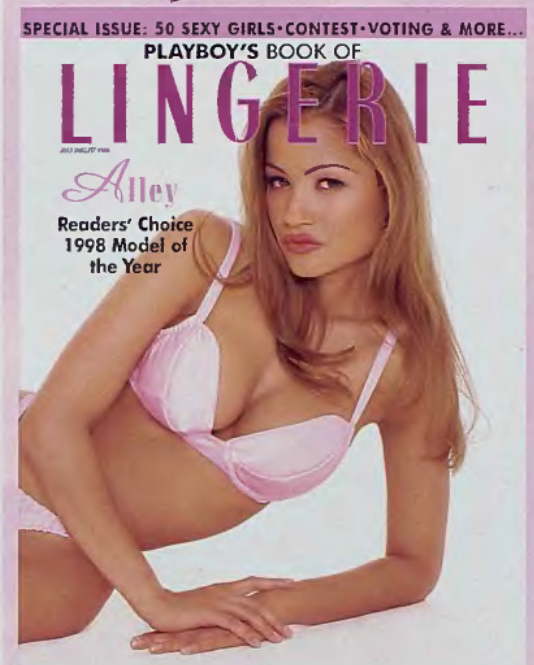

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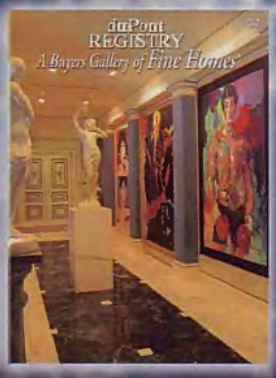

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door shutting behind her, Sol standing there, thinking. It was "Sol" now, no more "Monsieur Sol."

Sol sat on his sofa in darkness, the Seecamp on his lap, waiting for the rastas until he fell asleep just before sunup. He didn't hear her go off to work.

•

Sol got dressed and went around to the parking lot to see if the Jeep was still there. It wasn't, so he went back to the pool and busied himself, trying to keep his cool until she came home from work.

He was sitting on his sofa having a Cuba libre when she burst through the door at about six, almost scaring the shit out of him. She ran to him on the sofa and jumped on it, like a kid, all excited, smiling, big eyed.

"He agreed!" she said. "He is excited! He say he will have the dollars by nine o'clock tonight, at the Burger King on Sunrise Boulevard. You know which one, Sol? Near the expensive-automobile store."

"Yeah, I know the one." She threw her arms around Sol's neck and kissed him smack on the cheek.

"Only a few more hours," she said.

She went back to her room to change while Sol put the cellophane package into a black carry-on bag with a few airline stickers still pasted on it. When she returned, about eight, she was wearing a white T-shirt, jeans and little white sneakers.

"Are we ready?" she said.

"What do you mean, 'we'?" Sol said. "You ain't going."

She frowned, not a real frown, but an exaggerated comic frown, pouting. "But I have to," she said. "My boss will do this only with me. He trusts no one but me."

Sol thought about it for a minute. It made sense. He would do the same thing he was in the guy's shoes, always someone there you trust. They both would now.

"OK," he said. "We'll both make the swap."

She shook her head no. "It must be me alone or he won't come."

Sol looked at her, so serious, a good kid, with balls. "OK. I'll park far enough from him not to scare him off. But I'll be watching, I'll be right there."

They left earlier than they had to, Sol figuring he would drive around a little, relax, make sure there was no heat around, no guys lounging around their cars in the back Burger King parking lot too close to the cream-colored 600 SEL Merc. He felt good driving down the Strip past the restaurants and the beach with this French chick sitting close to him, the two of them in this together, for now anyway.

"What are you thinking about, Sol?" she said, her head against his shoulder, not looking at him.

"Nothing, baby." He had doubled back and was now heading north on A1A when he came to the light at Sunrise, and as he did, he saw in his rearview mirror the lights of the black Jeep. Shit!

Sol drove past the Burger King, thinking. She turned her head back toward the Burger King. "Sol, you passed it."

"A little change in plans, baby." He told her not to look around, and then he told her about Jackie and the rastas in the Jeep, waiting for her to gasp and her eyes to get big and frightened like they did that night of the hurricane. But she surprised him, again.

"Only a little problem," she said, her chin resting on her hand, thinking.

"Could be a big fucking problem, you understand?"

She shook her head no, but she said nothing.

"Maybe I can shake them," Sol said. "If I can't, we gotta call it off."

He turned left onto Federal and headed toward the airport with the French chick and the black bag and the rastas on his tail. The black bag with the airline stickers on it held his future, her future—maybe even *their* future—in it. He drove slowly, thinking, and then he saw a hooker up ahead, swinging her ass down the sidewalk, looking over her shoulder at passing cars, smiling. Sol slowed the car, waiting for the hooker to round the corner. Then he turned the corner too. The Jeep moved slowly past him and parked up ahead in the darkness at the

"You know, since we got cable, I haven't seen you touch your organ."

edge of Black Town, someplace Sol did not want to be caught in with two rasta hit men. The hooker stopped at Sol's window. Skinny, dirty, with missing front teeth.

"You wanna party, honey?" she said, leaning her arm on the window. Then she saw Frenchie. She smiled. "Cost you more for a threesome, honey."

Sol slammed the car into reverse, nailed it, the car spinning backward onto Federal, just missing another car, that car swerving, the driver nailing his horn, the hooker screaming that he almost tore off her fucking arm, Frenchie not saying a word. Sol slammed the gearshift back into drive, nailed it again, the tires squealing, smoke everywhere, the smell of burning rubber as the big Taurus launched down Federal. Sol hung a left at Third Street, then a quick right, and another left until he was deep into Victoria Park with all its narrow one-way streets and dead ends. He looked in the rearview mirror for the Jeep and didn't see it. He turned back onto Broward, heading west, then made a left onto Federal heading toward the airport, speeding now, right past the Riptide Bar, the Copa, the fag bar, almost to the airport now. He looked again in the rearview mirror and still couldn't see the Jeep.

"I think we lost 'em," he said.

She turned around in her seat and stared out the rear window for a long moment at the pairs of headlights behind them before she said, "No, Sol, I see the Jeep. Maybe two, three cars behind."

"You sure, baby?"

She turned back around. "Yes."

"Shit!" The airport was in front of them. Sol turned onto the access road and headed toward the terminal. "Listen, baby, these guys are dangerous. I don't want you involved. I'll drop you off at the airport, then I'll try to shake them again. You catch a cab back to the motel. I'll meet you there, we'll set it up another time with your boss."

She turned to him with frightened eyes. "No, Sol! You cannot! My boss, he will be afraid now. Suspicious. Maybe he will not do the deal."

"There's no other way, baby."

She stared at him, thinking furiously, and finally she said, "There is. I will do it alone."

"Do what alone?"

"Go to the Burger King. Make the swap, the money for the package."

"You outta your fucking mind?"

"No. Listen." She was calmer now, very serious. "You drop me at the Delta terminal with the black bag. Like I am taking a trip. You drive away. Let the Jeep follow until midnight. Then go back to the motel. I will take the taxi to the Burger King, make the swap, then go to the expensive hotel, the Harbor Beach. I call you from there at midnight to tell you everything is well."

"What if everything isn't well?"

"It will be. Trust me, Sol."

He glanced at her, this kid who was always surprising him, so serious now with her big blue eyes. So he did. Without thinking. Trusted her. He reached into his pants pocket and withdrew his little Seecamp. "Take this," he said, handing it to her.

She looked at it but didn't take it. She shook her head no. "I do not need this."

"You sure?"

"Yes."

He stopped at the Delta terminal, ticketing, and she got out with the carry-on bag in her hand like it maybe had a change of undies and some cosmetics in it. Sol got out, too, went around to the sidewalk to kiss her goodbye. They kissed and hugged for a moment, Sol whispering in her ear, "Make sure the Jeep follows me, baby," and she whispering back, "Don't worry, Sol."

He got back in the car and waved to her, standing there, smiling at him, holding their futures in her hand. She raised her free hand to the side of her face and waved to him too, like she had waved to him that morning on her way to work, only somehow differently. Then she was gone through the sliding glass doors.

Sol drove off, looking in the rearview mirror for the Jeep, but he couldn't see it. There were too many cars circling the airport. Maybe it was a few cars back. He headed back to Federal, busy with traffic now, so many headlights behind him he couldn't pick out the Jeep. Fuck it, he thought. He slowed down, drove aimlessly around town until midnight. Then he drove back to the motel. He waited a few minutes in the parking lot for the Jeep to pass by and park up ahead. But there was no Jeep. He got out and went around the building to his apartment.

•

Sol sat on his sofa in darkness, waiting for her to call, something bothering him. He leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, his hands clasped as if in prayer, and stared down at the floor trying to figure it out. He played it over in his mind, over and over again, the Jeep following them, Sol trying to shake it, then not seeing it, then Frenchie telling him it was still on their tail, then stopping at the airport, hugging her at the Delta terminal, getting back into his car, waving to her through the window, the beautiful French girl waving back, smiling, her hand raised alongside her head, waving to him, but not like before, not with that odd, European, fingers-grabbing-air wave that meant *I'll be back*. It was a different wave. Familiar. American. Hand-flapping. Goodbye.

It was three A.M. when Sol heard the rastas come around the corner toward the door to his apartment.

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margarita

(continued from page 102)

like grain—and the juice distilled. Growing blue agave is time-consuming and harvesting it is tedious, but Mexican law requires that it make up 51 percent of anything labeled tequila. A great deal of ordinary tequila contains 51 percent blue agave and the rest is sugarcane. Some of this is quite good, in the way blended whiskeys can often be softer and sweeter than straight Kentucky bourbons. But like many blends they are much less complex than the pure thing. The best tequilas are 100 percent blue agave and vary with region, altitude and soil. These tequilas come in four distinct categories:

Gold used to be the only tequila you could find made from 100 percent blue agave. The gold color, however, is a marketing ploy. It derives not from aging but from caramel coloring—a nod to the American belief that an amber color indicates richer flavor. Sauza's marketing vice president, Cheryl Palmer, admits that "our gold and silver and José Cuervo's gold and silver are essentially the same product."

Blanco (also called white or silver) is clean and aged only a short period in stainless steel tanks. Blanco seems to pack a substantial punch because the agave taste dominates. (It isn't high alcohol content that powers it; almost all tequilas are 80 proof.) It's the choice of many tequila aficionados and Bayless' personal preference. "If you drink cognac before it has aged, it's not interesting. It's the aging and the wood that give it complexity. This isn't true of tequila. The best is just-distilled, when you can taste the agave flavors." Blanco makes a good before-dinner cocktail. Serve on the rocks with a slice of lime or lemon.

Reposada means rested, which in this case means the tequila is aged, usually in white-oak barrels, for at least two months and no more than a year. The oak imparts a delicate, tawny color and softens the tequila. Reposadas have less edge than blancos, and many people prefer to drink these tequilas straight.

Añejo is a rich, dark spirit in a class by itself. While some are aged in new oak, most are stored for years in used, charred oak bourbon barrels from Kentucky. Sauza ages its product in smaller, used sherry casks. The tequila acquires a deep amber color and a mellow, sweet taste from the lingering bourbon or sherry in the barrels. Añejo can taste much like a brandy or a mellow bourbon, with the taste of the agave buried in other flavors. This is the tequila to sip from a snifter after dinner. A good añejo is worth the top dollar you'll pay for it.

Here are three more of Bayless' best-selling libations:

TEQUILA Tasting Notes

Here are some of the best.

GOLD

Sauza Extra Gold **is sweet and warm with a strong agave taste, yet it's softer than the blancos.**
Cuervo Gold **has a pleasing taste. It's the tequila that made José Cuervo a friend to a lot of folks.**

BLANCO

Chinaco **is from Villa Gonzalez in Tamaulipas, almost on the gulf. It's powerful, peppery and sharp.**
Tres Mujeres **is a valley tequila—Valle de Amatitán—from Arenal. Produced in small quantities by the Melendez family, it is softer and sweeter than Chinaco.**
1921 **is deep and rich, with a slight flavor of lilacs.**
El Tesoro **and** ***Patrón***, **from the highlands, have a hint of herbs.**

REPOSADA

El Viejito, **a highland tequila, is complex with flavors that change and deepen.**
Los Valientes, **from the valley of Amatitán, is fiery and has a dry aroma, but it's very smooth.**
Corralejo, **not yet exported to the U.S., is extremely soft and herbal, with a hint of vanilla.**

AÑEJO

Gran Centenario Seleccion Suave **is aged for three years, with an aroma reminiscent of corn and molasses. It's delicious.**
Herradura Seleccion Supremo, **aged four years, has a good, strong flavor.**
Don Julio **has recently been introduced here. The taste is smooth, sweet and pleasing.**
Sauza Tres Generaciones. **It's sweet and perhaps the softest of the añejos, with a hint of butterscotch.**
Paradiso Añejo, **from the same people who brought you El Tesoro, is a French-inspired blend of añejos and silvers. It's aged for a second time in cognac barrels, and the result is a rich tequila that shows its age and the French oak but retains the powerful agave taste and aroma.**

TOP-OF-THE-LINE MARGARITA
(SERVES TWO)

Combine ¼ cup fresh lime juice (about one large lime) and ¼ cup Porfidio silver, Tesoro silver or another 100 percent agave silver with ¼ cup Cointreau. Shake for 10 to 15 seconds with ½ cup coarsely cracked ice and strain into margarita or martini glasses rimmed with lime and coarse salt.

TOPOLO MARGARITA
(SERVES FOUR)

Start by making a limeade base. Combine the finely grated zest of 1½ limes (about one teaspoon), ½ cup fresh lime juice (two large limes), ¼ cup plus one teaspoon sugar and ten tablespoons water in a glass pitcher. Cover and refrigerate for two to 24 hours. Strain into a second pitcher. Rub the rims of four margarita or martini glasses with a lime wedge and dip into coarse salt (refrigerate glasses if you like). In a shaker, combine the lime with ¾ cup Sauza Conmemorativo and two tablespoons plus two teaspoons Gran Torres orange liqueur or Grand Marnier. Add a cup of coarsely broken ice cubes. Shake for 10 to 15 seconds and pour into glasses.

•

Mescal (or mezcal) is similar to tequila in that it is distilled from agave (once, as opposed to twice for tequila), but it is unregulated and can be made from any species of the plant in any part of Mexico. Like grappa, it varies—a lot. Some mescals taste like distilled stems and seeds, and others are very good indeed. All mescals are powerful and take a little looking to find in this country. But many of the better Mexican restaurants in major cities have a bottle or two behind the bar.

MESCAL MARGARITA
(SERVES NINE)

Mix together two cups lime juice, one cup water and one cup plus two tablespoons sugar. Stir in nine ounces Encantado mescal along with one tablespoon and two teaspoons Peychaud bitters. Serve over ice.

•

Of course, there are other ways to serve tequila. Substituting it for gin in a collins is tasty, and Sauza's Palmer says she enjoys white tequila in a long drink with Fresca or Squirt as a mixer. This is a bit more grapefruity than a margarita, but it honors the tequila with a strong citrus taste and makes a good cooler when you're not up to mixing margaritas. It's also a popular way to drink tequila in Mexico. A bloody mary made with tequila becomes a bloody maria, and (of course) tequila, OJ, lime juice and grenadine is a tequila sunrise.

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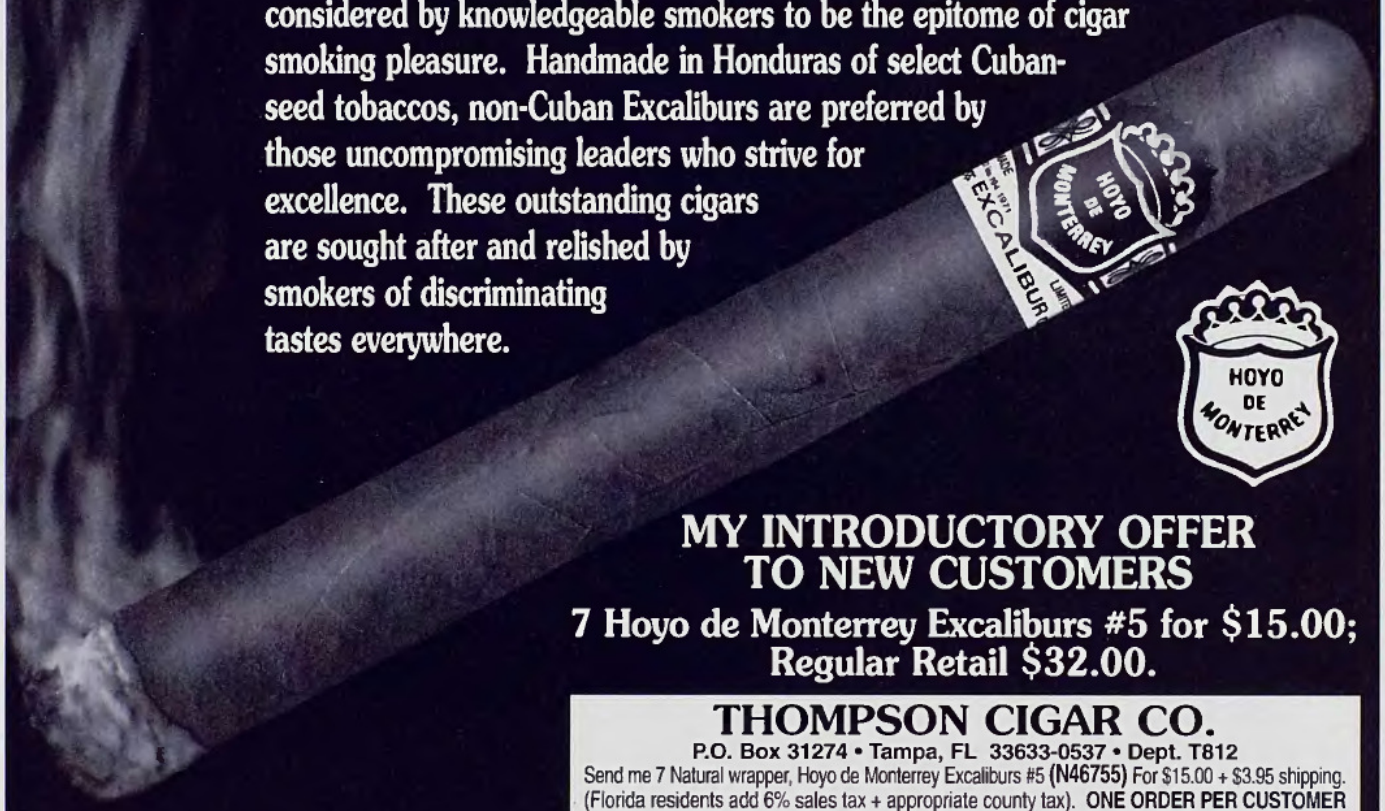

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Blow Job Nation

(continued from page 119)

getting off easy. What better sex act for uptight times?

The Nineties were also a period of gender switching. In ads Calvin Klein used Marky Mark in only underwear to appeal to straight men. Buff and vain gay men became role models, inspiring thousands of gym memberships. Regular guys stepped up their purchases of makeup, hair dye, designer clothes and plastic surgery. Traditional male symbols were feminized and even homosexualized. Cross-dressing went mainstream. Drag queens—the funny, nonthreatening kind—were all over the big screen. *The Crying Game* won an Oscar for noncomedic drag.

The Army, the last bastion of macho pigism, was forced to face up to its gay component. The househusband became a common and welcome sight on the nation's playgrounds. And, with the exception of the accusations of Clinton's acquaintances, the sex we heard most about in the Nineties was sadomasochistic (think Madonna and Mapplethorpe).

What cannot be denied about blow jobs is that they are relatively safe. Safety has been another hallmark of the Nineties. In this decade crime has dropped. Air bags save lives. Pepper spray makes you feel secure. In 1998 women are safer from sex offenders on the nation's streets than they may be in the Oval Office.

Let's say, for the moment, that whatever went on in the White House was consensual. Why would Clinton be the lucky recipient of the decade's favorite pastime? One thing is clear: Women like him and they sense he likes them. No matter what he is accused of, there is ample evidence to suggest he's a consummate flirt. If he's interested in a woman, he calls her 12 times a day, gives presents and is physically affectionate and kind to her. He is a man who clearly adores his daughter, and who actually mentioned the words "child care subsidy" before he was distracted by Kenneth Starr.

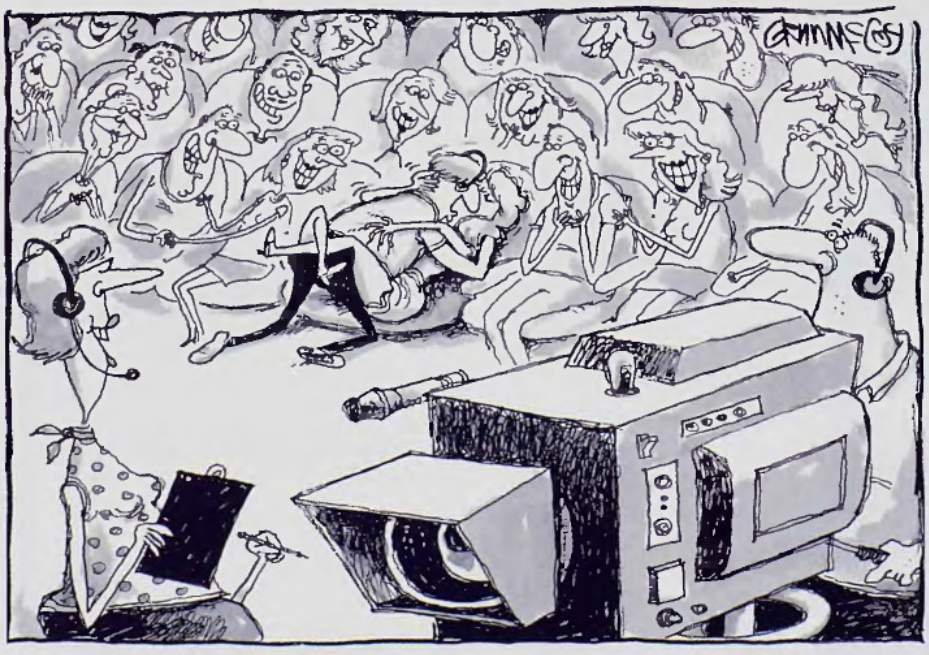
He is a man so accessible to women that he has caused a fracture in the feminist ranks. Patricia Ireland of NOW says he could be guilty of "sexual assault," while Gloria Steinem can't find evidence even of harassment. *New Yorker* editor Tina Brown, having met him, found him disarmingly sexy and said so in print. He is the first president ever to cause an intellectual girls' catfight.

Of course, blow jobs have nothing to do with truth. In slang parlance, to blow means to butter up, to flatter. There's no point in whining about truth in the Blow Job Decade.

Because blow jobs are so transient and can be lied about, they are easily part of rumor and innuendo. The presidential involvement would seem to endow the blow job with a loftier purpose, but whether you place it in the Oval Office, or tie a designer scarf on it, it retains the spurt of commonality, and that's what makes it sexy.

We have only another year and a half of the Blow Job Decade, of this national porn movie whose climax was, evidently, America discussing whether to impeach a president for lying about blow jobs.

In the next ten years, let's hope we can look forward to some pithier times—a decade of greater depth guided by a president who's far more penetrating.



"Jenkins is a wizard at warming up the audience."

The Women of Iceland

(continued from page 121)

though the driver insists that if I stay alert, I'll see flaxen-haired trolls zipping through the lava fields.

Trolls, I explain patiently, are not what I have in mind.

Alarmingly, no blondes are in sight in the crowded lobby of the majestic Börg Hotel. Perhaps in compensation, I'm assigned to a suite once occupied by Marlene Dietrich, the legendary (blonde) film star who once kicked me out of a Manhattan cocktail party, punishment for my crime of not recognizing her (at the age of 60).

For all its scenic wonders, Iceland is rarely visited by Americans and is generally thought of as one of the last unexplored vacation treasures. Which makes it all the more disheartening when a bellman races through the lobby and announces that Jerry Seinfeld has just arrived.

"Not only that," he adds in an aside to me, "but JFK Jr. is salmon-fishing in the north, and Danny DeVito just checked out."

A visitor from Chicago hears this and shakes his head in despair.

"There goes the neighborhood."

And still no blondes, though I do spot a pair of raven-tressed charmers at the bar. If Seinfeld were in the market for a new Shoshanna Lonstein, either woman would be an excellent candidate.

Off to the streets now, in pursuit of my elusive quarry. Half of Iceland's population of 270,000 live in this city of neatly arranged, brightly colored stucco houses. It's all presided over by the Pearl—a geothermal dome on an overlying hill that sucks up pure water from the hot springs below and acts as a "natural radiator," both heating and cooling the houses and offices below. W.H. Auden, who admired Iceland ("It is different from anyplace else"), still complained that "the country has no architecture," failing to be impressed by the Hansel and Gretel look of the city, which is architecture enough for me.

On a more serious note, I'm close to panic now. Where are they? Then I turn the corner of busy Laufásvegur Street and my impatience is rewarded. I experience my first sighting.

They appear singly, then in shy and tentative pairs. And then, from out of nowhere, there they are—entire teams of towering, long-striding Viking goddesses, decked out in fishskin blouses and sheep-stomach dresses, the descendant daughters of Erik the Red and proud Helga the Hun-Slayer. Each carries a cellular phone and wears redundant four-inch chunky heels. Some parade confidently through the streets, chattering away in Norse; others can be

seen in the cafés, listening to Oasis, sipping lethal *brennevin* (a local favorite a.k.a. black death) cocktails.

They virtually overflow with freshness and vitality.

What has been uncovered here is a whole new species of smash-mouth, in-your-face, no-nonsense, look-no-further, this-is-it blondes.

And they seem friendly, too.

If Iceland's women are, indeed, the most beautiful creatures on the planet, there must be an explanation as to how this has come about.

Baldvin Jonsson, an agricultural expert and the city's unofficial host, feels he has the answer.

"The Icelandic woman bathes in hot springs and waterfalls. Her food has never been exposed to additives, antibiotics, hormones, herbicides. Peaches, tomatoes, grapes and bananas are grown in hothouses. The air she breathes is unpolluted. Iceland has virtually no biting insects. Dogs, which were banned for a period, are rare and strictly licensed. Alda and Thóra and Helga and their sisters are protected by some of the strictest environmental laws in the world. In sum, what you have here is the first totally organic woman."

"And let us not forget her skin," says Christine, my lovely guide, whose own complexion is flawless. "There is no harsh sun here—we have only several months of indirect sunshine—and wrinkles are almost unheard of.

"But much more important," she adds generously, "if we have the most beautiful women here, it's because we have such beautiful men."

•

Whether they have visited the Northern Sphinx or not, everyone seems to think they know something about Iceland, making it useful to separate fact from fiction.

As a test of virility, you'll be asked to eat shark's meat that's been buried in the ground for long periods of time.

You won't be asked immediately, but it *is* a delicacy, and a taste will be offered at some point during your visit. The "fragrance" is a bit off-putting—and when you've eaten a sampling, the women in your vicinity will tend to scatter. Finally, though, it's not much different from very ripe cheese.

Other local favorites include reindeer stew, cod cheeks, roast breast of puffin, sautéed whale steak, ptarmigan soup, sour seal, pressed sheepshead and pickled lamb testicles. (The last is a favorite of Helga, one of the PLAYBOY models. At dinner one night, she cries out: "Someone order the balls. I love the balls.")

A favorite activity for couples is to lie out on the airport tarmac and greet incoming planes by drinking vodka and making love.

Not quite, though there is a great deal of raucous celebration, much of it sexual, when the long winter months come to an end. Icelandic women tend to be free and relaxed about sex; a start at the age of 14 is not unusual. Casual sex tends to be more casual than in most countries. In the many bars and cafés—it is a young person's city—a simple "Yes?" from an Icelandic man and a nod from a Viking coed is all the preliminary chitchat required to send the couple happily off to bed. There is no stigma attached to producing a child out of wedlock, and the city is heavily populated by attractive young single moms.

But the arrival of the PLAYBOY team is another story—it sends a seismic shock through the country. Not that the women had the slightest trepidation about flinging off their clothes and posing in the nude. (They were actually much more fearful of being questioned by a journalist.)

"But there are so few people here," Christine explains, "and we are very much like a small town. It's impossible for a girl to go into a bar at night and not recognize half a dozen of her previous lovers."

Helga, who has posed nude for another publication, said that several of the men she knew recognized her—even though her face was concealed.

A bit of finger-pointing is expected when this issue hits the newsstands—and several of the models' boyfriends resisted having their ladyloves appear in the nude. But the women persisted. ("Ashamed of my body?" said the devastating Alda, who has no cause for concern. "How absurd can you get?") The boyfriends eventually came around.

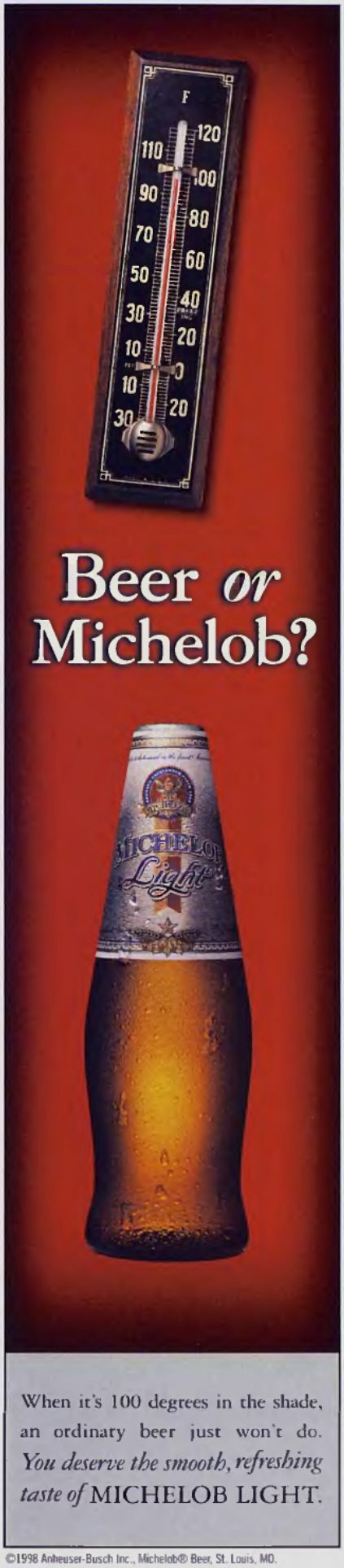
"An Icelandic woman is not to be pushed about," said another model, Kristin. "We were feminists before feminism was invented."

Iceland produced the first democratically elected female head of state—though her name, Vigdis Finnbogadóttir, is unpronounceable.

An Icelandic woman will often startle her lover during sex by bursting into a recital of Icelandic sagas.

This is undocumented, but there is no question that the Icelandic woman is familiar with the 1000-year-old sagas and can recite Norse poetry at length. The country boasts the highest literacy rate in the world. Along with her native tongue, the Icelandic blonde speaks English and Danish and can usually get along nicely in French and German too. Among the models, several work in finance, and others study law or medicine. The only working actress is Thóra Dusgal, whose tastes run upmarket (her favorite actor is Derek Jacobi).

All take a rather jaundiced view of the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imported dancers who work in the city's newly opened topless bars.

"An Icelandic woman," says Helga, "would never do such weird things with her underwears."

Setting blondes aside for the moment—no mean feat—it is impossible to visit Iceland and not be struck—and remain haunted—by the barren yet gorgeous landscape. Vast sheets of calcified lava cover much of the earth (one third of the world's lava eruptions are deposited here), volcanic mud pots burble, hot geysers go steaming to the sky, volcanoes blow periodically (there is a major eruption about every five years), sulfur pits smoke. The entire country smolders and bubbles and sizzles. Yet all of it is presided over by peaceful ice-capped mountains and surrounded by friendly seas. The country looks, all at once, like the beginning and the end of civilization.

The kingdom of heaven. The bowels of hell. To borrow again from Auden: "Iceland is sacred soil, its memory a constant background to what I am doing. It is a permanent part of my existence."

After a week of being surrounded by—if not quite gorging on—blondes, the visitor experiences a curious phenomenon: the sudden longing for a brunette.

At Nelly's Café, which is frequented by artists (could it be the Elaine's of Reykjavík?), a young man sits at a table with his lunch companions, four paralyzingly beautiful, young, blonde home wreckers.

Yet he is slumped in his chair and clearly despondent.

A friend explains: "On a trip to Florida, Lars fell in love with a 300-pound Seminole woman. She rejected him and he's never gotten over it."

"And have you, Ronald, conquered your fear of commitment?"

PERRY FARRELL

(continued from page 76)

Ghost Dancers, or meditates on the meaning of modern-day viruses. Sometimes he overreaches for a syncretic unity of tree of life mantra, Tahitian mythology and mystical Judaica. But we pay attention to Perry Farrell's spacey soliloquies because he's becoming the master of the grand gesture. And you may be surprised at just how grand.

Perry is thinking bigger than Lollapalooza now. He's thinking broadband cable delivery into your home. He's planning events in the Middle East that are biblical in scope. He wants to build a music-based entertainment empire that's going where no one else is going: content. Isn't it bizarre to think this druggie weirdo might just deliver your future?

As the last shards of the Jane's rock odyssey *Three Days* echo through the amphitheater, Perry suddenly slams a bottle of water into the crowd, pleading, "Why do we even make music? What good does it do? I figured something out this morning. You want to hear it?" The crowd roars. "This music is all part of the earth's own music. It sounds like this: Oohmm." Perry crouches. "But I like to live in the moment when people go, 'Yay!' That's what we're all doing here. The world around is going 'Om,' and we're going, 'Yay!' That's where I want to live."

•

Eight years ago I sat across from Perry at a coffeehouse table listening as he sucked on a foil hash pipe and told me that taking drugs is like surfing a tubing wave: The object is to get completely barreled, but then to get out the other side. And, he added with a smile, to have "a story to tell your brothers." (Perry knows both ends of this analogy; he surfs for at least a month each year at his favorite breaks in Bali, Tahiti and Mexico. He says that about eight-foot [overhead] surf is the upper limit of what he can handle, and knows about the danger of being raked across a reef.) Perry made it clear that he saw no honor or romance in getting worked on by drugs, but he also loves to talk about drug visions and demands that everyone around him share a commitment to his lifestyle. Even as he said these words to me in Amsterdam, original Jane's bassist Eric Avery and guitarist Dave Navarro were hiding in the back of the *Ritual de lo Habitual* tour bus, fighting to stay clean. Perry, meanwhile, shagged and scagged as if his bandmates weren't his responsibility.

Fans still look to him for a modern redemption ritual—rock and roll as social movement. There's community in his concept: It's a sort of village green where the gypsy love-in of the Dead meets the

glam sexuality of Bowie or Jagger. Perry has survived heroin addiction, the death of rock stardom and then the death of alt rock. His big dreams are still intact. For better or worse, he's focused on the "yay," not the "om," with no apologies. Remember how every high school kid in America became bisexual sometime around 1990? Perry and Jane's Addiction did that. Eventually the dudes wouldn't go see Jane's until the chicks convinced them it was cool—"Is it metal or art rock?" "Is it for fags?" "Is it a cult?" Jane's pushed the current round of goth drama and sexual ambiguity out of the underground and into the frats a decade before Marilyn Manson.

By the time Kurt Cobain shot himself, rock star had become a dirty word. Even Eddie Van Halen says he's bummed with the label. The Seattle grunge community, including Eddie Vedder, slunk away from starmaker machinery. Some, like R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe and U2's Bono had the fortitude to embrace fame and survive it. As, of course, did Perry. A few days before Cobain's death, Courtney Love asked Perry to speak with him. (He never got the chance.) Why ask a junkie to talk turkey to a junkie? Probably because Perry always comes out the other side of the tube. Perry told *Spin*, "I would have told him let's go to a film festival in Utah or something. Get the fuck out of town. I don't mean to make a pun out of it, but rock and roll isn't worth dying over. Fame goes away."

But Perry pops right back. In 1991, in the midst of addiction and band breakup, he launched Lollapalooza. In spite of the first Jane's show in Phoenix in July, which ended in a pathetic dopers' brawl between Perry and Dave, the band kept it together through the tour's end in August. At their last show, a September gig in Hawaii, Perry and drummer Stephen Perkins performed nude. Then Perry was named artist of the year by *Spin* and the critics at *Rolling Stone*. By spring 1992 he had a new band, Porno for Pyros. In 1995, with Lollapalooza flagging, he kicked off the Enit Festival, sporadic concert events that regularly sell out. Perry, now 38, still craves public transformation. He wants to party with you.

•

"Look, there's a hummingbird," Perry blurts out, pointing into the living room of his house in Venice, California. Perry's house has heavy juju on it. Even from the street you can feel it. It's the best-feeling house I've ever entered. It's not that big, not too fancy. But a fêng shui lady would walk in, kiss Perry and split without adjusting so much as a napkin. We're sitting shoeless at the built-in Korean barbecue table and the sun is pouring in through an open south wall. Shaped like a Quonset hut, the blue-black house was designed by architect

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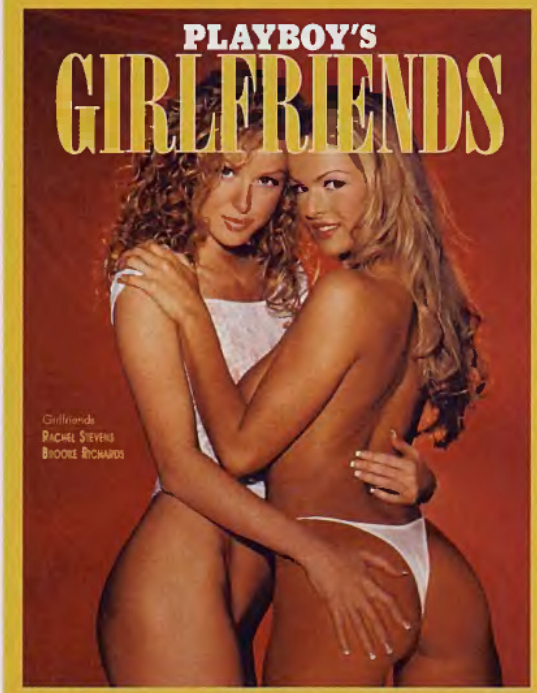

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Steven Ehrlich. A south wall pushes back to reveal a one-lane pool. A carpenter is building a bamboo bridge over it as we talk.

"This happens to me when I do interviews," says Perry. "Hummingbirds come. The other day I saw a white hawk. Those are Indians. The white hawks are Indians."

Here's the problem with talking to Perry: His intellect and generosity of spirit that attract people to his campfire tend to come out—if you're feeling uncritical—as a kind of cosmic laughter. When he's happy, his ideas ricochet chaotically. Throw some stony pot in there and add the bottle of good Bordeaux I brought, and you get a miasma of inspired nowism. I want to ask about Perry's newfound reverence for mystical Judaism. Before I can say one word, he starts talking: "The tribe of Judah, playing the songs of David, are coming to cheer you up," he says slowly. "And harmony is occurring right now. The draw is toward the center. That's what creates harmony—and they do this by weaving. Let's see. Just as a root grows out, so does the trunk grow out. I don't know whether we're the root or the trunk right now. But the heart is at the center of it all. It's the atomic center. If you want to know anything, listen to your heart. The reason I bring all this up while we're talking about viruses"—we weren't—"is because viruses go toward the center, too. They come in contact with us to assimilate as we assimilate with the center, which is the one. They want to come in. And they're as intelligent as anyone else. I think their intention is pure."

Since everyone's going to ask: The guy seems pretty damn healthy. Maybe he's unkillable. He snowboards and surfs. Considering his intake of red wine, he might as well be French. Except he's a vegetarian. "Meat is delicious," he says, laughing. "But I don't like the way I look when I eat meat. The last piece of meat I ate was wild boar at Aspen last New Year's. I wanted to go down the slopes like a wild boar. But it made me sick. Plus I hurt myself really bad because I was snowboarding like a wild boar, man. I had a concussion, and I almost broke my hip."

He giggles occasionally at what comes out of his mouth. Answers float by in a landslide of goo. I have hours of this stuff on tape. It gets easier to understand, after a while, and some parts ring true. Cloudbreak Entertainment manager Roger Leonard told me: "He comes up with such challenging ideas—whether it's in terms of festivals or marketing or live shows or recordings. The possibility is always there for Perry to kick up something no one else has even thought of." When asked if taking input from Perry is a hassle, a William Morris executive, speaking off the record, laughed in genuine appreciation of Perry and said, "Yeah, but he comes up with great ideas. That's what we want from him. That's why he's involved."

•

Down on Venice Beach, Perry's new Mount Mehru studio is buzzing. Leonard, Cloudbreak manager Adam Schneider and a Scripture-spouting technogeek named Aaron Chasen are there. As Chasen walks me through, engineers rig a studio for Perry's latest recording project, dubbed Gobballee: an eclectic album of songs that are not Jane's, not Porno, just Farrell and friends. This interactive CD, set for release in the fall by Warner Bros., is Perry's current enthusiasm. He records almost daily. New computers have arrived, the T1 line is in and a small team of programmers and technicians are setting up the server that will run Web sites for Cloudbreak and other projects.

Perry and his crew talk about doing a lot more than just making records. They want a piece of tomorrow's entertainment delivery system. During the next year and a half, they'll experiment with recordings, radio, live shows, tour packaging, cable and software. Like a mini-Microsoft. With a rocking house band. To pull it all off, they will rely on the

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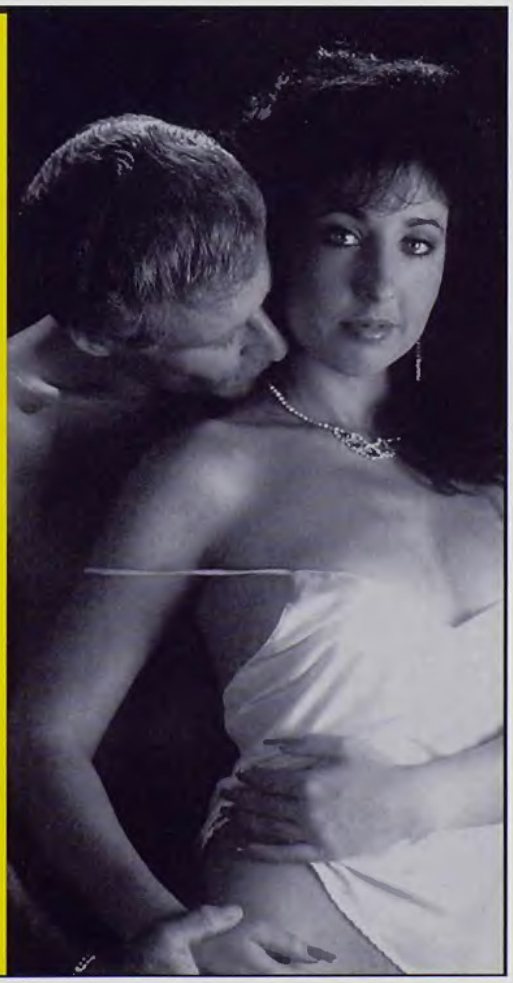

established musical instincts of Perry and Cloudbreak and tap Perry's vast root system of talent and ideas. That network includes musicians, the William Morris Agency (which co-owns Lollapalooza with Perry and Ted Gardner), the Enit Festival, Evirt (virtual events on the Web), Warner Bros., Perry's bands (Jane's Addiction, Porno for Pyros and the new Gobballee group), his surfing and snowboarding posses and his technology hands. Who doesn't he know?

Asked what they're working on, one technician says, "Video communication software applications—well, TV, basically. The Internet is going TV in a big way." With its broadband capabilities, fiber-optic cable will be able to carry TV, telephone, audio and computer signals through one pipe.

"With broadband, all your communications are going to occur in video," says Chasen. "We've spent a lot of money on technology in the past year. We want to be there to deliver the content."

This kind of talk is common at high levels in entertainment these days, especially in the terror-stricken music biz. Downloadable CDs, videos, films, games—you name it. The demise of retail. Live-broadcast recording sessions featuring separate musicians in different parts of the world—hell, live-broadcast Perry Farrell on the toilet, live-broadcast everything. Perry's crew is developing software to these ends. The Jane's Addiction 1997 tour available on pay-per-view for five bucks any time you want it. The release of your own remixes of audio or video right back into the system for sale. Total interactivity, total fan contact. Total chaos. Who pays for what?

"Broadband media is going to change our lives," Chasen says. "Part of that change will be going from a retail-oriented system toward an advertising- or sponsorship-based system. This will create a tremendous infrastructure problem in the entertainment business. You're going to see fortunes made and lost in a short period of time. The price of music is inflated, let's face it: Twenty bucks for a CD that costs two bucks to make? Broadband is going to provide content at a much lower price and advertising's going to want in on it. So how's that going to affect the industry? Well, that's part of what we seek to find out. We want to be the test pilot for this change."

This might sound ludicrous, if not for one thing: Perry makes money. Even though Lollapalooza was canceled this year after last summer's dismal showing, it grossed as much as $26 million in previous years, according to *Pollstar* magazine. His concert performances sell out, as anyone who tried to score a ticket to the Relapse shows can attest. His two primary Jane's albums have gone platinum and Porno's eponymous debut went gold. More recently, the *Private Parts* soundtrack featuring Porno's *Hard Charger* went platinum. String those results together and you'll see why Perry is free to pursue his social reconciliation programs.

•

"The great mystics I know—the great sages like Tim Leary—draw people together," Farrell says. "They make it exciting to go to their homes. It's, 'Come to my party.'"

Perry Farrell wants to be a sage. He sprinkles his conversation with stories about ritual feasts in Bali, or the tireless good humor of the Dalai Lama and the power of the Jewish Shechinah (the presence of God in the world). He studies, he observes and, most important, he makes himself vulnerable. That has given rise to three mighty paternal impulses: one, to find inspiration in his woman; two, to care for other people's children as if they were his own; and three, to throw legendary parties. (One party was apparently recorded on video. The tape allegedly features Farrell, a woman, and plenty of sex and drugs. The tape was the subject of a recent court battle between the tape's Web distributor and Farrell's lawyer—the same lawyer who fought the distribution of Poison singer Bret Michaels' sex tape.)

First, the women. To call him an incurable romantic would be an understatement. "Jane" was a prostitute who supported the band when it formed in 1986; she inspired the band's acoustic song *Jane Says*. The 1988 and 1990 Jane's albums *Nothing's Shocking* and *Ritual de lo Habitual* were inspired by Farrell's grand love affair with Casey Niccoli. She is an artist who fed him great literature and collaborated on artwork. (That's a sculpture of her as nude Siamese twins, heads aflame, on the cover of *Nothing's Shocking*.) Niccoli was the co-director and co-creator of Perry's Warner Bros.–backed feature film, *Gift*, in which Niccoli wraps a telephone cord around her arm and shoots up. She was his *Classic Girl*, who, as the song goes, "gives her man great ideas." They were infamous junkies together, this generation's Sid and Nancy. (Once I was riding through Venice, California with Perry and we picked up Casey. "Do I smell like alcohol?" he oozed. "Do I smell like heroin?" she countered.) In October 1991 Perry was arrested for "being under the influence of a controlled substance" at a Santa Monica Holiday Inn where he and Casey were staying. They couldn't clean their house anymore, the story goes, so they had just moved into the motel.

Ritual was also dedicated to Perry's former lover, "our beloved Xiola Blue," the woman represented with Perry and Casey in the nude threesome on the album's cover. Blue was an outstanding beauty worshiped by both Farrell and Niccoli who died of an overdose at the age of 19. Perry and Casey broke up after Jane's did, and Perry quickly picked up a new muse, Kim. Current girlfriend Christine Cagle appears covered with juicy orange slices on the cover of Porno's latest, *Good God's Urge*, and also adds backing vocals.

Is Perry a classic codependent? Maybe just a Casanova. In his brilliant letter to parents in the liner notes to *Ritual* (the censorship battle over the album's cover art included the arrest of a Michigan retailer on obscenity charges) Perry writes: "I used to wish sometimes that I were a woman. A woman is the most attractive creature nature has to offer a man. Why then is it such a shame to see her unclothed? I feel more shame as a man watching a quick-mart being built."

Perry told me proudly while we were snowboarding that his girlfriend is pregnant. When I asked him if he had any other children, he said, "Not of my own. I have a child who I raised over the years as if he were my own. This will be my first child by blood.

"If I took care of you and your children," he explains, "and I looked after you as if you were my blood, my brother, my lord, my cousin, my child, your relatives would know that you were in good hands. They'd want to help me when I'm down because I helped them. It's a metaphysical principle. It's a law I hold to myself."

Part of helping people, of course, is helping them party. Onstage, at his shows and festivals, Perry wraps these impulses into one grand work. He talks at great lengths about inclusion. Perry's responsibility as host is to be as real as possible about sex and drugs. The climax of a December 1997 Jane's show in Portland, Oregon brought it all together. As the band cranked through a dramatic version of *Ted, Just Admit It*, Perry remained true and direct. In contrast to the show in Los Angeles, he offered no between-song banter. He was angry about something. Hurt. His go-go dancers fed into Farrell's bad night. They hurled themselves like sexual projectiles at the audience after dropping their leopard-skin wraps, and they writhed wildly on their dance towers in G-strings. It was the most naked moment of the "I-Itz M-My Party" show, followed by Perry's most wounded-sounding howl. He threw off the last words, "Sex is violent!" over and over and then goodnight and gone.

"Ask yourself," he says, when I ask him about his morality. "When your self ills, then don't do it. It's that simple. You can moderate, you can have a little fun. Just keep happiness." He has always described his legendary sexual, chemical, physical and metaphysical experiences as "research."

"The point of the research is that there's great power out there," he says, "and it has the potential to be very beautiful or very ugly. I like to see everything. And that means I have to be careful what I really want to see.

"What would happen if I were to make a big mistake? Your inertia might cause catastrophes—because not only are you descending, but people that trust you get pulled down with you. You don't want to fuck up."

"It sounds to me like you feel responsible for what you bring to people," I say.

"I am," he shoots back.

Me: "Is it a burden?"

Him: "Is it for you?"

•

Farrell is going to be a dad. Is it a coincidence that he's also, in his own style, returning to the religion of his people? Perry says these developments in his life were simultaneous.

Perry Farrell is a Jew. He was born Perry Bernstein in 1960, the son of a New York jeweler. Banging around in southern California, having a bad time in his early 20s, he took his brother's first name as his last, creating a play on the word peripheral. He changed his identity, partly to embrace his new persona, partly to escape.

"You're not talking to a guy who has always felt a connection with Israel," he admits. "I didn't like being Jewish. I was bummed. I didn't practice Jew, which I don't think is the most important thing anyway. Music is the definitive form of religion. Music and mathematics everybody understands equally.

"Just like everyone else, I didn't like Jews. The beauty of the Jews, I saw as I got older, is in the brilliance of their metaphysics. It's a beautiful system. I think they're incredible people. But I think everyone's incredible. I would like to see everyone dancing."

When it comes to the actual practice of Judaism, Farrell picks only the parts he likes—which aren't many. But he considers himself well informed. He discusses texts with Chasen and others and soaks it in.

Now, in a premillennial rush toward history, Farrell has been swept up in Israel's celebration of its jubilee.

For most observers, this jubilee marks the 50th anniversary of Israel as a state, which was declared on May 14, 1948. But for Perry and his crew, biblical jubilee is the main event. Leviticus says jubilee is to be celebrated every 50 years after the people of Israel (those led by Moses through the desert, that is) come into the land. The text dictates special practices, such as the freeing of slaves and the return of land to its original owners, that sanctify the entire year as holy. Perry, Chasen and those who share their brand of messianic Jewish mysticism are inspired by this concept of biblical jubilee, and see Israel's 50th birthday as much more than just the secular anniversary of statehood that most Jews and Israelis have been celebrating. It's a year filled with portent, possibly heralding the messiah and the dawn of peace on earth—or, conversely, Armageddon.

Three religions converge at one spot in Jerusalem: the broad plateau that is crowned by the Dome of the Rock mosque. It is here, according to believers, that Allah ascended into heaven, that Jesus Christ preached and that Abraham offered Isaac to Yahweh. Islamic and Jewish religions claim this site as a most holy place. Chasen believes that jubilee is ripe for a new fanatical push to rebuild the Jewish temple there, and that such a move could cause a conflagration.

"These are things that need to be discussed, not through extremism, but through debate and creativity," Chasen cautions. "We're not trying to scare people. When you look at the way jubilee is observed, it's all about celebrating through music and song. We're not proclaiming the biblical jubilee. We're just going there to celebrate it for ourselves. Our job, as musicians, is to be the celebrants. And to help educate people so they don't resort to fundamentalism."

Whatever happens, one thing's for sure: Farrell wants to play the jubilee.

The exact plans keep changing, but the goal is to head to Israel in September for a huge concert to bring on the peace. This jubilee concert will launch the Gobalee record and tour. Perry explains simply, "Well, a gobballee is one who is eaten." As in gobbled. Hey, they laughed at the name Lollapalooza, too. Perry's traveling festival will then slowly make its way home from the Middle East.

For Farrell this is perfect. He gets to go on a pilgrimage to the promised land. (Are they going to let him bring along his naked pole-dancers and deliver long monologues on how to give people orgasms with a feather?) Perry doesn't want this to be a one-time affair. He's already planning annual "concerts for peace" from Israel, with musicians from around the world. Just in time for the millennium.

•

Can a musician be a shaman? I was once sitting in an RV with David Bowie in New York when he told me a story. On trips to Japan, Bowie often visits a Buddhist monastery, and on one tour the head priest said that organized religion is finished. The priest said this in the monastery, where people devote their lives to its practice. Moreover, he said that it was up to celebrities such as Bowie to lead people in the right direction. It made a great impression on Bowie.

Ersatz priesthood is really no more weird than the rest of Perry's life. He was in Aspen on New Year's Eve when Michael Kennedy died. Farrell was staying at a condo in Aspen owned by a self-styled sex therapist. The house is set up for sexual encounters. Perry had a girl and his crew with him and they were having a great time.

They saw a body being carried off the slope. "We see these lights coming and we were laughing because we were giddy," he recalls. "We had just gotten off the mountain, and we're going, 'Whoa, oh my God, look at this!' All of a sudden something came over me: 'Shh! Hey, don't laugh! What if it were someone in your family?' So I said, 'I'm going to go inside.' The other people said, 'We're going to the market.' So they headed down there and ran into Michael Kennedy. They tried to resuscitate him. And my friend was there when Michael Kennedy breathed his last breath.

"That night we're having a good time because it was New Year's Eve and we were with friends and loved ones, and this guy talked with me," he continues. In one version of this story, Perry says it was the guy's suit that caught his eye at the bar. "He said, 'Poor Ethel Kennedy is so sad.' And I said, 'Do you want me to speak to her?' He said, 'Well, maybe.' I never did speak with her. But the next thing I know, he's telling me my room is ready and he took me to the hotel where they were staying. And he led me into this room he gave me for the night. And I started to talk about John Kennedy. I said, 'John Kennedy was a great man, wasn't he?' He said, 'Oh, the best.' We talked about JFK for a little while, and I said, 'What's his name?' And the man said, 'Saint Shaughnessy.' That was the highlight of the night. We traded coats, and then he left."

Perry saw Michael Kennedy's lifeless body, then had a conversation with someone who implied that JFK's name in the afterlife is Saint Shaughnessy. OK. Who knows how much of this actually happened? It doesn't matter. For Perry, this is the fabric of reality.

"I have a funny image of myself as a particle," he likes to say. "You create a wave with particles—a single particle is never going to be as big as a wave. And you can be the funny little guy who starts to direct the wave by causing a slightly different resonance, by humming a slightly different tune. Interaction is the strength of the universe.

"If we put as much effort into peace as we do sports, I'm sure peace will occur. You just have to direct the focus. The solution is created by all of us. Don't be mistaken. The solution does not occur because somebody says, 'Hey, let's separate these guys from those guys.' No, somebody says, 'Hey, let's all do this together.' That's the solution. When we all say, 'Let's do this.' And then peace will happen."

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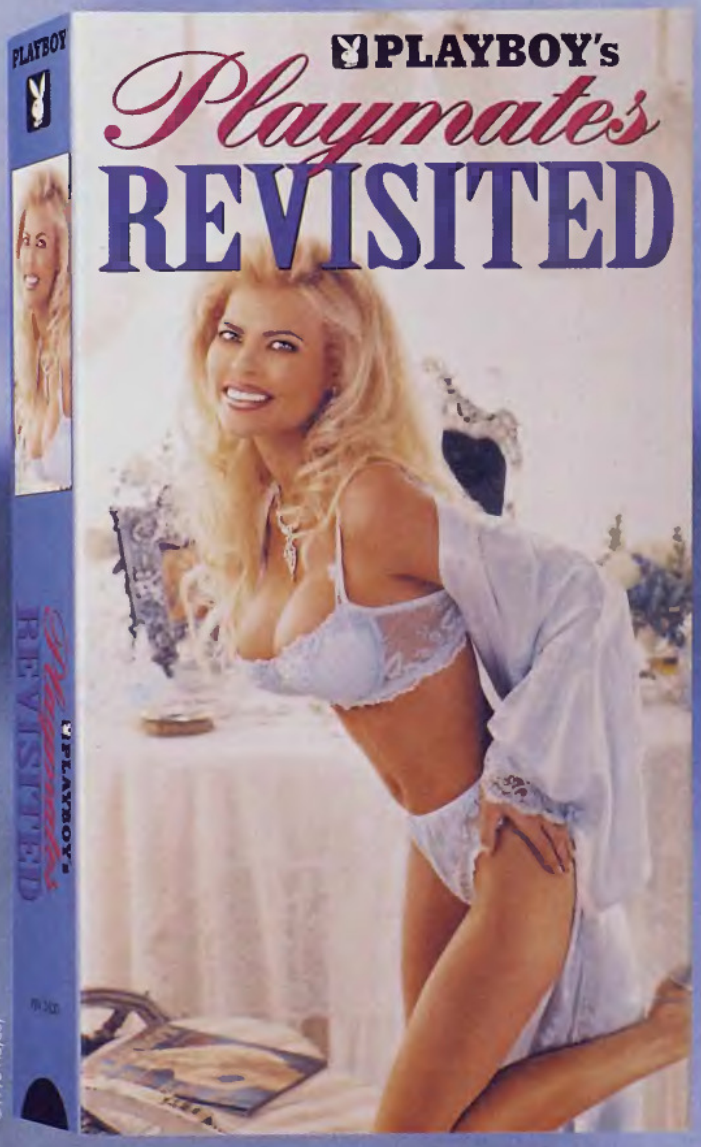

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Wyclef Attire

(continued from page 82)

sell—not sell out."

In the past year, Wyclef has produced tracks for Warren Beatty's movie *Bulworth* and has worked on scoring ("not doing the soundtrack," he emphasizes) the new Eddie Murphy–Martin Lawrence picture. And of course, he has the careers of a Fugees-wide family of cousins and friends to develop.

For this feature, we paired Clef with another young visionary, designer Sandy Dalal, whose suits are to the eye what Wyclef's music is to the ear. The 22-year-old rocked the fashion world this summer with his plaids and prints and became the youngest winner of the Council of Fashion Designers of America's prestigious Perry Ellis Menswear Award. Call him a family man, too. While Dalal was a student at the University of Pennsylvania, his Indian-born parents and his friends raised $1.4 million to back him. His bedroom served as a showroom. Two years later his $250 shirts and $800 jackets are being fought over at Barneys. He designs with musicians such as Wyclef in mind. In fact, Wyclef's song *Bubblegoose*, about the death of his cousin, isn't clear unless you know that bubblegoose is slang for a down jacket. "That's how deep I am into fashion. A puffy goose-down square looks like a bubble," he explains. "And that's where my cousin got shot."

Wyclef possesses street cred without striking a phony gangster pose. To him, hard-core is a reflection of hard times. He grew up on the violent streets of Haiti before his family moved to Brooklyn when he was nine. The man has edge, which is apparent in the Creole lyrics of *Sang Fezi*: *"Lèm té kon al lékol, Amerikain té kon jourem/Yo té rélém nèg nwè, yo rélém ti nèg fumé/Jan yo palé, moin oué yo pa civilizé/Jan yo palé, moin oué yo pa kon Bon Dié"* (When I went to school, Americans used to curse me/They used to call me Black Boy, they called me Little Smoky/The way they talk, I see they're uncivilized/The way they talk, I see they don't know God).

"Mom always told me to dress right," he says. "Going to the Grammys? Don't show up in Nikes. Shoes are very important." (He prefers a Wallabee-type shoe by Patrick Cox.) At the Grammys in 1997 Clef appeared onstage wrapped in the Haitian flag, establishing him as a hero for Haitian Americans. This year he was the guy who handed his mike to Ol' Dirty Bastard of the Wu-Tang Clan. ("ODB, that's my man. He made his statement.")

At our photo session he changes attitudes, "flipping" with each outfit. At one point he says to photographer Andrew Eccles, "Let me do my Dirk Diggler pose." Clef spreads his legs, grabs his crotch with one hand and does a thumbs-up under his chin with the other. With a crazy grin and his pants hiked up, he reminds us of Marky Mark. His assistant suggests something X-rated. "You want me to ruin my career?" he asks with a laugh. "Don't you know how important these pictures are? I have a 50-year plan, man." Fifty years in the music industry? He'll need a lot of outfits. —CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO

"You're so calm and composed in this hyped-up, crises-filled world. You're not screwing anyone else, are you?"

BARRY SCHECK

(continued from page 106)

Scheck likes to think of himself as an accidental celebrity who, at 48, unwittingly finds himself in fame's fun house. "You become a toon. You have an identity that has nothing to do with who you are," he whines, though it's only a slight whine. "You cease being a person. You become a projection in pop culture. Your life becomes a caricature that has nothing to do with reality." As exhibit A, he recalls a joke Jay Leno told in which Scheck hires Woodward to shake money from his clients' pockets. The implication is that he's getting rich off his work. "Basically, I'm a public-interest lawyer," he says. "Everything I've ever done is consistent with that."

True, most of his clients don't qualify for the country club set. There were the striking tomato-farm workers in California, for whom Scheck did legal work after he graduated from law school. There were the 170 demonstrators whose trespassing charges were dismissed in 1980 after they invaded a nuclear power plant. Scheck was part of the defense team that won acquittals for the New York Eight, black radicals charged with conspiring to rob Brink's trucks and planning prison escapes. And he helped acquit five men—some called them terrorists, Scheck called them freedom fighters—caught sending a cache of arms to the IRA.

In other words, Barry Scheck knows from pro bono.

Although he won't discuss his fees (unofficial estimates of Scheck's earnings from the Woodward trial top out at $300,000), Scheck possesses all the accessories of a snappy New York life: He drives a Volvo, and sends his 11-year-old daughter, Olivia, to private school and 18-year-old son, Gabriel, to Brown University. He has season tickets to the Knicks and owns a spacious condo in Brooklyn Heights, at the foot of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Still, Scheck's niche in the legal world, particularly as it existed before he became famous, is hardly lucrative. Dorothy Scheck concedes she has sometimes wished her husband were more interested in corporate law. But Scheck's heart, she says, has never been in his wallet, at least not since they met as college students hitchhiking around Europe. After they dated for three years, she secured a marriage proposal by claiming that her mother was dying (mom's still alive). Scheck finally proposed at a Grateful Dead concert in Berkeley in 1974. (He can't recall the accompanying tune. "I may not have been in my right mind," he says. Ditto for the missus.) There was no honeymoon.

"Money a priority for Barry? Oh, no," Dorothy says, giggling at the suggestion.

But don't think her husband's heart is pure, she cautions. "Fame? Power? Yeah, maybe."

Which explains why Scheck isn't altogether unhappy about being mocked as a shark, that soulless mascot for criminal-defense lawyers. There's a flip side to the needling. The man can work a case. He may never find love from vigilante couch potatoes, but in legal circles his reputation as a tenacious, passionate advocate has never been stronger. And his Innocence Project, while relatively unknown to the public, is lauded by colleagues across the country.

"He's damn good," says Harvard law professor Arthur Miller. "He's probably the leading lawyer in the DNA field and one of the best law-science people in the country today. He can make it simple enough for a jury to understand. That's a gift most people don't have. Defense lawyers have always been pilloried; it's how laypeople reverse the presumption of innocence. But God help any citizen who gets in trouble with the law. Who are they going to hire? Caspar Milquetoast? Sally Sap? You want a guy who will get the job done. Right now, Barry is that guy."

Miller's assessment followed the sniping that Scheck suffered last fall after a Massachusetts jury found Louise Woodward guilty of murdering eight-month-old Matthew Eappen. Though judge Hiller Zobel ultimately released the 19-year-old au pair, Scheck considers the jury's rebuke to be the most painful of his career. He had been so confident in the defense's case that he lobbied Zobel to drop the lesser manslaughter charge as an option for the jury. Scheck gambled that the jurors, faced with an all-or-nothing choice, would sympathize with Woodward. He lost.

"I don't think I've ever tried a better case," says Scheck, who is appealing the verdict. "I was stunned. It was like someone had hit me in the stomach. It's a terrible thing for her to live with. For all of us to live with. It was horrible. I won't get over this for years. We proved she didn't do it. The jurors were wrong. They had no right to do what they did."

The trial was unpleasant for other reasons as well. Fifty medical experts ganged up to denounce Scheck's contention that Matthew died because a previous brain injury had somehow started to bleed again. And legal analysts wondered if the jury had soured on Scheck because of his association with Simpson, or because of his badgering courtroom antics. The heckling over Scheck's style even prompted Simpson to call Court TV. "I don't know anyone in America who, if they ever got in trouble, wouldn't want him on their defense team," Simpson said on the air. Scheck snorts when asked about the unsolicited support. "It wasn't helpful," he says.

Scheck's closing argument was a 35-minute attack on the medical evidence against Woodward. "*This* is a reasonable doubt," Scheck declared, holding up a scan of Matthew's skull that he insisted proved the boy's injuries were old. "*This* is the end of their case. Period." At the conclusion, Scheck thundered that a defendant is presumed innocent even if "she has been convicted in the press!" He was near tears. "Send this woman home," he said. "All she ever did on February 4 was try to save a child's life."

The intensity of Scheck's effort was moving, and afterward, exhausted, he sank into a chair at the defense table. His closing was also noteworthy for what was missing. Not once did Scheck express empathy with Matthew Eappen's parents. He would do so later, at a press conference after the verdict, but he hadn't in his courtroom finale. Yet if anyone could communicate to a jury a sense of the Eappens' loss, if anyone could convey their bottomless grief, even if in passing to soften an otherwise bristling defense, that person is Barry Scheck.

•

As a child, Scheck could find his father Saturday nights at seven P.M. by turning on the television. There he was, George Scheck, hair slicked back, the smooth, smiling host of *Star Time*, a talent show for child singers, dancers and musicians. Barry himself yearned to perform for the camera, but his father declared the stage off-limits. "He hated the rapacious nature of show business," Scheck says. "He didn't want me to get into it unless I had a license to practice law. He said the only people who survived show business were the lawyers."

Scheck's relatives were a raffish cut of Runyonesque New York. His maternal grandmother, an expert card player, went into labor at the poker table. His mother's first cousin Norton Peppis co-owned a popular gin joint in Queens and lost bundles of cash at the racetrack. George's father was a gambler and an alcoholic who raised his eight children in the sagging tenements of Manhattan's Lower East Side. Some days there weren't enough clothes to dress all the kids; some days there wasn't enough food. "It's something of a mystery how they survived," Barry says.

In his early teens, after dropping out of school to work, George befriended a janitor at a neighborhood bank who taught him to tap-dance. Soon, George found fortune in his feet. He signed on as a dancer—a boy hoofer, as they were known—in a vaudeville troupe. He would become one of the few white performers of his generation to dance at Harlem's Apollo Theater. Later, George opened a performance school for kids.

In the early Fifties he launched *Star Time*. One day a roofer from New

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Jersey arrived unannounced at George's Midtown office, begging for a tryout for his 12-year-old daughter, Concetta Franconero.

"I'm sorry," George said, "but I'm up to my neck in kid singers."

"But Mr. Scheck, she also plays the accordion."

"OK," Scheck sighed, "I'll listen to her tomorrow."

Good thing, too. The girl eventually changed her name to Connie Francis, and she sold enough records—more than 40 million—to pour a load of money into the bank account of manager Scheck. Scheck also discovered singer Bobby Darin and jazz pianist Hazel Scott. By the mid-Fifties, he had moved his wife, Eleanor, and two children, Barry and Marilyn, from their Queens apartment to a three-bedroom house on Long Island.

Barry relished his new suburban life. He and his younger sister had their own bedrooms. He devoured Hardy Boys detective stories, followed the Yankees and was a gritty shortstop in the Babe Ruth Little League (he didn't lose interest even after an errant fungo crushed the bridge of his nose). The sight of Arnold Palmer on television sent Scheck outside with a seven iron to master the art of launching golf balls over neighbors' roofs.

It was a perfectly comfortable existence that ended abruptly in tragedy. On Thanksgiving eve in 1960, 11-year-old Barry drifted off to sleep while his parents bantered downstairs with friends over preholiday cocktails. The guests left around one A.M. An hour later, Barry awoke suddenly, hot, confused, choking, rubbing his eyes, terrified. His mother burst into his room. The house was on fire.

Eleanor grabbed her son and pushed him downstairs, where flames were devouring the floors, walls and furniture. Scheck says his father, frail from a heart condition, tried to carry Marilyn down the stairs but was forced back by the dense smoke. George ran with Marilyn to his bedroom, where he smashed a window and climbed out onto the roof of the garage, shouting for help. His knees buckled and he collapsed with a heart attack. Eleanor's screams mixed with the wails of arriving fire trucks. Firefighters pulled her husband to safety but were unable to reach seven-year-old Marilyn, who was found on the floor upstairs, her lifeless body wrapped around a pillow.

Barry was taken that night to stay with family friends in Queens. Curt Marder remembers Barry standing in the doorway to his bedroom, in his pajamas, his hair singed and his hands burned from touching superheated doorknobs. "He was totally disoriented," Marder recalls. Scheck would share Curt's room for the next two months while George recuperated and Eleanor struggled to regain her emotional balance.

Curt's parents kept Barry away from the newspapers, which were filled the next morning with adoring stories about president-elect Kennedy and wife Jackie becoming parents to John Jr. Marilyn Scheck's death also made the news. Although no cause was determined, the local paper, *Newsday*, reported that the fire may have been ignited by a cigarette that fell between the cushions of a couch in the Schecks' den. Two photos showed a cop restraining Eleanor, her face blackened by soot, as she tried to rescue her daughter.

For days Barry wondered what had happened to his sister. No one told him she had died. No one told him about her funeral. "It was hushed up," says Shelly Marder, Curt's sister. "The message was, You used to have a sister, now you don't. They didn't want to deal with the tragedy, how profound it was, how inexplicable it was."

Barry expressed his anguish in bursts. "His parents had taken us for a weekend in the Catskills, and we were playfighting," Curt says. "Barry started choking me. I thought he was pretending, but he wouldn't stop. Tears were coming down his cheeks and he was screaming, 'You don't know what it's like to lose a sister! You don't know what it's like to deal with my family!'"

To this day, Scheck dislikes talking about the fire. After a quick, monosyllabic recounting of what transpired, he says the experience "grew me up pretty fast. It gave me a profound sense that things can go"—he smacks the table—"like *that*." He wonders how he would have evolved otherwise. "I have this image of a suburban life, where there's a certain amount of happy idiocy," he says. "I probably would have ended up in Hollywood, writing sitcoms." He never recovered. "When people say you'll get over it, that's not true," he says. "If someone cuts off your arm, you don't get over it." Moments later, his eyes brim with tears. He looks away and wipes them with a napkin. "It's very painful," he says, his

"I couldn't have been more than a few weeks old when they flushed me down the toilet."

voice barely audible. "It's embarrassing. It's my business, not necessarily anyone else's."

•

After the fire, the Schecks moved to Manhattan's Upper East Side, where Barry finished junior high at a public school before attending Horace Mann, a private boys' school. He had already begun telling friends of a new ambition: He would become president of the United States. Curt Marder recalls that Barry "was always very emphatic about it. He'd say, 'I want to be president.'" Shelly Marder says Scheck was more specific. "He wanted to be the first Jewish president," she recalls. "It was an ongoing grandiose concept, but there was always an edge of humor. At least, I'd like to think so."

Scheck won't confess to any White House ambition, except to say, "I was intensely interested in politics." His seriousness and drive were formidable at Horace Mann, where he was known for denouncing the Johnson administration. As editor of the school paper, he made a minor splash by scoring an interview with F. Lee Bailey, then the country's preeminent celebrity shark-lawyer. Scheck ignored notorious Bailey clients such as Albert DeSalvo, the Boston Strangler, and kept their talk stubbornly substantive. "What is wrong with the present definition of legal insanity?" he asked his future partner.

Even then he had a way of jabbing his finger in people's faces. During a school debate, he advocated ending student draft deferments because he believed they were unfair to those who could not afford college. Besides, he knew that if well-to-do kids were draftable, their parents would storm Washington and demand an end to the war. "We draft only those who cannot afford to hide in the endless catacombs of higher education," he bellowed during the debate.

William Barr, who would grow up to become President Bush's attorney general, did not agree with his classmate's views. During a lunchtime discussion, Barr punched Scheck in the mouth after, Barr says, Scheck cursed the Pope. "It was a very satisfying moment for me," says Barr when asked about the incident. The principal summoned him for an explanation. "I told him Scheck had referred to the Pope with an epithet, and that I hit him. And he said, 'That was a good thing to do.'" (Scheck recalls the dispute but says no punches were thrown.)

Scheck began college at Yale in 1967 and delved into the politics of the moment. He joined the "Dump Johnson" movement, surrendered his draft card in protest of the Vietnam war and campaigned for Robert Kennedy (and even for Norman Mailer when he ran for mayor of New York in 1969). He claims his own political aspirations died with RFK, but the events of those years convinced him that an activist citizenry could effect social change. "We had real reason to believe what we said mattered. I went to college and within a few months, we brought down a president," he says, referring to Johnson's not running for re-election. "We thought we could make a new country."

He applied to law school and was accepted at the University of California–Berkeley. "What the hell am I going to law school for?" he asked friends during a poker game before classes started. He was interested in writing screenplays or even a novel. His parents, though, had always pushed him toward a conventional life. The only ones who survived, his father had always warned, were the lawyers. So Scheck became a lawyer, but on his own terms. Corporate law was out of the question. He would become a public-interest lawyer. "I always saw the money as a trap," he says. "I wanted to remain true to a set of social values."

Those values began forming when George Scheck took his son back to the decrepit neighborhood where George had grown up. He would tell Barry how hard it had been to be poor, how society should care for its weak. He would tell him about his black friends in showbiz, dancers such as Honey Coles and John Bubbles, and musicians such as Hazel Scott, and how their lives had been hurt by racism. Through his father, Barry had salvaged his youth after the fire that killed his sister. And through his father, Barry learned a sense of social justice.

George Scheck had suffered 12 heart attacks before he died in 1984. During any one of his sick spells, friends could walk into his hospital room and find George happily smoking a long cigar. "He was always kind, always warm, always gentle," Scheck says.

Barry had a more difficult time with his mother. Eleanor, now 73, never recovered from the death of her daughter, whose framed portrait hangs prominently in her Manhattan apartment. Eleanor suffered long periods of depression, withdrawal and anger. Often she would unleash her rage on her son, lashing out at him about his grades, long hair or ragged dress. Once she smashed his collection of record albums because they were arranged sloppily. Sometimes, when Eleanor was at her darkest, she would tell Barry that the wrong child had died in the fire and she seemed to make his survival a crime.

Scheck says he grew to understand that his mother was suffering, that she didn't mean to hurt him. "Because of all that," he says, "I learned to deal with damaged people." Yet, it's also true that as a result of his mother's damning words, Barry became similar to the men

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he would eventually free from prison through the Innocence Project. He, too, was branded for something that was not his fault.

•

It is 4:30 P.M. on a Tuesday, and Scheck is huddled with five law students in a conference room at Cardozo Law School. The students are updating Scheck on the progress of the cases he has assigned them for the Innocence Project, which he runs as part of Cardozo's criminal-law clinic.

Hundreds of letters arrive every year from inmates begging Scheck and co-director Peter Neufeld to adopt their causes. "I may not be O.J. Simpson," begins one, "but I need your help." The Innocence Project takes on their cases only if the law students can obtain physical evidence from the crime—a vaginal swab, for example, or semen-stained panties or a bloodstained shirt. The sample is then tested to determine whether it matches the convict's DNA. But with crimes that date back more than ten years, evidence is often lost. Sometimes, prosecutors aren't eager to search. "People don't like to open up things," Scheck says. "It's always a can of worms." And there are other obstacles. The Innocence Project, which subsists on a $90,000-a-year budget that relies heavily on private contributions, requires that families of inmates pay $5000 to $8000 for the DNA testing. "If we had more money, we could triple the number of people we get out," Scheck says.

In class, one student tells Scheck that a police sergeant keeps avoiding his phone calls. "Do we have the evidence?" Scheck asks, leaning back in his chair, rubbing his eyes. The drill is familiar.

"The way the sergeant is avoiding us, I suspect we do," the student answers. Scheck orders his assistant to track down a sympathetic attorney in that region to help apply pressure.

Next case.

Prosecutors in a Massachusetts town have located a lost piece of evidence, but they won't release it for testing. "This is really stupid," Scheck says, bristling at the prosecutor's letter. "This was written by someone who is brain-dead." The students chuckle. "It's totally moronic," he says moments later, "such an ignorant response."

"OK," Scheck says finally, "we're going to get a lawyer for this one."

Since its inception in 1992, the Innocence Project has helped more than 30 inmates, nearly all of them picked out of police lineups by rape victims or witnesses before DNA testing existed. They are men no one wanted to believe, men who spent years in prison cells, cut off from families and livelihoods. Their releases are Scheck's absolution, their voices a compelling counterchorus to those who would tether him to Simpson.

They include Kirk Bloodsworth of Baltimore, who was accused of taking nine-year-old Dawn Hamilton into a woods, raping her, bashing in her head with a rock, then strangling her. Five witnesses insist they saw Bloodsworth with Dawn the day she was killed. He was convicted in 1984, then sentenced to die. Eight years later, with prodding from the Innocence Project, prosecutors reexamined the little girl's underwear. They found a spot of semen less than one sixteenth of an inch wide. A DNA test proved the semen was not Bloodsworth's. He walked in 1993.

Troy Webb lost seven years in a Virginia state prison. A woman flipping through police photographs said his baby-faced mug matched that of the man who had raped her outside her apartment complex. Her word was all the

DEATH ROW ANGEL: SCHECK'S THE MAN

Everyone, it seems, knows about O.J. Simpson. Ronald Jones, 48, is another story, lost among the legion of nameless inmates in the American prison system. His mug isn't likely to grace the cover of a national magazine. Larry King hasn't called for an interview. Yet Jones has something in common with Simpson. He, too, is Barry Scheck's client.

Scheck joined Ronald Jones' legal team years after Jones was sentenced to death in 1989 for raping and murdering Debra Smith, a 28-year-old mother of three, in an abandoned motel on the South Side of Chicago.

Jones' case is typical of those handled by Scheck's Innocence Project. There are no heroes in these sorts of cases, the storylines are dreary and the clients often have troubled, even unsavory, pasts. Addicted to drugs and alcohol, Jones was on a prolonged downward spiral. He had been convicted of robbery and burglary and his parole had been revoked twice by March 1985, when Smith's body was found.

At first, Jones was not a suspect. Then a woman told police he had raped her at knifepoint in the neighborhood in which Smith had been found. That victim's description of Jones included an account of his complexion, a condition that earned him the nickname "Bumpy."

The case stalled when the woman failed to show up in court. Still, detectives decided to question Jones for Smith's murder after a witness claimed to have seen him begging her for money shortly before she was killed.

After a nine-hour interrogation, Jones confessed, saying he had killed Smith in self-defense. They'd had sex, he said, then she demanded payment. He refused. She took out a knife, which he grabbed and then killed her with.

Jones was convicted and sentenced to die in 1989, though during his trial he testified he confessed only after the police suggested it would help him get a lighter sentence. For nearly eight years, public defenders in Chicago kept Jones from dying. They invited Scheck to argue for DNA tests on the semen found in Smith (such testing was not deemed reliable when Jones was apprehended). The results proved the semen could not have come from Jones. His conviction was overturned last summer and he was removed from death row. But Jones still sits in prison as prosecutors assess whether to retry his case. For Scheck, the ordeal won't end until Jones is free. "I'm haunted by Ronald Jones," he says. "It has taken close to a year to get him out of jail and the case may well be retried. It's very upsetting that someone could be on death row for over a decade, then be exonerated by a DNA test and still not be released."

—P.S.

jury needed. A judge sentenced him to 47 years. In prison he heard about the Innocence Project. He wrote Scheck, who campaigned for a DNA test that ultimately proved Webb was not the attacker. Webb was impassive when he learned of the results. "There was nothing to celebrate. I always knew I was innocent," he says. "But no one wanted to hear about it."

Edward Honaker of Virginia forfeited ten years of his life in state prison. A woman insisted he had raped her in his truck after he threatened to shoot her boyfriend. Both the woman and her boyfriend picked Honaker out of a lineup, and a jury convicted him of rape, sodomy and sexual assault. A judge sentenced him to three successive life terms, plus 34 years. Honaker wrote to Scheck, who demanded DNA testing on the victim's vaginal swabs. Honaker, too, was vindicated. "There aren't enough words in the English language to express what I owe those people," he once said of his rescuers.

A cautionary tale to these bittersweet endings features Kerry Kotler of Long Island, whose successful quest to overturn a rape conviction was championed by Scheck and Neufeld. After 11 years, Kotler left prison in 1992 and celebrated his freedom by riding a horse on a beach in Montauk. Four years later he was arrested for raping a college student. He was convicted and sentenced to seven to 21 years. The prosecutor on the original case, James Catterson, is sure he was guilty the first time. "The man is a predator," he says.

Scheck and Neufeld were distraught over Kotler's arrest but still believe he was innocent in the first case. They suggest he was damaged by his experiences in prison. "This is a man who at 22 was accused of a serious crime he did not commit," Neufeld says. "While other young men were getting married, he was being sexually assaulted in Attica. While other young men were starting their careers, he was bending license plates. He was stabbed twice, was the victim of extortion. I'm sure it had a profound effect on him." They worry that the Innocence Project could be tainted by association. "To some degree," Scheck says, "Kotler's case gives people an excuse to say, 'Look what happens when you let someone out.'"

Scheck and Neufeld's expertise in DNA has not only enabled them to free convicts, but also allowed them to attack the testing and handling of evidence, as they did during Simpson's trial. Their opponents have accused them of being hypocritical. "They're trying to have it both ways," says Rockne Harmon, a prosecutor in Oakland.

Beginning in the late Eighties, prosecutors and judges began touting new DNA technology as a surefire way to prove guilt. The alibi is dead, they

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 20, 24–25, 33–34, 37, 79, 82–83, 105, 112–113, 152 and 163, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

TRAVEL

Page 20: "Road Stuff": **Travel bags:** By *Samsonite*, at department and specialty luggage stores. From *Holland & Holland*, 212-752-7755. By *Travelsmith*, 800-950-1600. By *Duluth Trading Co.*, 800-505-8888. **Garment steamer** by *Franzus*, from *Travel Smart*, 203-723-6664.

WIRED

Pages 24–25: "Gaming After Dark": **Entertainment franchise** by *Dreamworks, Universal Studios* and *Sega*, 818-777-4263. "All Charged Up": **Batteries:** By *Panasonic Co.*, 201-392-4675. By *Sony Electronics Corp.*, 800-222-7669. By *Sunwize Technology*, 800-817-6527. "All Work and Some Play": **PC/TV boards:** By *ATI Technologies*, 905-882-2600, extension 1. By *ADS Technologies*, 800-888-5244. "Wild Things": **Phone handset and tape recorder** by *Innovative Home Office Products*, 800-521-8150. **Digital cellular phone** by *Samsung Electronics*, 888-987-4357. **Receiver** by *Kenwood*, 800-950-5005. **Mouse** by *IBM*, 800-426-7235, extension 4340. "Multimedia Reviews & News": **Software central:** By *Activision*, 800-477-3650. By *Origin Systems*, 512-434-4357. By *Cavedog Entertainment*, 888-477-9369.

MANTRACK

Page 33: "Hang On to Your Hats": **Panoz roadster**, 888-467-2660. Page 34: "Heavy Metal": **Putter** by *Carbite*, 800-641-0065, extension 211. "Think Small": **Microstereo** by *Sony*, 800-222-7669. "Time for Takeoff": **Wristwatch** by *Swiss Army Brands*, 800-442-2706. Page 37: "Your Deal, Ace": **Casino poker:** *Trump Taj Mahal*, 800-727-6537. *Foxwoods*, 800-752-9244. *Bicycle Club Casino*, 562-806-4646. *Hollywood Park*, 800-888-4972. *Grand Casino Gulfport and Biloxi*, 800-946-2946. *Luxor*, 702-262-4000. *Rio*, 702-252-7777. *Orleans*, 702-365-7111. *Mirage*, 800-777-6537. *Binion's Horseshoe*, 800-937-6537. "Get Zapped": **Electricycle** by *Zap*, 707-824-4159.

THE RETURN OF THE CADDIE

Page 79: **Resorts:** *Pinehurst*, 800-487-4653. *Spanish Bay*, 800-654-9300. *Broadmoor*, 800-634-7711. *Greenbrier*, 800-624-6070. *Doral*, 305-592-2000. *Pebble Beach*, 800-654-9300. *American Club*, 800-344-2838. *Kapaluaa*, 800-326-9874. *Pumpkin Ridge*, 503-647-9977. *Seaview Marriott Resort*, 609-748-7680. *Four Seasons Hualalai*, 888-340-5662. **Caddie service** by *Caddie Master Enterprises*, 703-802-2596. *Cranwell Golf School*, 413-637-8271.

WYCLEF ATTIRE

Pages 82–83: **Clothing** by *Sandy Dalal*, at select Saks Fifth Avenue and Barneys New York stores.

SEXY MEXICO

Pages 105 and 152: **Resorts:** *Las Alamandas*, 800-223-6510. *Maroma*, 800-400-3333. *Las Hadas*, 800-722-6466. *Caribbean Reef Club*, 888-5-CANCUN. *Hacienda Katanchel*, 888-882-9470. *Rosewood's Las Ventanas al Paraíso*, 888-525-0483. *Hotel Playa de Cortés*, 800-782-7608. **Rail trip:** *The Sierra Madre Express*, 800-666-0346.

LOAFIN'

Pages 112–113: **Loafers:** By *Bottega Veneta*, 212-371-5511. By *Joseph Abboud*, at Bloomingdale's, Bigsby & Kruthers and Mark Shale stores. By *Bruno Magli*, at Bruno Magli stores. By *Kenneth Cole*, 800-KEN-COLE. By *Cole-Haan*, 800-201-8001.

ON THE SCENE

Page 163: "A Proper Picnic": **Basket and blanket** from *Asprey*, 800-883-2777. **Shooting seat** from *Holland & Holland*, 212-752-7755. **Cigar tubador** from *Bounty Hunter*, 800-943-9463. **Portable color TV** by *Sony Electronics Corp.*, 800-222-7669. **Picnic case** by *Richard E. Bishop, Ltd.*, from Digital Sportsman, 800-587-9255.

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rejoiced, long live the double helix. Scheck and Neufeld jumped into the fray during a 1989 murder trial in the Bronx. Joseph Castro, a janitor, was accused of stabbing to death a pregnant woman and her two-year-old daughter. The case seemed like a lock. A DNA test matched a speck of blood on the face of Castro's wristwatch to the woman's.

Scheck and Neufeld nibbled at the edges of the prosecution's case. First, they proved that the test had been done sloppily. Then they showed that the testing company had miscalculated the odds that the blood could have come from anyone other than the mother. By the end of their presentation, some of the D.A.'s expert witnesses called the testing unreliable. The judge barred the DNA evidence in a ruling that turned Scheck and Neufeld into conquering heroes in the criminal-defense world. Lawyers across the country invited them to conduct seminars on how to contend with DNA. In all the euphoria, it hardly seemed to matter that Castro ultimately confessed to the murders. "Before Scheck and Neufeld, no defense lawyer would take on DNA. I mean, how do you defend against God? How do you defend against those odds?" asks Eric Swenson, author of *DNA in the Courtroom*. "They had the chutzpah to do it."

The following year the duo helped William Kunstler in the appeals of three Hell's Angels convicted of murdering a man in Ohio. Though Scheck and Neufeld lost their bid to dismiss the DNA evidence, memories of their courtroom ferocity still provoke bitterness. At one point, they accused former FBI lab director John Hicks of seeking to destroy evidence, an allegation that was later proved unfounded.

"I was insulted. I thought it defamed my character and integrity," Hicks says. "I saw in Barry a mean streak and a callous disregard for what he knew was true."

Assistant U.S. Attorney James Wooley, a prosecutor in that case, says Scheck and Neufeld employ "a scorched-earth approach, and I'm not sure I agree with burning down everything they do. They're willing to attack the personal integrity of someone who takes an opposing position. In my 15 years in courtrooms, it was a singular moment."

Scheck and Neufeld make no apologies for their aggressive style. As for questions about their varying postures regarding DNA, they see no inconsistency. Their only problem with DNA, they say, is when the collection of the evidence, or the testing itself, is mishandled. Of course, that's their last worry when it exonerates an Innocence Project client. Then they talk of DNA testing with the zeal of a prosecutor. "We're doing God's work," Scheck says. "It's the best thing you can do as a lawyer. There's no higher calling."

•

O.J. Simpson's acquittal is not what comes to mind at the mention of God's work. Still, Scheck insists that he and Neufeld saw in the Simpson trial the chance to argue the merits of DNA evidence on a national stage. Ultimately, no matter what anyone thinks of the verdict, Scheck believes the trial delivered the enduring message that investigators can botch a seemingly airtight case if they mishandle evidence. "If you do it right," Scheck says, "you will convict the guilty. That's the lesson."

The trial sent another message: Barry Scheck was a formidable courtroom presence, even if he dressed as though he were starring in a bad gangster movie. "We told Barry, 'You have to lose those *Guys and Dolls* suits,'" recalls Johnnie Cochran. "'Get suits that come from the second half of the 20th century.'"

"He's probably the best lawyer they had," says Christopher Darden, one of the prosecutors in the case, who now teaches law at Southwestern University. "He made the most difference in front of the jury. He's a very smart man." (The good feeling, however, has its limits. After the trial, Scheck wrote Darden a note inviting him to meet for a drink or to speak to a Cardozo class if he ever passed through New York. Darden never responded.)

For all his apparent ambivalence, friends say Scheck has enjoyed his fame, even if it hasn't always been as widespread as he believes. Visiting Curt Marder's father in the hospital, Scheck boasted that blacks everywhere recognize him because of the Simpson trial. "So my father called in one of the attendants and asked if she knew who Barry was," Curt recalls. "She looked at him for a while and said, 'Are you a game-show host?'"

The trial levied many burdens. Strangers sent him death threats and hate mail, including one letter that began, "Barry Scheck, how can you work for that nigger?" And associates could not

"Somehow I always envisioned heaven as a place where one wouldn't have to use a condom."

fathom their old friend from Legal Aid defending a wealthy celebrity who had once pleaded no contest to beating the woman he was accused of murdering. "When the O.J. case came in, many people believed it represented the classic batterer case, and many thought Barry shouldn't do it," says Cardozo professor Ellen Yaroshefsky. "At that point I was concerned. We argued about it. Barry and Peter both believed it was a DNA case and would be a forum for DNA issues."

For Yaroshefsky, DNA was not a sufficient reason. "We were walking down the street, screaming about it," she recalls, laughing. "I asked Barry, 'Could you do a DNA case for a Nazi?' And he said, 'Personally, I couldn't do that.' Then, later, he came to me and said he could defend a Nazi in a DNA case, for the sake of intellectual consistency. I thought this was outrageous." (Scheck denies he said he could defend a Nazi.)

To his friends, Scheck's role in Simpson's trial seemed especially contradictory because of his impassioned defense during the late Eighties of Hedda Nussbaum, who was arrested with Joel Steinberg for the beating death of Lisa Steinberg, their six-year-old illegally adopted daughter. Nussbaum became a national symbol for battered women, and while public pressure mounted in favor of punishing both parents, Scheck argued that Hedda, suffering from a broken nose, 16 broken ribs, split lips and a gangrenous leg, was also Joel Steinberg's victim and could not have been responsible for Lisa's death. "Speaking with her was like talking to a torture victim," he says. Scheck finally persuaded prosecutors not to charge Nussbaum and instead enlisted her to testify against Steinberg.

"It was a true obsession," says Michael Dowd, a lawyer who referred Nussbaum to Scheck. "Barry became infatuated with Hedda. He didn't know where she ended and where he began. Hedda was perfection. It wasn't balanced. He was so driven, as if it were his own life. If he hadn't persuaded the prosecutors not to charge her, he would have been devastated."

Dowd has enjoyed discussing cases with Scheck, except during the Simpson trial. "I'd tell him, 'Barry, I can't talk to you. I'm turned off by this guy. I think he beats the shit out of his wife,'" Dowd says. "Barry would say, 'Mike, if you were to spend two hours with him, you'd change your mind.' And I said, 'Come on, give me a break.'"

Scheck says that Simpson's history of beating Nicole was not a central issue when he entered the case. DNA was the issue. Simpson's record as a batterer, he says, "might have been a good reason not to get involved. It was a horrible, terrible thing. It's something he should be ashamed of. But it doesn't mean he killed his wife."

Unlike his colleagues on the defense (Cochran, Bailey, Robert Shapiro, Alan Dershowitz and Gerald Uelmen), as well as the prosecution (Marcia Clark and Darden), Scheck abstained from writing a memoir of the trial. Instead, he and Neufeld signed a deal last fall with Doubleday to write about wrongfully convicted prisoners. Earlier, they had pitched a TV series about two idealistic law professors who, assisted by their equally idealistic students, seek to exonerate convicts. CBS expressed interest, then passed. Saint Scheck, the network decided, just wouldn't sell.

•

Class is over. Barry Scheck limps to his large corner office at Cardozo. The light outside his windows is gone. A painting of Jackie Robinson stealing home hangs on one wall. On another, Willie Mays is making his famous over-the-shoulder catch in the 1954 World Series. Scheck's desk is covered with phone messages. A clock says 2:47, about four hours slow.

A note on a nearby table begins, "Don't let the bastards and pundits get you down." Scheck gets stacks of mail from strangers (one included a photograph of a bikini-clad woman holding her son between her knees). He holds up a card. "I like this one," he says.

"Dear Professor Scheck," it starts. "I admit I didn't like you too much during O.J. Simpson's trial. I judged you by your client and the trial as a whole, and I was wrong. . . . I'm very proud of you and the recent work you gave to Louise Woodward's case."

Scheck slumps into a chair. "In the long run, I have a lot of confidence that people will recognize what the legal community sees. I have a lot of confidence that people will say, 'Look at what they did with the Innocence Project. Look at what they did with forensics,'" he says. "In the long run, it doesn't matter what the popular perception is, so long as you do the right thing."

A moment later, he opens a pamphlet listing the people the Innocence Project has helped free. He starts checking off the names. Vincent Moto. Terry Chalmers. Robert Snyder. Victor Ortiz. Edward Honaker. Brian Piczczek. Troy Webb. Kirk Bloodsworth——

"Excuse me, Professor Scheck."

A young woman pokes her head through his open door.

"I ran into O.J. Simpson the other night at the Four Seasons," she says in a relentlessly sunny voice. "He said your closing argument at his trial was the best, and that you're a really great guy."

Scheck glances at the woman and his lips form a small, polite smile. "Well, isn't that nice," he says before returning to the list of names he hopes will deliver sainthood.

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Don Henley, founder of The Walden Woods Project, a nonprofit group engaged in protecting Walden Woods. Photo: Firooz Zahedi

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SEXY MEXICO

(continued from page 105)

drive away. Rooms start at $220, which includes breakfast.

ROSEWOOD'S LAS VENTANAS AL PARAÍSO

Rosewood's Las Ventanas al Paraíso—the windows to paradise—is a five-star resort in Los Cabos, near the tip of Baja California. It's perfect for people whose idea of vacation is nonstop athletic activity in luxurious surroundings. The cubist white architecture is arresting in its seaside desert setting, and the 61 suites are extraordinary—spacious, handsomely appointed, with wood-burning fireplaces for those cool evenings and telescopes for whale-watching or stargazing. Of course, starting at $325 a night, the suites should be fairly spiffy. Las Ventanas offers practically every amenity and sports activity in the book. A Robert Trent Jones 18-hole golf course snakes through the gorgeous Sonora Desert and into mountain foothills. Cabo San Lucas is one of the world's best billfishing spots. You can jump on the space-age machines in the fitness facility or join a daily exercise class on the beach. The spa offers massages including Swedish and reflexology (also available on the beach) and facials from aromatherapy to glycolic peel. Room service is available 24 hours a day.

HOTEL PLAYA DE CORTÉS

If you like down-home, Hotel Playa de Cortés, about 300 miles south of the border, right on the Sea of Cortés, is a wonderful if basic hideaway. Its best rooms go for about $100 a night, with a good authentic Mexican breakfast included. Built in 1936 by the Southern Pacific Railroad, it was elegant when it opened; and while it's been kept up, it hasn't caught up with current resorts. There are no herbal body-wraps or villas here. The nicest rooms are near the water, with red-tile floors, kiva fireplaces and small patios with views of the crystal-blue bay. The *playa* is small and pebbly, but there are several good beaches just up the coast. The swimming pool, surrounded by bougainvillea bushes and shady acacia trees, is perfect for sipping a margarita. Guaymas, a nearby fishing town, is enjoyable to walk around in; eat at Los Barcos, a seafood restaurant facing the fishing fleet at anchor. A stay at Playa de Cortés can be as romantic as you want—and at bargain-basement prices.

THE SIERRA MADRE EXPRESS

Finally, how about a luxury resort on rails? The Sierra Madre Express is the ticket. Four of its five custom cars were built in the Forties and have been refurbished to gracious first-class standards. The eight-day tour begins with a 100-mile motor-coach ride from Tucson to Magdalena, where you board the train and head south through the Sonora Desert, and then climb 8000 feet through the Sierra Madre mountains to incredible Copper Canyon, four times larger than the Grand Canyon. Seriously dramatic vistas can be seen around every turn. There's an open-air observation platform, a comfortable modern lounge and dining in a domed car. All drinks, snacks and meals are included in the $2500-per-person price. The Sierra Madre Express is so popular that tours are booked months in advance—so plan ahead.

"I don't believe in premarital sex. I'm strictly a nonmarital-sex sort of guy."

Bruce Willis

(continued from page 117)

You can earn a lot of money through graft. Wealthy groups send lobbyists to Washington with hundreds of millions of dollars. The money goes somewhere. No one has done the homework to track where it goes. But it's a fact that it gets spent, and that is heinous.

6

PLAYBOY: You've had a love-hate relationship with film critics. Who have they underrated?

WILLIS: Mel Gibson. He is a modern Cary Grant. I'm not trying to put a curse on him or anything, but he will probably never get an Academy Award because he makes acting look so easy. He is a terrific actor. Others who are great? Billy Bob Thornton in *Sling Blade* created something that hasn't been seen on the screen in a long time. He is in *Armageddon* and creates a completely different character, which makes his work in *Sling Blade* all the more special. There are a bunch of guys coming up who are great: Matt Damon, Ben Affleck, Will Patton—fabulous actors. Actresses? The best? Bar none? Meryl Streep, Demi Moore, Madeleine Stowe.

7

PLAYBOY: What unthinkable peril lurks in the next *Die Hard* movie?

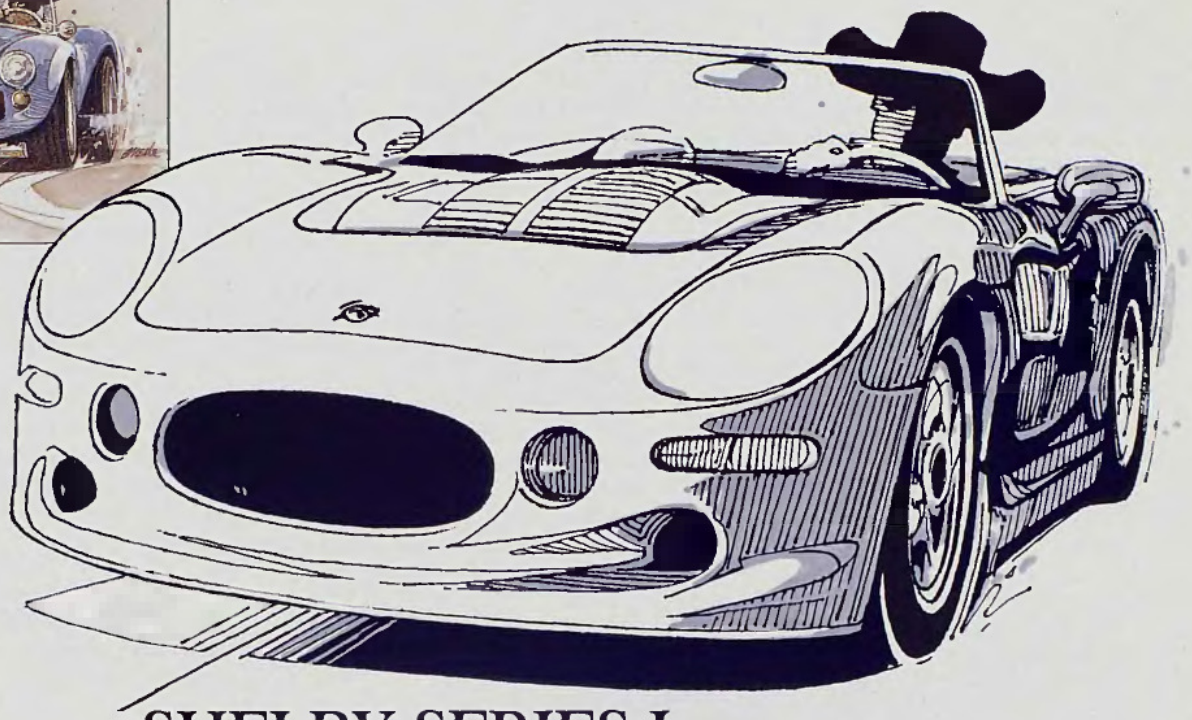
WILLIS: The studios would be completely happy to have me do the same movie over and over again, but I'm sick of it. After *Mercury Rising*, my younger brother, a film producer, said to me, "The three major action sequences in the film were derivative of three other films you've done." It was a knock on the door. Time to take a break. In 1987, when I did the first *Die Hard*, pyrotechnics and explosions were novel. Ten years later they're tapped out. The hook on *Die Hard 4* is that it's going to be low-tech. Me and three cop friends get abducted. We're taken into the Amazon and have to escape—without all the explosions and pyrotechnics.

8

PLAYBOY: Terry Gilliam has said, "Bruce is very powerful when he's still—not blowing up half the universe." But isn't it fun to blow up half the universe?

WILLIS: Stillness is my favorite kind of acting. It draws in the audience and it makes them pay attention. Wesley Snipes has that ability to draw in an audience. The fact is, movies—even action movies—succeed because of the heart, because of the connection the audience makes to real human emotion. It's not

More of the Same!



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the explosions. What makes a movie work is the character's vulnerability, his ability to feel pain and not be some kind of superhuman.

9

PLAYBOY: You once told us that fuck scenes, as you described them, are just hard work, "the most uncomfortable acting days" you will ever experience. What lines do you use with your co-stars to make them less uncomfortable?
WILLIS: It's weird. You're working with someone you barely know and you're expected to perform intimately with them. So you have to have a conversation. You set ground rules. "This is how we're going to do it. I'll do this, you try this." I got to do sexy scenes with my wife when we made *Mortal Thoughts*. There was a shorthand that existed. Otherwise, you just discuss it and then do it.

10

PLAYBOY: Is the fact that you and Demi don't work together more often the result of a heart-to-heart talk or advice from a therapist?
WILLIS: No scripts have come down the pipes. To a certain degree it's good to keep our work separate, unless it is a real fun script. If something great came along, we'd do it in a second.

11

PLAYBOY: Let's say the weekend box office receipts and reviews weren't as good as you both had hoped. Describe the mood at home.
WILLIS: It's unaffected. I learned long ago to set aside critical responses to my films. By the time a film comes out, my work is done. There is very little I can do to affect critics' responses at that point. It is out of my hands, just like the weather is out of my hands. So after all this time, it doesn't affect me at all. Nor does it affect my wife. She works very hard on her acting, but that has been overlooked since how much she earns was reported. Once you get over a certain amount of money, there is a backlash. People say, "She earns so much money, fuck her." It's jealousy.

Also, most of a film's success or failure has to do with how it is released and marketed and has nothing to do with our work. It's in the hands of the studios. The success of movies has less and less to do with actors. There is so much traffic out there right now. Last fall, between Thanksgiving and Christmas, dozens of new films were released. One of them was *Titanic*, which turned out to be the big dog and is still carrying on. So much of it has to do with what your film goes up against. Actors don't control that. It's a matter of aligning the planets in a certain way. When they align, you smile. But it's uncontrollable. It's like watching a meteor shower. You go, "Wow, look at that." I didn't have anything to do with the meteors, but I certainly enjoy it.

"My, my, my, but you're an old-fashioned girl! I didn't think anybody gave hand jobs anymore."

12

PLAYBOY: In *G.I. Jane*, your wife's hair was shorter than yours, though you outdid even her in *12 Monkeys*. How short is too short?
WILLIS: I shaved my head for *12 Monkeys* because it fit the character. It made sense: In the future, they cut everybody's hair off because of rampant head lice. It's fine having your head shaved. Ask any basketball player. When they shaved my wife's head, it was cool. She takes chances in all her work.

13

PLAYBOY: Looking back, was the *Vanity Fair* cover, on which she was nude and pregnant, an experience you'd recommend to others?
WILLIS: Fuck *Vanity Fair*. *Vanity Fair* used to be a respectable magazine. Now it's a tabloid. It is all gossip. All the shit in there is just to sell magazines. They would ask somebody, "What does your shit smell like?" if they thought it would sell more magazines. They have no integrity. On the other hand, my wife's cover was inspiring and elegant.

14

PLAYBOY: Having attended three births, what advice can you offer to future fathers?
WILLIS: Be there. Videotape it and say yes to everything. By the third time, we knew what we were doing. We had three

cameras and somebody operating each one. Wouldn't you like to see a videotape of your birth? It didn't exist in those days. It is a singular moment in a kid's life and in a mom and dad's life. I was very cool throughout. I was the calmest one in the room.

15

PLAYBOY: What baby name book did you and Demi use?
WILLIS: Our kids are all special and we wanted to give them special names. We threw the book away.

16

PLAYBOY: You are a significant shareholder in Planet Hollywood. Defend the $7 cheeseburger.
WILLIS: They're good cheeseburgers. You're not really paying for just a cheeseburger. You're paying for everything you get to see when you're there.

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PLAYBOY: On your ranch, you have a satellite dish that brings in 300 channels. Is there anything to watch?
WILLIS: I don't watch the news. I am on a news blackout. The news—local, national, international—is a daily, even hourly, inoculation of horror. A guy with a gun walked into a school in Scotland or Ireland and killed 40 kids. Have you heard anybody say anything about that lately? We've accepted it. Those guys blew up a building in Oklahoma City, and the survivors and the family members of the survivors are the only ones who care. The media don't care. How many times did you see that fucking plane tumble down the runway knowing there were people in it? It's a sick world. I watch movies. I watch sports, and that's about it. And I watch films with my kids.

18

PLAYBOY: You're the father of three girls. What can only Dad teach them?
WILLIS: When the time comes, I am going to tell them the truth about boys—what boys want. There is a certain time in a boy's life when he wants one thing. I'm going to tell my little girls that.

19

PLAYBOY: You have money, a gorgeous wife, three daughters and a successful career. Any complaints?
WILLIS: When George Clooney complained about the media invading actors' privacy, he did a good job. I am not a public person. No actor is a public person. Show me the law that says actors are public persons. The only public persons are politicians who are paid with tax money. The media encourage Peeping Toms. Twenty-five years ago, if someone stood outside your window and looked in he was called a Peeping Tom and taken to jail. Now people are paid hundreds of thousands of dollars for the photos they take. They stake out Madonna's house. They stake out every famous actor's house, hoping to sell a photo because a market has been created for it.

They say we deserve it, that we chose to be famous. That's bullshit. I know thousands of actors and none of them got into the business because they wanted to be famous. They wanted to be actors. Seven years ago there were ten daytime shows with this tell-all tabloid shit, and now there are more than 30. Why? Because there is a market for it. Because the tell-all mentality sells. In the next five or ten years we are going to see public executions on pay-per-view. Right now they're selling *Jerry Springer* tapes, for $19.95, of people hitting each other with chairs. This guy should go to jail. Maury Povich did a show about young kids who have seen their parents shoot each other. Povich is a heinous cocksucker. Jerry Springer says, "It's just entertainment." But people get hurt. An audience will watch whatever you show them. An audience will watch anything that's tantalizing. Give them something better and they will watch it.

20

PLAYBOY: After almost 11 years of marriage, to what questions do you automatically answer, "Yes, dear"?
WILLIS: You know what? I don't know. There is a recipe to marriage. It's the same for everybody: one day at a time. That's the way God deals them to you. Here is my advice: Remember that time goes. That's it. There is no other rule. Times goes. Wake up and realize that you are going to die someday. So live your life. Live it completely.

MATT DRUDGE

(continued from page 60)

few times.

PLAYBOY: For?

DRUDGE: I don't even remember. Probably cheating. I'd always cheat on tests. Couldn't get anything done.

PLAYBOY: Did you work on the high school newspaper?

DRUDGE: I guess I did for a little while. I wasn't very good.

PLAYBOY: Were you really 325th out of 350 students?

DRUDGE: If that. If I had skipped one more day of something, I'd still be in high school.

PLAYBOY: Was there ever a chance that you would go to college?

DRUDGE: I couldn't. My SAT scores were awful. No one would accept me. The irony is, I may hit the college lecture circuit.

PLAYBOY: Is that a vindication?

DRUDGE: I never look at it that way. I'm glad I did what I did in my 20s. Just observed a lot. I'd write down observations. I was kind of aimless and a late bloomer. I really didn't get things going until my late 20s. I was sort of wandering around. I lived in New York for a year, couldn't get anything going, worked in a grocery store, then came out here, got the job at CBS and worked in that gift shop. Got in there, had access. "Great, I get to go through CBS trash cans." I was taking ratings out of trash cans.

PLAYBOY: Was that the intention—to get a job where you could get information that you could use?

DRUDGE: To have access to any media outlet was the intention.

PLAYBOY: For what purpose?

DRUDGE: I don't know. I wanted to work in the newsroom, probably. I didn't know how to pull it off. But dreams do come true. I didn't know what I was going to do, and I got this job folding T-shirts at the gift shop. They promoted me to assistant manager. Then I became manager and was responsible for a lot of things, did all the books and the buying. Got to hang around with Jerry Seinfeld and Roseanne and all these other people who shot their shows at the lot CBS owns in Studio City. I got a lot of information.

PLAYBOY: How?

DRUDGE: Just by talking. All I did was talk all day. I'm not making much more money now than I was then. I was making a lot of money then. I started the *Drudge Report* while I was still working in the gift shop. For two years I did it secretly.

PLAYBOY: What led to it?

DRUDGE: My dad bought me a computer. I said, "What am I going to do with that?" I logged on one day and saw the Associated Press on Prodigy. I said, "What in the world is this?" I had never heard of six versions of the same news story. If we're lucky, newspapers print a portion of any story. All of a sudden I see there's a lot of news out there that no one is hearing, other than editors who decide not to tell the people. That's when I started the list on the Internet, with original material and stuff I was hearing, written in my quirky style. I put some up on the Internet, on alt.showbiz.gossip and alt.politics, and heard from people who wanted to be on my mailing list. What mailing list? So I started a mailing list. My original reports were for three people.

PLAYBOY: What did you write about in the first e-mail reports?

DRUDGE: Pat Buchanan running for president again, Whitney Houston shooting a film in Arizona.

PLAYBOY: All overheard in the gift shop?

DRUDGE: Yeah. Roseanne angry about something, Cybill Shepherd angry that Brett Butler had a larger logo on the side of her dressing room. Seinfeld asking for a million dollars, CBS about to be sold to Westinghouse—I broke that story. I had only 500 readers at the time.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever consider calling *Variety* or *The Hollywood Reporter* with scoops you overheard?

DRUDGE: No, I didn't know how. It went on from there. One person told another person who told another person. This really is a chain thing that has blown up to this degree. *Newsday* did a profile on me and then *Newsweek* did one and then it got bigger. More people signed up and, once I put up the Web site, checked in. People who were reading me then have said that I'm not as much fun now that I've become a big player. I don't know about the big-player thing; I'm doing it the same way. There used to be more spelling errors, more grammar trouble.

PLAYBOY: How did you support the Web site?

DRUDGE: I didn't make any money off it for two years. Nothing. I tried to ask for donations. I made like two or three grand. No way to make any money off it. *Slate* magazine editor Michael Kinsley has learned that with his 20,000 paid subscribers. He has a $5 million budget and brings in only $375,000. There's no money to be made on the Net—yet. Just like there probably wasn't in the early days of other media.

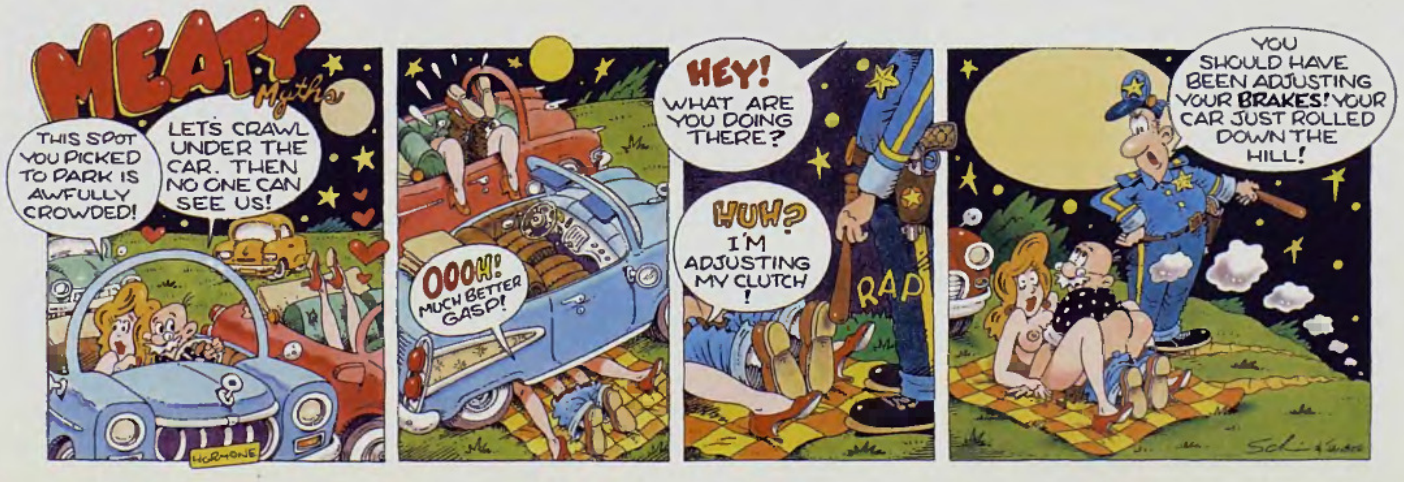
PLAYBOY: But assuming you don't have to write a check for $30 million, are you making a living now?

DRUDGE: Sure. And I don't think I'll have to write any checks for $30 million, by the way. It's possible I will, but Blumenthal has to prove actual damage. And if I have to make out a check for $30 million for something I write, I may have $30 million by the time this is all over. If the money can catch up with the fame, good God! At one point, I was giving phone interviews to Cape Town, South Africa and then to Tokyo and then to Australia and then to Chicago. It was wild. I was an international sensation, which is a unique Internet thing. I don't think Winchell or Hedda Hopper or anyone else had instant global access.

PLAYBOY: You just signed up to do a TV show on Fox. Might your Internet devotees accuse you of selling out?

DRUDGE: They're already accusing me of that and the show isn't even on yet. I'm a multimedia guy. I have a funny-looking face and a good delivery. I'll try. We'll see. I'm nervous about the TV show. Not about it bombing or me getting in trouble. I'm nervous about losing my innocence, my ability to be inconspicuous. Now, if I don't wear the hat, no one knows who I am.

PLAYBOY: Do people really recognize you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HORMONE
OOOH! MUCH BETTER GASP!
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?
HUH? I'M ADJUSTING MY CLUTCH!
RAP
YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN ADJUSTING YOUR BRAKES! YOUR CAR JUST ROLLED DOWN THE HILL!

when you're wearing the hat?

DRUDGE: More and more. With the hat I hear, "Is that Drudge?"

PLAYBOY: Are you going to wear the hat on the show?

DRUDGE: I may. I may do an ad campaign with just the hat. Hitchcock had his silhouette.

PLAYBOY: Will you hire a staff?

DRUDGE: I'm not sure I need anybody.

PLAYBOY: What about makeup?

DRUDGE: I'm not even sure I'll wear makeup. I didn't wear makeup on *Meet the Press*. There was [the show's host] Tim Russert, made up like a clown. Him and everyone in the greenroom. The makeup room is more important than the newsroom these days. Isikoff is on TV too much. When does he have time to write anything? It's confusing. Anyway, I have the kind of face that looks like it's been beaten up. I don't want to give up that look too quickly. Polish? Save it for the shoes.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any qualms about taking the Fox offer?

DRUDGE: It was the right one. There's no doubt that Fox is more aligned politically with my way of thinking than the other networks. I think the liberal press thing is old.

PLAYBOY: Or is it merely that liberal spin sickens you?

DRUDGE: Everything is liberal spin. *Time*, after Clinton's deposition [in the Jones case], issued a press release: One person close to him said the mood at the White House was, "Everyone is going to sleep well tonight." The truth is, Clinton was in the shock of his life with that Lewinsky stuff. But *Time*, the most important magazine in the world, gets it wrong, spinning for the president.

PLAYBOY: You're suggesting that *Time* is pro-Clinton, yet it has often aggressively attacked him.

DRUDGE: Listen, anyone who said that the deposition went well and that everyone got a good night's sleep is a propagandist. That's raw propaganda they fell for and published. When I had the rest of the story—that's the night I popped the Lewinsky story—*Time* was issuing this phony story to its millions of readers. But I was issuing the real story on my runaway Internet site. It just shows you there's a shift in journalistic reporting going on. It's moving away from the corporate. They can't seem to get to what's really happening. I don't know if it's because they've created too many layers, or because there's too much at stake.

PLAYBOY: Do you really believe that most of the press is liberal, skewing its coverage to support Clinton and other Democrats? Look who owns most media.

DRUDGE: Who? Ted Turner? Katharine Graham?

PLAYBOY: Rupert Murdoch?

DRUDGE: He's the only conservative I'm aware of. And the others slime him. The Eisners, the Geffens—those are the powerful media people. Those are the people who swarm Clinton when he comes to town. I think that's why *Newsweek* didn't go with the Lewinsky story it had. That magazine is too close to the people it covers. It won't dare say something about Vernon Jordan. It's not that I'm pushing for the other side, either. I am a libertarian, not trusting any of them. I especially don't trust the people who want to lead us at the turn of the century. They want to take the important issues into the new millennium. That's scary. Al Gore, even more than Clinton. Gore, with his words "We're in an epic battle to right the balance of our earth." Those are huge words at the turn of the century.

PLAYBOY: Do you suspect that he's being disingenuous?

DRUDGE: No. He is really into it. He believes it. He believes it's important that he lead the world at the turn of the century. Then he goes off to a global-warming summit. Well, I calculated how many pounds of fuel his plane burned. It took 250 million pounds of fuel to fly to a four-hour meeting. How many holes did that punch in the ozone layer? Gore is fabulous. If we're really fighting for our lives, what's he doing circling the planet and making it worse? Hasn't he heard of videophone? He's supposed to be Mr. Tech.

PLAYBOY: In *Time* magazine, Michael Kinsley wrote that the Lewinsky story, broken by you, "is for the Internet what the Kennedy assassination was to TV news." Do you agree?

DRUDGE: Kinsley is coming across more and more like an elitist to me, as if *Slate* is on one level and *Drudge* is on a lower level. Maybe he's got it wrong. Maybe *Drudge* is on the higher level. He's probably right about the comparison; he's a smart guy with an IQ through the roof. I have probably not even a third of his IQ. But the attitude—you know, the smarmy thing—is, How dare he. When was the last time *Slate* broke any news?

PLAYBOY: How do you respond to *Time*'s description of you as "the king of new junk media"?

DRUDGE: I think *Time* is pretty junky. It's the king. I think that's demeaning.

PLAYBOY: It's been reported that you idolize Walter Winchell.

DRUDGE: He turned pretty ugly in his late years, thinking he had a lot of power. He started using it and calling people Communists. What he did to Josephine Baker was pretty nasty. He's not my role model. I use him as a map, studying his work, studying his language. He fevered it up. He made people really emotional, which he loved. He used the sound of a telegraph, but there was no telegraph. He would drink a bunch of water so he had to piss, and it made everything he said sound urgent. All of it was showbiz.

PLAYBOY: But like Winchell, you have allied yourself with political extremists. In fact, you've been accused of being used by the right, by the same people who

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used Paula Jones.

DRUDGE: I'm not being paid by anyone.

PLAYBOY: Who is paying your lawyer?

DRUDGE: He's working pro bono. I love my lawyer. He's a libertarian freedom fighter.

PLAYBOY: Richard Scaife, who funds the conservative Center for the Study of Popular Culture, is one of the people who has been accused of heading what Hillary Clinton described as a right-wing conspiracy against her husband. David Horowitz, who runs it, started the Matt Drudge Defense Fund. You're in bed with——

DRUDGE: And therefore I'm letting Scaife dictate what I do? Hold on! I'm being sued. I'm defending myself. What difference does it make who's defending me?

PLAYBOY: But by accepting help from the far right, you are allying yourself with them. You've already said that you don't believe in objective journalism. But you could easily be viewed as a paid operative of the right.

DRUDGE: Listen, I have probably created more news with my ten fingers than anyone else in the business. That's not gloating or bragging, I just don't know who else has done what I've done. Bob Woodward hasn't broken hundreds of stories in the past year. And no one else has offered any help. I am not marrying into anyone's camp. If this suit is dropped, it's a divorce.

PLAYBOY: That's presumably not the way Horowitz and Scaife see it. They are supporting you because they support your politics.

DRUDGE: I don't know that to be true. We're trying to stop this lawsuit. Accepting support links me to them ideologically? That's weak.

PLAYBOY: If your recent scoops had knocked down their favorite Republicans, would Scaife and Horowitz have come to your rescue?

DRUDGE: Scaife is just one person who has given money to a center. That center has set up a legal defense fund that my readers are giving money to. If you want to try to make a correlation, fine. I just think it's weak.

PLAYBOY: Would this foundation be doing it if you had gone after its guys instead of attacking the enemy?

DRUDGE: Of course not. What's your point? I'm being sued. I need to defend myself. Are you saying I have no right to defend myself? Now, if you want to go ahead and continue this because you think you have a good angle going, I just—it's weak. You're not going to be on the right side of it. I take AOL's money, too. Is Steve Case controlling me? Why aren't you obsessed with that?

PLAYBOY: Case's company, America Online, is a co-defendant in the lawsuit. AOL will have to defend itself, but presumably its defense will be that it isn't responsible for what it carries on its network.

DRUDGE: My whiskers are up with your interest in this because it's the same old stuff. It's the wrong side and I'll leave you in the dirt with this stuff. It's not going to resonate, because it's not where the action is. If you're stuck defining me as this, I'll say you have it wrong. David Horowitz called and said he had some lawyers I could talk to. I had talked with other people and no one wanted to take dirty old me. I needed a lawyer. I'm being sued for $30 million, which would ruin me. Who's helping me defend myself? I kind of like people who would defend me against that.

PLAYBOY: Journalists are supposed to stay as clean as they can.

DRUDGE: And not get sued?

PLAYBOY: Not take sides, not be aligned with one camp or another. *Vanity Fair* wrote that "conservatives had found a useful weapon in Drudge."

DRUDGE: The liberals have too. *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post* and *Newsweek* are leading the way on this investigation. Is that useful to Republicans? I'm not going to let you zero in on me.

PLAYBOY: Even if you simply pressured the mainstream press to run and continue to investigate the Lewinsky story, it would be useful to the right.

DRUDGE: I also broke a story that said Newt Gingrich would admit to ethical violations. The headline was R.I.P. GINGRICH. I guess that was useful to the Republicans too.

PLAYBOY: Have you contacted any First Amendment organizations?

DRUDGE: They haven't touched me. If I were busted for pot in my panties coming in from Peru, they would be rallying around me. Freedom to sell pot, freedom to smoke it, but not freedom to report and make mistakes. The protection of unpopular speech has always been part of the American heritage. This shows you how snobby these people really are. The Electronic Freedom Foundation is all Clintonistas.

PLAYBOY: Do you acknowledge that, in general, you push a Republican agenda?

DRUDGE: I'm pushing truth.

PLAYBOY: Are you aligned with the Republicans on most issues?

DRUDGE: I don't know how aligned I am. I'm aligned with less big government.

PLAYBOY: How about on social issues?

DRUDGE: I'm pro-life. I don't like abortion. I agree with Mother Teresa on that stuff. But I think people's private sexual stuff is private. It's not fair game. I know that sounds silly coming from me, but I don't do a lot of that stuff and I'm not interested in a lot of that stuff. I went to the post-Oscars *Vanity Fair* party here and a top director had his finger in some girl's twat right in front of me. I never reported it.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

DRUDGE: A finger up the twat? Because it's a dime a dozen.

PLAYBOY: But if he were a senator or a congressman?

DRUDGE: Ahh. That may have made the difference. Especially if he weren't single. People who want to serve the public are in a different arena. We have to hold politicians to a different standard.

PLAYBOY: You said you're a loner. To get stories, do you go to many parties in Hollywood and Washington?

DRUDGE: No. It's almost all from telephone conversations and e-mail and online chats.

PLAYBOY: Do you miss something when you aren't out schmoozing?

DRUDGE: Like Winchell? Go to the Stork Club every night and get your items? I just log on.

PLAYBOY: To an electronic Stork Club.

DRUDGE: Right on. That's exactly right. It's like being in the most crowded room with the best sources. It's all right there. You just have to know what to do with it, how to make words come to life.

PLAYBOY: Do you get more of a charge covering politics or Hollywood?

DRUDGE: All of it, wherever the good angle is.

PLAYBOY: Are you viewed differently in Hollywood than in DC?

DRUDGE: They like me in Hollywood. I was at dinner the other night with a friend. She called over Sherry Lansing and said to me, "Sherry wants to meet you." Lansing said, "Matt Drudge!" Lansing, the head of Paramount: Wow. I write about her all the time. She said, "I read you every night. As a matter of fact, I'm learning how to work the computer just so my husband doesn't have to print out your report for me." That's pretty good. But it's not that different in Washington. They like me too.

PLAYBOY: Has your fame given you more sources, or do you find that people are more wary of you?

DRUDGE: Much more wary. Still, stories like this come around once in a while. It's such fun. What good is it if you're a reporter and you're just taking the official word? That's no fun. I don't think anyone who gets into the business wants to do that. You want to come up with unspoken truths. You try to pop authority. I like that. The freedom to report this way is brand new because of the Web. Now everyone has the power to investigate kings, queens and pharaohs. I'm not in it for the money. I'm in it for the fun and the invention. It's a romantic thing for me.

PLAYBOY: Romantic?

DRUDGE: And revolutionary. Just when you thought journalism wasn't exciting, when you thought it was all going to be Disney, Time Warner, the Washington Post group, the Sulzbergers—just when you thought it was all corporate and controlled and boring and hopeless, the Internet comes along. Here I am.

PLAYMATE NEWS

THE GANG'S ALL HERE

Fifty Playmates descended on the Playboy Mansion in Holmby Hills to attend the first meeting of the Playboy Playmate Alumni Association. Officially christened last summer, the PPAA provides a forum for Playmates to keep tabs on the past while looking to the future. Dinner was served in the grotto, after which the women discussed such things as insurance, tuition programs and charity events. The Playmates then adjourned to the house to check in with their favorite cat in pajamas. By the way, 1978 Playmate of the Year Debra Jo Fondren won the evening's door prize—a basket of beauty products. As if she really needs them.

The alluring alums converge on the boss (above). Debra Jo cops the door prize (right).

BOOGIE-WOOGIE NIGHTS

Where do Playmates like to hang out? Lately it's been on the dance floor. For eight weeks last spring, the Cheetah club in New York's Chelsea district dimmed its lights, spiffed itself up and hosted the Playboy Lounge, a floating late-night party that rotates among Manhattan's trendier clubs. At one Cheetah soiree, Miss July 1997 Daphnee Lynn Duplaix and Miss October 1997 Layla Roberts danced for an hour, then kicked around with New York Jet James Farrior and Green Bay Packer Eric Curry. But for Miss August 1995 Rachel Jeán Marteen and Miss April 1995 Danielle Folta, there were more important things to do than dance. Instead, when the twosome visited Cheetah, they made a beeline for the Playboy Listening Lounge, an audio station created in conjunction with Rhino Records and Tower Records. There the two Playmates sampled tracks from Rhino's latest titles—that is, when they weren't chatting it up in person with musicians Damian and Julian Marley.

The Playboy Lounge will continue to hop among various New York City locales. So keep tuned to these pages for your very own ringside table.

For more information, check out the "Parties" section of the Listening Lounge at www.playboy.com.

40 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

The August 1958 PLAYBOY featured fiction by *Psycho* author Robert Bloch, a report on wunderkind maestro Leonard Bernstein and a pan of Leland Hayward's $5 million "filmization" of *The Old Man and the Sea*. But Playmate of the Month Myrna Weber deserved the raves. Just turned 19, Miss August was captured in her home state of Florida by PLAYBOY photographer Bunny Yeager. The portfolio included everything you'd want from a seaside fantasy—a sunset, crashing waves, a beach bonfire and an irresistible Myrna, fresh from a skinny-dip.

Beachy keen.

SCRAPBOOK

TAXING TWINS: 1990 PMOY Renee Tenison and sis Rosie brighten Tax Day 1998 in Manhattan.

AT THE HOP: Stacy Sanches and Shae Marks don floppy ears at a New York book party for "The Bunny Years."

ON THE ROAD AGAIN: Playmates take a cake break at Glamourcon festivities in Chicago.

PLAYMATE NEWS

My Favorite Playmate By LeRoy Neiman

"Teddi Smith! She comes to mind right away. Miss July 1960 was part of our gang at the Playboy Mansion in Chicago—a circle that included Mort Sahl, Alex Haley and Lenny Bruce. We were a nucleus of people who stayed at the house and lived life to the fullest, benefiting from all the activities only PLAYBOY could provide. And Teddi was one of us. She's this lovable girl, a seasoned, intelligent woman who became a household incumbent, a confidant and a pal. It was quite a time for me back then—nothing like it before, nothing since."

FAN MAIL

To: Lisa Matthews, Miss April 1990, Playmate of the Year 1991

Dear Lisa:

I wanted to thank you for doing another live chat on the Playboy Cyber Club. Although it was your third chat, it was the first you've done since I became a member, and it was a pleasure to be able to interact with you personally.

I consider you to be the most gorgeous woman I have ever seen and my all-time favorite Playmate. The first time I saw your layout, your warm eyes and bright smile captivated me. Then I watched your video, in which you and your mother were interviewed. You laughed a lot and appeared to be a truly happy person. But when I read about your participation in Operation Playmate during the Gulf war, I was struck by how kind and how generous a person you are—a very classy woman.

I hope you won't be a stranger to the Playboy Cyber Club in the future, Lisa. In the meantime, I wish you much love, health and happiness.

Sincerely,
Bob Baylis,
Newark,
Delaware

(To join the Playboy Cyber Club, or to take a free tour, go to http://cyber.playboy.com and select the Guests entrance.)

Lisa as Playmate and PMOY cover girl.

QUOTE UNQUOTE

Miss February 1998 Julia Schultz is no stranger to televison. She has guest-starred on *Silk Stalkings*, *Pictionary* and *Pensacola: Wings of Gold* and can be seen in this summer's new Guess jeans campaign. But she always has time to talk about guys.

Q: What makes you look twice at a man?

A: The first thing I notice are pretty eyes. After the eyes hook me, I check out the whole package.

Q: Would you go out with a man who used to date your best friend?

A: Hell no! Boyfriends are like underwear. If my best friend takes off her panties, I don't want to pick them off the floor and put them on.

Q: Have you broken more hearts or has your heart been broken more often?

A: I would say I have broken more hearts. When I was younger, my friends encouraged me to stay single, so I have never kept a boyfriend for very long.

Q: Could you have sex without love?

A: No. If I slept with someone I didn't love, or who didn't love me, I'd feel like a used piece of trash.

Q: What do you want to hear a man say after sex?

A: Anything, so long as he doesn't roll over and go to sleep.

PMOY READER FAVORITES

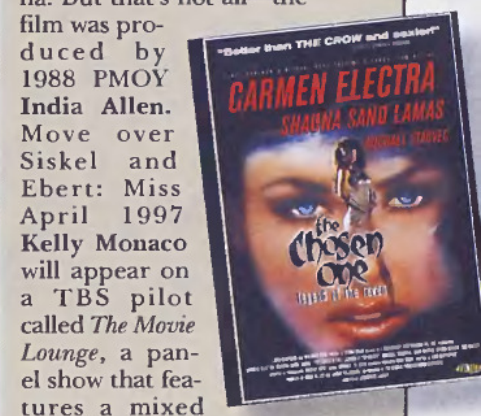
Readers adore newly crowned Playmate of the Year Karen McDougal, but they also had eyes for: (1) Miss April Kelly Monaco, (2) Miss June Carrie Stevens, (3) Miss January Jami Ferrell, (4) Miss February Kimber West, (5) Miss October Layla Roberts and (6) Miss September Nikki Schieler. Still, everyone's a winner.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — AUGUST

August 2: Miss July 1996 **Angel Boris**
August 19: Miss August 1975 **Lillian Müller**
August 23: Miss August 1982 **Cathy St. George**
August 24: Miss June 1964 **Lori Winston**
August 26: Miss July 1959 **Yvette Vickers**

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Congratulations to Miss November 1996 **Ulrika Ericsson,** who became certified as a personal fitness trainer. Next on Ulrika's checklist: nailing down her scuba diving certification. . . . It has PLAYBOY written all over it: Troma Entertainment's new thriller *The Chosen One* co-stars Miss May 1996 **Shauna Sand Lamas** and **Carmen** (*Baywatch*, *Singled Out*) **Electra,** who appeared in the same issue of PLAYBOY as Shauna. But that's not all—the film was produced by 1988 PMOY **India Allen.** Move over Siskel and Ebert: Miss April 1997 **Kelly Monaco** will appear on a TBS pilot called *The Movie Lounge*, a panel show that features a mixed batch of celebrities who like to gab about flicks. . . . What can we say, the girl's got timing. As we've told you, Miss July 1997 **Daphnee Lynn Duplaix** appeared in a Tommy Hilfiger commercial during the Super Bowl. Add to that a featured role in a Master Card spot that aired during the Emmy awards. Next up for Daph: a poster-girl gig for Stroh's beer, along with 1990 PMOY **Reneé Tenison.** . . . Playmates in 3D? You bet. Miss August 1996 **Jessica Lee** and 1995 PMOY **Julie Cialini** modeled for a Santa Monica–based computer imaging firm that used digitizing technology to capture the models' movements in 3D. The images will be projected—life-size—at an art exhibit in Kobe, Japan.



Daphnee's on a roll.

THE PLAYMATE 2000 SEARCH IS COMING TO A CITY NEAR YOU

The search for the first Playmate of the millennium will extend across the U.S. from coast to coast and to Hawaii, Alaska and Canada. The awesome Playmate 2000 Search Bus, a high-tech, online, mobile photo-test studio, will be touring North America in search of Miss January 2000. The special woman chosen as Playmate 2000 will receive a fabulous fee of $200,000 and will represent Playboy throughout the millennial celebration year.

Women interested in being considered as Playmates for the new millennium should call 1-888-720-0028 to arrange an appointment. Or look for announcements in local media in the days before the search arrives in your city. Applicants must be 18

years old and provide original IDs to prove it. Photos can also be mailed to: Playmate 2000 Search, 680 N. Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, IL 60611. (Sorry, photos cannot be returned.) Or you can contact us at www.playboy.com/playmate2000.

July 13–15.....Vancouver	August 31–September 2.....Memphis	October 19–21.....Buffalo
July 16–18.....Seattle	September 3–5.....St. Louis	October 22–24.....Toronto
July 20–22.....Montreal	September 7–9.....Kansas City	October 26–28.....Hartford
July 20–22.....Portland, OR	September 7–9.....San Francisco	October 29–31.....New York City
July 27–29.....Boston	September 17–19.....Chicago	November 2–4.....Baltimore
July 27–29.....Sacramento	September 21–23.....Atlanta	November 5–7.....Washington, D.C.
August 3–5.....San Diego	September 21–23.....Milwaukee	November 9–11.....Honolulu
August 6–8.....Las Vegas	September 24–26.....Indianapolis	November 9–11.....Minneapolis
August 10–12.....Albuquerque	September 28–30.....Dallas	November 9–11.....Raleigh
August 10–12.....Philadelphia	September 28–30.....Louisville	November 12–14.....Charlotte
August 12–14.....Anchorage	October 1–3.....Nashville	November 16–18.....Denver
August 17–19.....Detroit	October 5–7.....Cincinnati	November 16–18.....Orlando
August 17–19.....Oklahoma City	October 5–7.....Phoenix	November 30–December 2.....Tampa
August 20–22.....Austin	October 8–10.....Columbus	December 7–9.....Miami
August 24–26.....Houston	October 12–14.....Cleveland	December 16–18.....Los Angeles
August 27–29.....New Orleans	October 15–17.....Pittsburgh	

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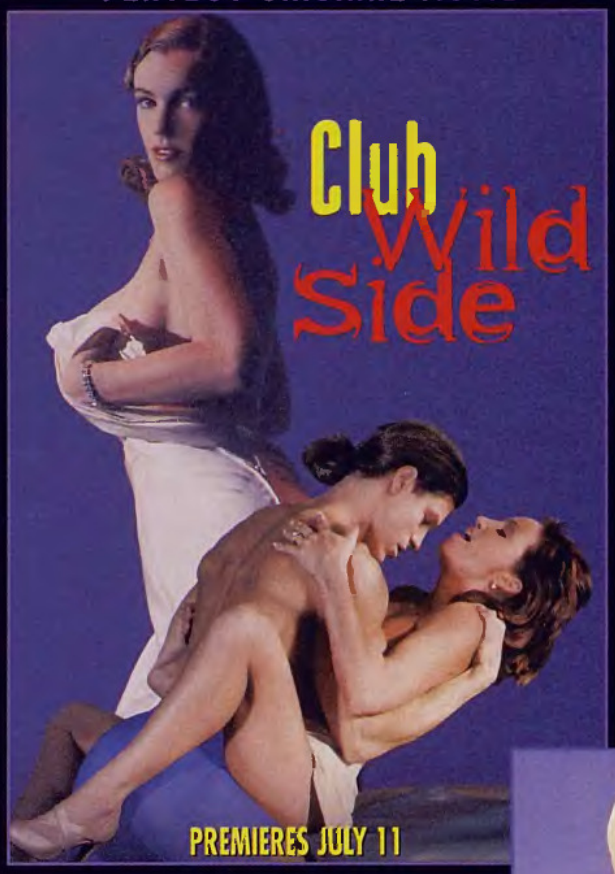
PLAYBOY ORIGINAL MOVIE



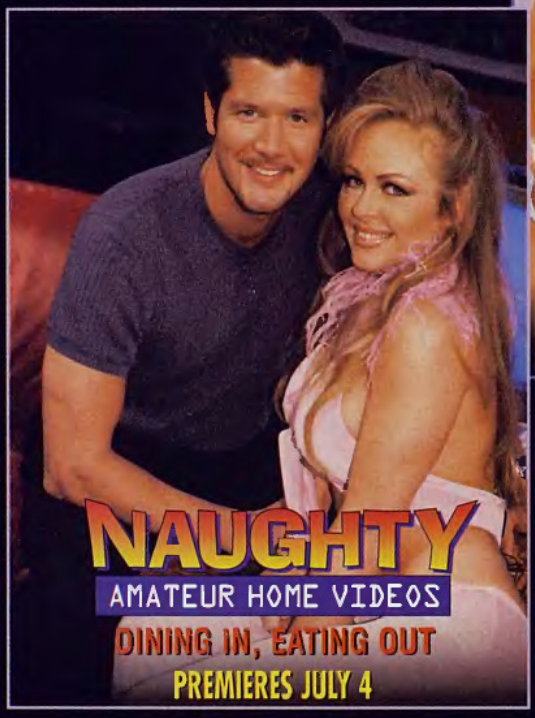
PLAYMATE HOSTS

Lisa Dergan
Miss July

Angela Little
Miss August

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL SERIES



ADULT MOVIES

more than you ever imagined...

This month, let Playboy TV pour on the midsummer heat. In the Playboy original *Playboy's Sex on the Beach*, temperatures soar as surf, sun and sand seduce a blazing array of beauties, prompting them to shed everything and spare nothing. Then, in the adult movie *Forever Beautiful*, a lithe, sensual model learns what it takes to stay on top in the high-stakes world of high style. Next, when the camera rolls and adult newcomers work up an appetite, pleasure is served piping hot in the Playboy Original Series *Naughty Amateur Home Videos*. And in Playboy's Original Movie, *Club Wild Side*, a high-rolling film gala turns into a full-on sex party. Finally, a tantalizing tomboy meets an alluring woman with a willing boyfriend in the adult movie *Perfect Timing*. With Playboy TV, our timing is always perfect — 24 hours a day!

PLAYBOY TV

Visit our website:
www.playboy.com/entertainment

Playboy TV is available from your local cable television operator or home satellite, DIRECTV, PRIMESTAR, or DISH Network dealer.

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erotic entertainment at its best

PLAYBOY
ON·THE·SCENE
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

A PROPER PICNIC

The Brits know how to do a picnic: Take the bone china and sterling silver and leave the paper plates and plastic forks behind. That's why fitted picnic baskets, such as the one from Asprey pictured here, are one of the UK's most popular exports. Whiskey in the woods—or anywhere for that matter—tastes better when poured from a crystal decanter. To ensure we don't run dry, our portable spirits case, also pictured here, holds two miniature decanters and four shot glasses snugly ensconced with leather straps. Our sole concession to the electronic age is Sony's 2.2" Watchman TV (it's meant to be worn around the neck with the strap as the antenna). Sorry, car guys, the rare 1967 Series IIA Land Rover with the tailgate pictured here isn't for sale.

Below: Willow picnic basket with brass-and-leather fittings holds Royal Grafton place settings for two, plus utensils, tumblers, napkins and a Thermos ($1100); a lamb's-wool picnic blanket ($325), both from Asprey. Bamboo shooting seat from Holland & Holland ($1240). Mahogany cigar tubador from the Bounty Hunter (about $40, not including smokes). Sony's FDL-22 Watchman color LCD TV with a 2.2" screen (about $150). Embossed alligator-patterned-leather spirits case with two crystal decanters and four shot glasses by Richard E. Bishop Ltd. (about $350).

JAMES IMBROGNO

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 149.

Bonjour, Babe

CHANTAL, a French Canadian model and actor, won the spokesmodel competition on *International Star Search* and has also appeared on *Baywatch*. We're watching her too.

Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing

The makeover of COURTNEY LOVE has been completed now in a striking series of Versace fashion ads. Shot by photographer Richard Avedon, this one is definitely our favorite.

Chicagoan Makes Great

AMY QUIRK has modeled bikinis on *The Jenny Jones Show*, talked up beer for Budweiser and Miller and graced billboards. Lucky us.

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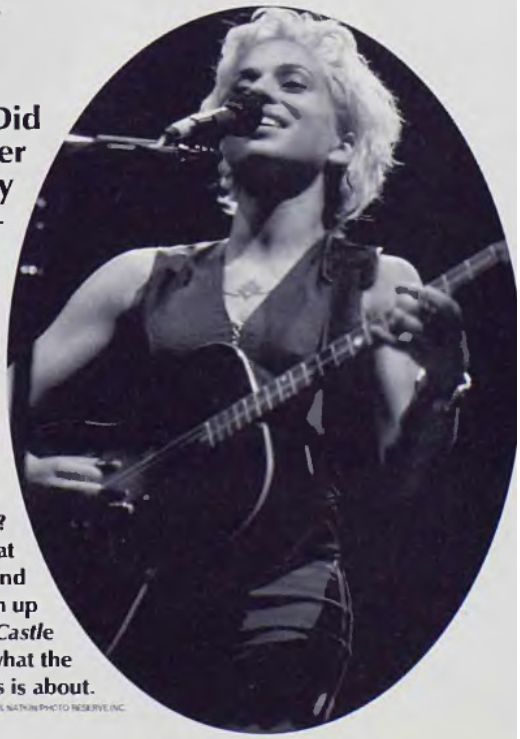


She Did It Her Way

ANI DIFRANCO gets credit for starting her own record company eight years ago, but if her music weren't great, who would care? Look for her at festivals and fairs or turn up *Little Plastic Castle* to hear what the fuss is about.

Getting a Bead on Ali

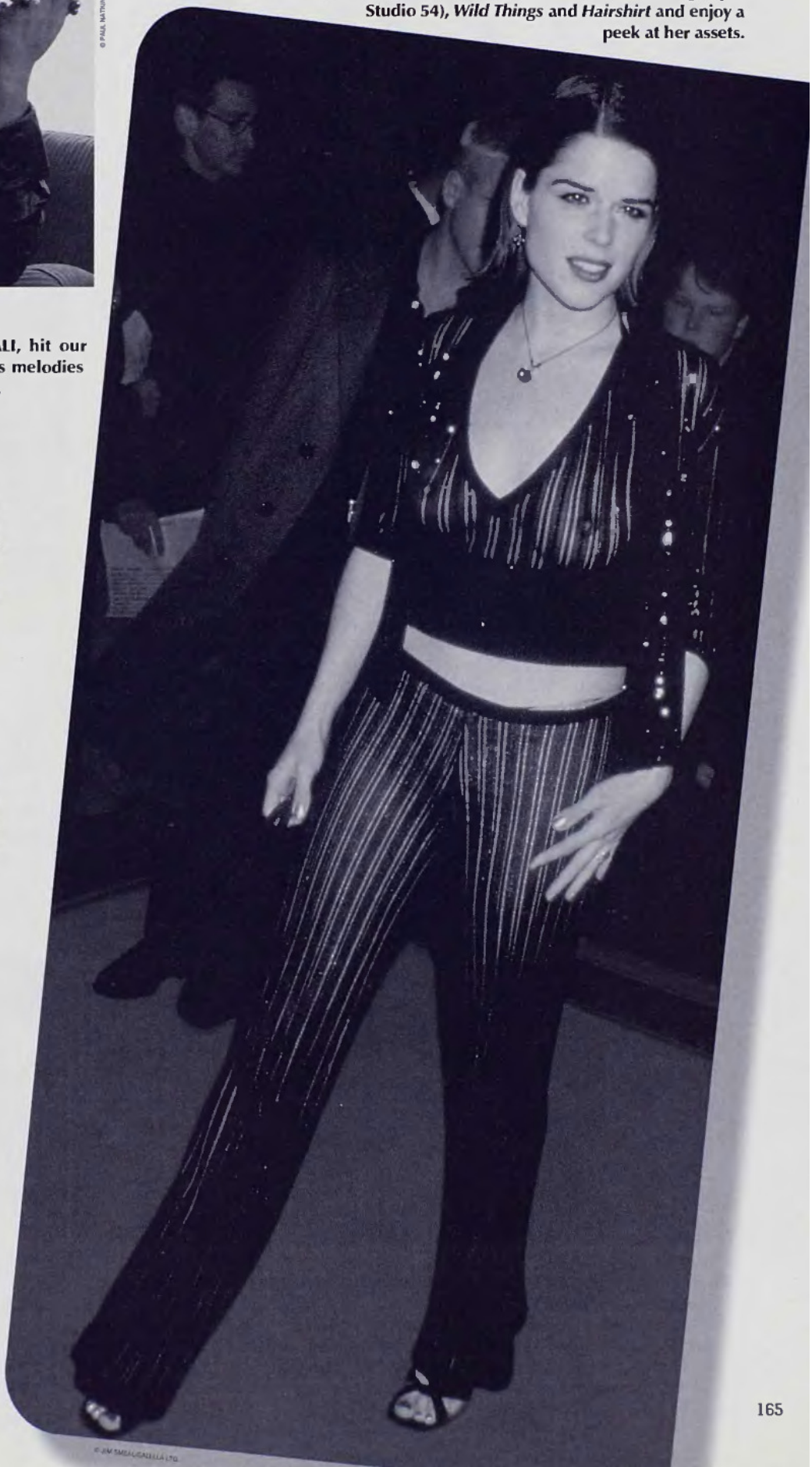
The CD *Crucial*, from British soul man ALI, hit our shores this past winter to critical raves. His melodies and vocal power make us want to holler yes.

Kim Cuts Loose

Rapper LIL' KIM has had powerful men in her corner, including the Notorious B.I.G. and Puffy Combs. She started rhyming with Junior M.A.F.I.A. before going solo with a bang.

Party of One

On the hit TV show *Party of Five* NEVE CAMPBELL plays with angst. In her movie career, she plays around. Look for her in *54* (about nightspot Studio 54), *Wild Things* and *Hairshirt* and enjoy a peek at her assets.



DESSERT'S ON HER

If you're like us, you'll never forget the steamy seduction-with-food scene in *9½ Weeks*. Now you can re-create that scenario (minus Kim Basinger, of course), thanks to Chocoholics Divine Desserts, makers of a rich (and low-fat) chocolate body frosting created especially for romance. Eleven ounces of the concoction costs $5 and comes with "quickie recipes," including Skinny Dip (frosting and strawberries, apple slices or bananas) and Hot and Steamy (frosting and coffee). Getting kinky never tasted so good. Call 800-760-2462.

THIS BOOK SMOKES

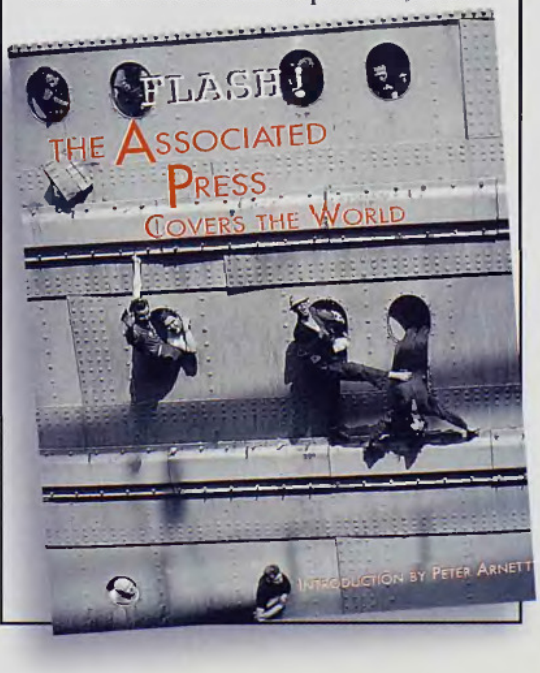
Given the more than 8 million new cigar smokers since 1992, it's no wonder that Joe and Sue Davidson decided to chronicle the artistic ways smoking was marketed during tobacco's golden age (between the 1870s and the 1930s). The result is *Smoker's Art*, a 252-page hardcover that features about 500 color images, including cigar bands, labels, chewing tobacco and pipe and cigarette ephemera. Chapters cover a range of topics, from lithography to classic ad themes such as animals. (*Cheese It!*, pictured here, was created in 1885.) A signed copy is $50 from the American Antique Graphics Society. Call 330-723-7172.

ONLY WAY TO FLY

Mile High Airlines (out of airports in the New York City metro area) offers loving couples a chance to join the mile high club aboard one of its twin-engine "flying boudoirs." Flights are about two hours and cost $1000, including limo service and other treats. We can't think of a better way to see the New York skyline. The airline also offers party packages, including bachelor bashes for up to 14. Call 888-810-1252 for more info.

FLASH ATTACHMENT

To commemorate the 150th anniversary of the Associated Press, Abrams has published *Flash! The Associated Press Covers the World*, a hardcover containing more than 150 of the bureau's greatest shots. Pictured here: World War Two vets returning from Europe. On page 13 is the photo of Marilyn Monroe posing over a subway grating for *The Seven Year Itch*. It alone is worth the book's price of $39.95.



WHEN IT'S RAIN, WE POUR

The Beverage Tasting Institute in Chicago conducted a vodka competition, and Rain was chosen best-tasting domestic brand. Its distiller, Sazerac, proudly says Rain is the "world's first vodka made from organically grown American grain and Kentucky limestone water," adding that it's "microdistilled four times," creating a smooth drink that's "the most environmentally friendly distilled spirit ever made." $15.

GUYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER

We consider ourselves connoisseurs of the nude female form. Which is why we recommend Hans Fahrmeyer's *Between Men and Women*, a 144-page hardcover and softcover book that elegantly celebrates the erotic charge between the sexes in 125 black-and-white and duotone images. Other photos by Fahrmeyer have appeared in national and international news and fashion magazines. Hardcover price: $40. The softcover is $29.95. Universe is the publisher.

BURN, BUGGER, BURN

Next time a hornet infringes on your romantic woodland picnic or day of suntanning at the beach, reach for the Electro-Stun Swatter, a battery-powered bug zapper that resembles a tennis racquet. At the press of a button, the $19.95 device fries flying insects with three layers of metal netting. Warning: The Swatter will zap you if you touch the netting when it's activated. To order, call the Vacation Gadget Man at 888-499-7787.

BONDED TO AUDIO

If you haven't gotten around to reading Andrew Lycett's 1995 biography *Ian Fleming: The Man Behind James Bond*, you can listen to it. The book, available unabridged from Blackstone Audio on 16 90-minute cassettes, reveals Fleming's womanizing, world exploits and years in intelligence and makes it obvious that there's plenty of Fleming in 007. Rent the tapes for $16.95 for 45 days, or buy them for $99.95. Call 800-729-2665. Robert Whitfield is the reader.

A LITTLE MORE JAZZ

Less Than 7, the creators of Aerobleu, the fictitious Paris jazz club we mentioned in last December's *Potpourri*, have teamed with Verve Records and released a unique CD. *Aerobleu: The Spirit of Cool* features Billie Holiday, Charlie Parker, Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz and other famous musicians who would have played there had the place really existed. Price: about $17. Other Aerobleu products include apparel, home accessories and furniture. Call 213-848-7821 for more information.

NEXT MONTH

CHAT GIRL

NFL FORECAST

BURNING MAN

MELROSE MOM

LISA RINNA—FIRST *DAYS OF OUR LIVES*, THEN *MELROSE PLACE*. NOW THIS DROP-DEAD GORGEOUS MOM-TO-BE HAS DECIDED TO UNDRESS FOR TWO. DON'T MISS THIS GLOWING PICTORIAL

DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN—THE VETERAN SENATOR TALKS ABOUT THE MORAL CLIMATE OF WASHINGTON, THE DANGER OF OFFICIAL SECRETS AND WHY NIXON WAS REALLY A LIBERAL. A HISTORIC PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **RICHARD MERYMAN**

AHMAD RASHAD—AN OUTSTANDING CAREER IN THE NFL, A BROADCASTING GIG AT NBC AND A BULLS CHAMPIONSHIP RING FROM BEST BUDDY **MICHAEL JORDAN.** IT'S A SWEET LIFE, AND SOMEBODY HAS TO LIVE IT. PROFILE BY **CRAIG VETTER**

SWING—IT'S BACK AND COOLER THAN EVER. OUR GUIDE INCLUDES ALL THE GOODS AND MOVES: LINGO, DRINKS, CLUBS, MOVIES, MUSIC AND MORE. GRAB YOUR DISH DELISH AND LET'S MOP

BURNING MAN—KEVIN HASN'T SEEN HIS BAD-BOY ROCKSTAR BROTHER IN TEN YEARS. THE FESTIVAL OF THE BURNING MAN TURNS INTO A SHOCKER WHEN THE TWO FINALLY MEET—FICTION BY **EDWARD FALCO**

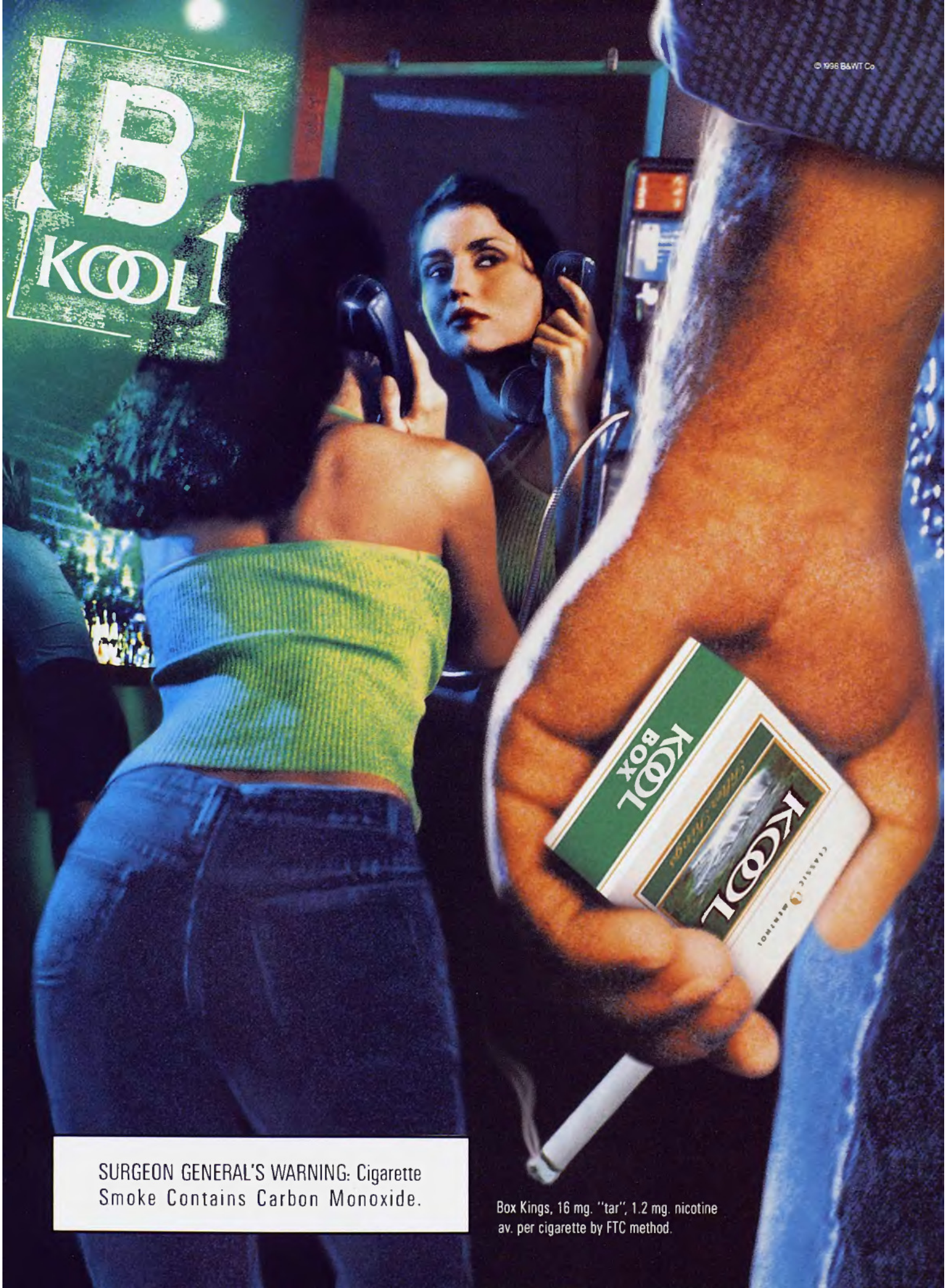
THE COMPLETE WORKOUT, IN 90 MINUTES A WEEK—HERE'S HOW TO GET IN GREAT SHAPE WITHOUT LIVING AT THE GYM. TRAINER-TO-THE-STARS **GREG ISAACS** DEMONSTRATES HIS THREE-PART EXERCISE REGIMEN TO PLAYBOY'S FITNESS EDITOR, **PETER SIKOWITZ**

THE SMARTEST WOMAN IN PORN—NINA HARTLEY REVEALS HER TRADE SECRETS (AND MORE) TO THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR, **CHIP ROWE**

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST—GET YOUR PENCILS READY. CRACKERJACK PROGNOSTICATOR **RICK GOSSELIN** HAS THE LOWDOWN ON EVERYTHING PIGSKIN, FROM GRIDIRON HEROES TO GREAT MATCHUPS TO POINT SPREADS TO PLAYOFFS.

SINGLE GUY'S GUIDE TO TECHNOLOGY—GET SMART AND UPDATE YOUR LIFE WITH OUR TELL-ALL GUIDE, FEATURING MUST-HAVE SOFTWARE, TIMESAVING WEB SITES AND THE BEST COMPUTER YOU'VE EVER SEEN

PLUS: MONEY MAN **CHRISTOPHER BYRON** TALKS STOCK BUYBACKS, **JONATHAN TAKIFF** DECONSTRUCTS DIGITAL TELEVISION, **KEN GROSS** TAKES THE SHELBY FOR A SPIN AND, FOR A SPECIAL SUMMER TREAT, OUR OWN INTERNET **CHAT GIRL** TAKES IT ALL OFF



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Box Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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